OCT 2 5 '55

The Saturday Evening
POST
October 29, 1955 — 15¢

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IS PAY TV COMING?

HOW TO BUILD YOUR OWN COUNTRY CLUB

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Look for the name SWANK.® **World's Largest Manufacturer of Men's Jewelry.**

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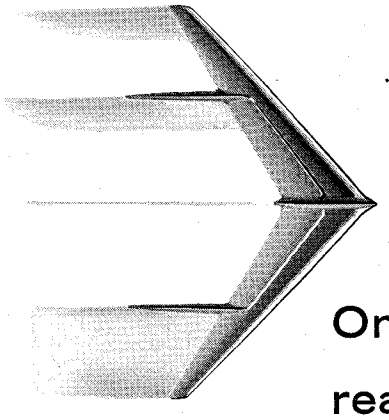

Only once in 30 years will you read a motorcar announcement of such sweeping importance as the Pontiac advertisement on pages 46 and 47 of this issue —introducing a big and vital General Motors "first"!

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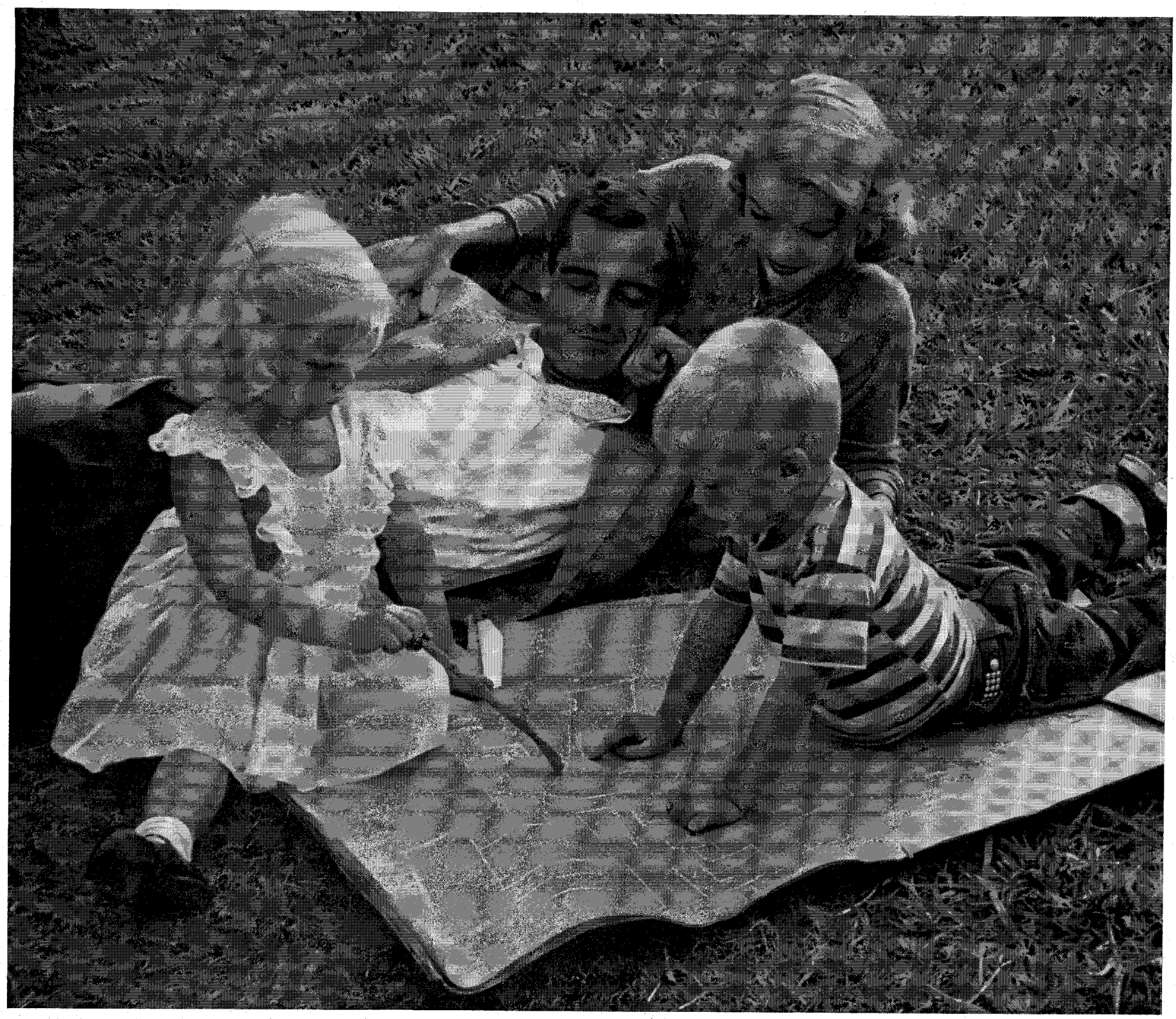

They plan with light hearts

...they're insured in the New England Life

The blueprint for a new house is a glimpse of happiness for the whole family. It can be lasting happiness if the family is secure.

Every wise father knows how vital life insurance is to the security of his family. Yet many who firmly believe this are not aware that life insurance contracts differ widely in their provisions.

Before you buy your next policy, look into the notably liberal New England Life contract. It will be well worth *your* while.

Just as a house may someday need remodeling to fit a changed family situation — so, too, may your life insurance program. If you are insured in the New England Life, your policy's generous change of plan provision can mean a substantial saving for you in adjusting to new needs.

This guaranteed protection and the many other benefits of the New England Life contract come to you at a cost which is competitively low. Ask a New England Life agent to explain these advantages. They add up to *a better life for you.*

A BETTER LIFE FOR YOU

NEW ENGLAND
Mutual **LIFE** INSURANCE COMPANY
BOSTON, MASS.

THE COMPANY THAT FOUNDED MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE IN AMERICA—1835

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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THE COVER

Home from the prom she floats in a mood of enchantment, for was she not squired by him, and doesn't her dance card also have a dandy haul of other hims? No, this is not her first dance; counting from Miss Tripp's first select dancing-class cotillion, it's her forty-seventh. Now, she will float upward to mother's room and there the two females will chin about boys until the old boy in the other bed blows his stack and disperses the noise. So, retiring for the night, the maiden will blissfully lie awake in the moonlight until upwards of dawn, and if there's no moonlight, she'll think there is anyway. Meanwhile, what does him do? At home, he dreams of her while wolfing five sandwiches; then for ten enchanted hours sleeps like a log. Love manifests itself in diverse ways.

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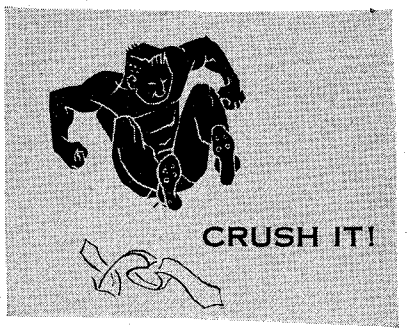
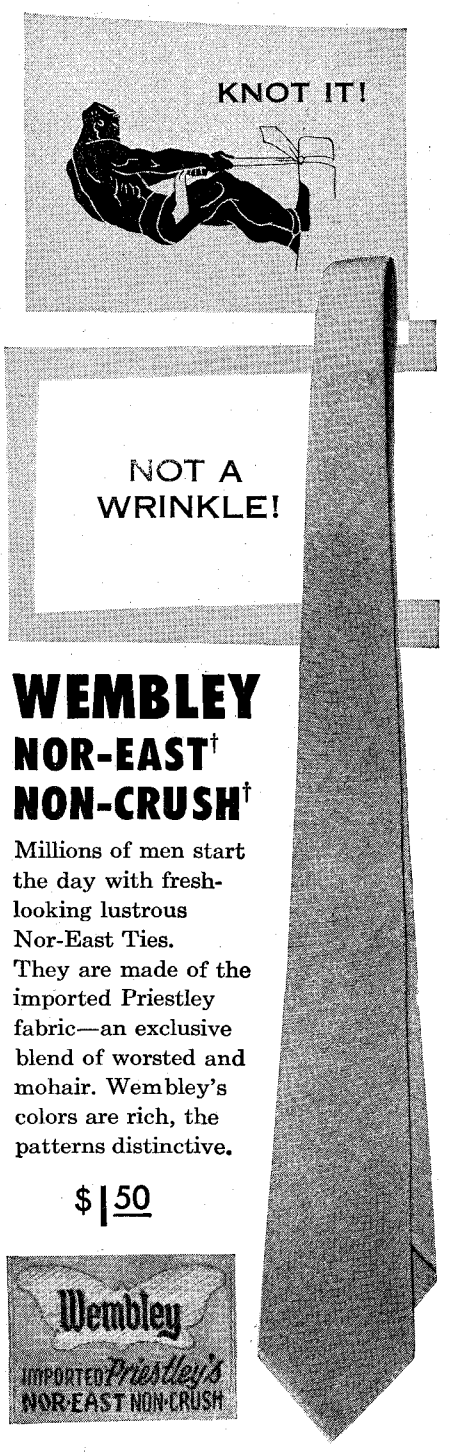
For Men Who Don't Like Wrinkled Ties:

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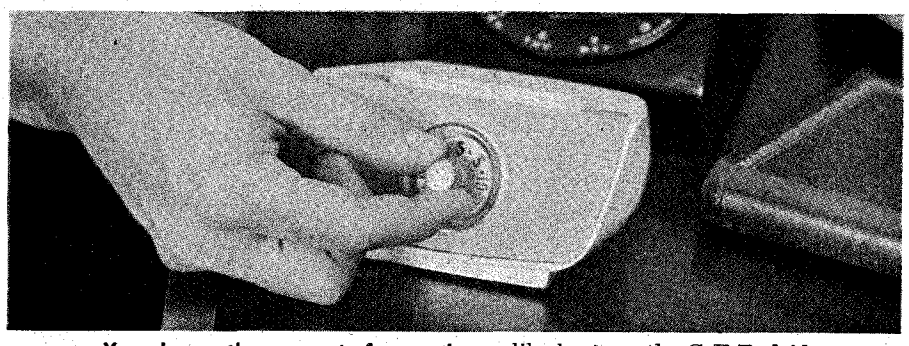
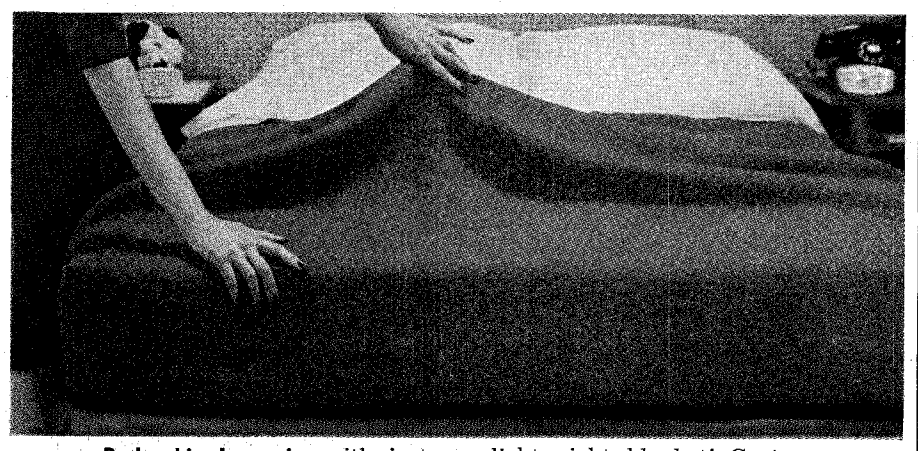
For deep-down drowsy comfort

...the G-E Automatic Blanket
New low prices from $34.95*

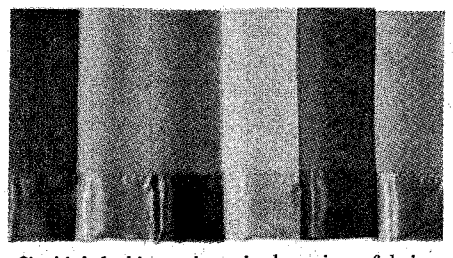


You choose the amount of warmth you like best, on the G-E Bedside Control dial. G.E.'s miraculous *Sleep-Guard* sees that you *stay* just that warm all night long. Adjusts automatically to temperature change, so you're never cold, never too warm!

"Happy-marriage Blanket." Dual-Control type, pictured, allows *each* half to be adjusted for a *different* degree of warmth. Each sleeper has complete personal comfort, perfect relaxation.



Bedmaking's easier with just *one* lightweight blanket! Custom-Contoured corners keep it trimly in place. Designed with ample "give" between corners for plenty of foot room.



Six high-fashion colors, in luxurious fabrics by Chatham, with bindings by Skinner. Guaranteed washable. Automatic Blanket and Fan Dept., Small Appliance Division, General Electric Co., Bridgeport 2, Conn.

and for year round automatic comfort
G-E SLUMBER COVER

Light enough to leave on your bed all summer, yet effective enough for winter coziness, too. Featherweight, textured mothproof fabric; same *Sleep-Guard* system as G-E Automatic Blankets. Fine for wool-allergy sufferers, apartment house or mild-climate dwellers. Priced from $27.95.*

*Manufacturer's recommended retail or Fair Trade price.

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC

Letters

No Football Support at Villanova?

Dear Sirs:

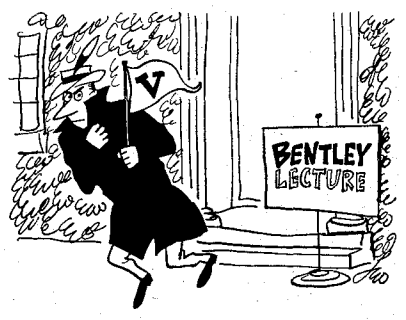
Any lack of enthusiasm or spirit on the part of Villanova students toward their football representatives (BIG-TIME FOOTBALL BLUES, by Harry Paxton and Jim Leaming, Sept. 24) must be blamed on the scarcity of "home" games. . . .

THOMAS E. SMITH, *Managing Editor*
The Villanovan, Villanova, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

. . . The authors erred in their judgment of the support Villanova men lend their teams. . . .

The one incident the authors mentioned—a poorly attended team sendoff—was occasioned, as I remember, by another campus activity that night. Elizabeth Bentley was lecturing a huge . . . audience on the threat of communist subversion. But another female, Miss America, donned a woolly Villanova sweater



and led a boisterous cheering section in the 1953 Mississippi game before 90,000 spectators. I'd recommend Miss America and Athletic Director Bud Dudley to any college with football problems.

ENS. RICHARD WINFIELD
Villanova '55
New York, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

. . . I think it was wrong for the writers to "harp" so much on the last few seasons which the records prove are not indicative of Villanova's football. Everyone has a "bad day"! Incidentally, it is my humble opinion that the lack of school spirit the authors talk about also shows on the radio announcer broadcasting the games!!! . . .

GEORGE J. PEQUIGNOT
Wilmington, Delaware

Cora Lee's Eye Operation

Dear Sirs:

In the September 17 issue . . . you have a very excellent story, THE MYSTERY OF ARCHIE MOORE [by W. C. Heinz].

One of the pictures shows Moore with little Cora Lee, of Miami, a girl who was almost blind when a generous public donated enough to send her to New York for a corneal transplant, which gave her sight for the first time.

The caption of the picture indicates that Moore "raised $7000 for this successful operation."

Archie Moore did take an active part in soliciting funds for this campaign, but his efforts resulted in approximately $1000 and not $7000.

The girl's plight was called to the attention of Henry Reno, Miami Herald police reporter, by several policemen who had taken a fancy to the four-year-old child. . . .

A story in the Miami Herald pointed out that about $800 was needed to send the girl to New York, where a famous surgeon had volunteered to do the operation without charge. Immediately, contributions poured in. . . . Two days later we had to publish a page-one story urging people to "sign off."

Nearly $12,000 was raised in this campaign, of which nearly $10,000 is now in a trust fund for Cora Lee, to be used for future emergencies and her education. . . .

GEORGE BEEBE, *Managing Editor*
The Miami Herald, Miami, Fla.

Suburban Living Has Good Side Too

Dear Sirs:

The reason for TROUBLE IN THE SUBURBS [by Hal Burton, Sept. 17–Oct. 1] is that the politicians refuse to consider anything but Bikini solutions—top and bottom, with the middle left out. They listen to the man who can afford their $100-a-plate dinners. They listen to the mass voice of the Low Income Groups. Any intermediate point of view is ignored. . . .

JAMES R. RANDOLPH
Orange, N.J.

Dear Sirs:

. . . Hal Burton . . . seems to think that only those who can afford $20,000 and up priced homes are worthy of home ownership. . . .

You should give the good side of the picture as well as the bad.

MRS. JOANNE C. DEMPSTER
Alexandria, Va.

Dear Sirs:

. . . Our suburbs are indeed in trouble. Ultimately the conditions Mr. Burton documents will correct themselves. But other ugly aspects of Suburbia, 1955, will leave their impress upon generations to come.

Of today's 30 million suburbanites, at least one million are isolated from their churches; their children receive little if any religious instruction. . . .

Nonconformity has long been the unpardonable small-town sin; it is especially so today in many suburbs. Service clubs either openly exclude racial and religious minorities or restrict membership. . . .

PAUL BRINDEL
Novato, Cal.

Dear Sirs:

. . . In only 7 years Park Forest has accomplished more than many villages have achieved in a century. We are proud of every bit of it. There is no refuse in the streets. Our traffic problems are negligible. We have no water problems; our own plant provides filtered, softened, fluoridated water. If the Illinois Central is losing so much money on its Park Forest commuters, as your article indicates, it is strange to find the railroad improving and expanding its service to our community. We have both storm and sanitary sewers; not a single septic tank in town.

You say our homes look as if they had been stamped out with cooky cutters. Everyone should have such delicious "cookies"! You suggest our village looks like an Army camp. The Army should have it so good!

(Continued on Page 6)

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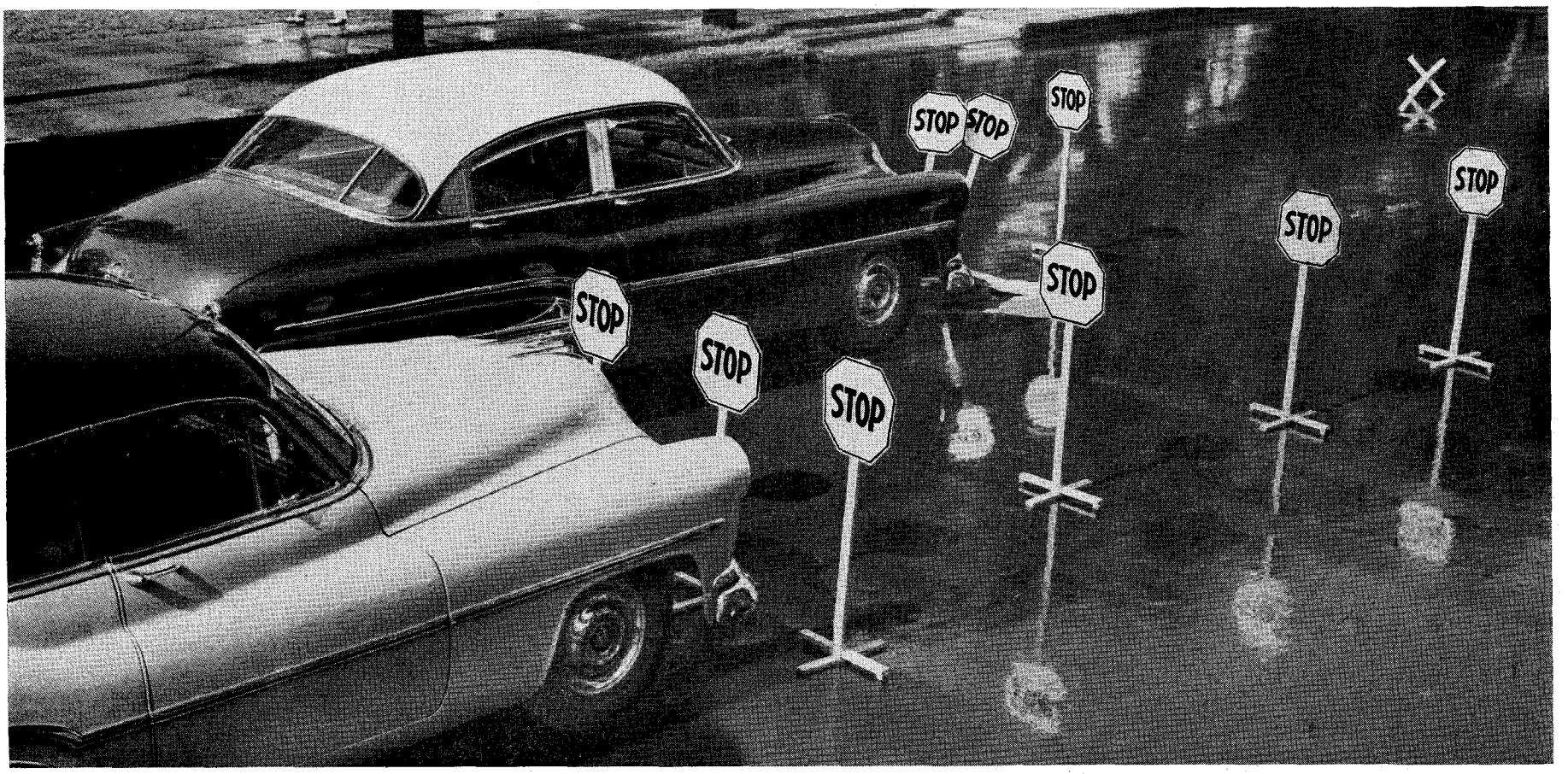
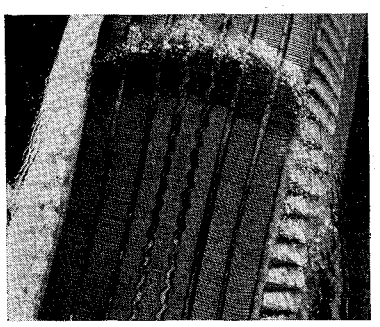
B.F. Goodrich First in Tubeless



LIFE-SAVER® Tubeless grips wet streets with caterpillar action to stop you quicker



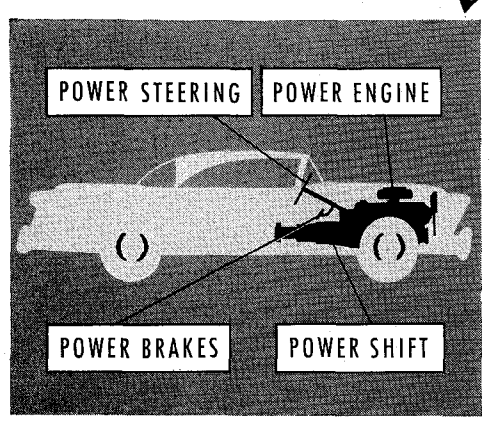
SMALL photo at left, of a B. F. Goodrich LIFE-SAVER Tubeless stopping on wet glass, shows why LIFE-SAVERS (on white car above) stop you *quicker* on wet streets. Taken from underneath, it demonstrates what happens when you apply the brakes. Thousands of grip-blocks that make up the LIFE-SAVER tread *flex*, *wipe away* slush and water, *hold* on the dried path where regular tires would slide. They grip with caterpillar action, have patented gripping edges across the entire tread to give you *extra* stopping power.

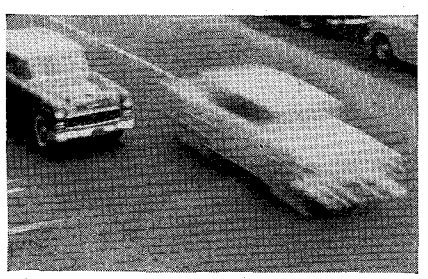
LIFE-SAVER Tubeless also give patented year-round protection against bruise-blowouts and punctures. Made by the Inventor of Tubeless, B. F. Goodrich, LIFE-SAVERS give you a 7-year lead in use and proof. They're the Power Tires engineered to meet the demands of today's power cars. You can get this extra safety for your present car *now*. LIFE-SAVER Tubeless fit your standard wheels.

Find your B. F. Goodrich retailer listed in the Yellow Pages under "Tires". Many B. F. Goodrich retailers offer convenient terms. As little as $1.00 down puts a LIFE-SAVER on your car. *The B. F. Goodrich Company, Tire and Equipment Division, Akron, Ohio.*

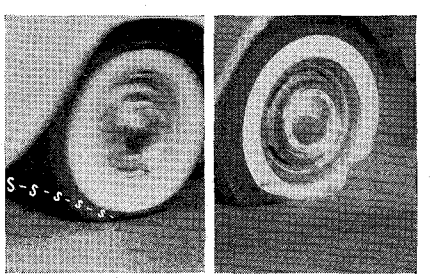
RESEARCH KEEPS B.F.Goodrich FIRST IN RUBBER

All this POWER here: ↓ needs B. F. Goodrich POWER Tubeless Tires to put it to work on the road:

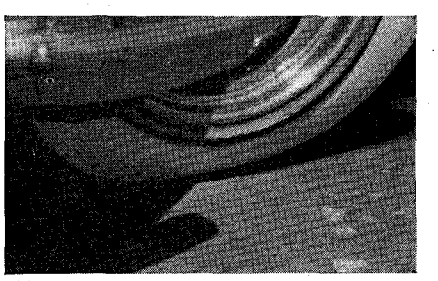




FOR POWER STARTS, POWER STOPS—*they take out the slip and the skid.* On power-engine take-offs, B. F. Goodrich Power Tubeless take a sure, firm hold on smooth or wet roads. They grip with caterpillar action to stop your *car* when power brakes stop your *wheels*.



FOR POWER GO—*they take out the bruise-blowout.* Tires feel power impacts that power cars cushion. In B. F. Goodrich Power Tubeless, a patented inner liner—part of the tire itself—slows air loss by permitting only pinhole leaks. Instead of a blowout, you get a safe s-s-slowout.



FOR POWER TURNS—*they take out the squeal.* Where power steering, with its quicker turns, makes ordinary tires squeal, B. F. Goodrich Power Tubeless are quieter and more sure-footed. They are power-designed to resist side-skid; give you better control of your car.

SAFE TIRES for SAFE DRIVING: Prevent an accident. Save a life. Drive on safe tires.

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TEN WORLD'S FAIR GRAND PRIZES
28 GOLD MEDAL AWARDS

Longines announces the world's most advanced Automatic Watch

World-wide acclaim greeted the debut of the *first* Longines Automatic Watch—the product of a million dollar, ten-year research program. Now, a decade later, Longines announces still further improvement in this distinguished timepiece—the most advanced self-winding watch in the world today.

You should know that an Automatic is, in fact, a *complicated* watch, and in that field the experience of Longines is unique. As example, Longines complicated watches include chronographs and timing watches that are the finest in the world.

Thanks to this experience, the harmonization of watch movement and automatic driving power has been achieved with astonishing simplicity and precision. Wear and strain have been virtually eliminated. These Longines Automatics can promise in full measure all of the accuracy, the ruggedness and long life for which Longines watches are world honored.

If you would like the convenience of an Automatic watch, Longines has made a style—just for you. Longines Automatic watches are priced from $75 to $295. Your Longines-Wittnauer Jeweler would be honored to serve you.

Illustrated
Longines Milan Sweep Automatic, 14K gold, $175. Specifications: *movement diameter*, 25.30mm; *thickness*, 6mm; *automatic winding mechanism*, rotor system, silent, two directional; *oscillating mass*, scientifically designed balance —coefficient of friction = 0.05; coefficient of wear = 0.00; *spring*, stainless, unbreakable; *winding control*, stable thanks to patented Longines spring clamp which eliminates banking and loss of running time; *running time*, at rest 36 hours. Other Longines Automatic Watches with same specifications from $75.

LONGINES
THE WORLD'S MOST HONORED WATCH

Letters

(Continued from Page 4)

In our considered judgment, the community has been subjected to public embarrassment by this careless article. . . .

ROBERT A. DINERSTEIN
And 18 other community leaders
Park Forest, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

. . . Park Forest is indeed like an Army camp. Row after row of identical houses and apt. buildings—crowded schools, my first grader is in a class of fifty-eight, and they are building new homes like mad. . . .

MRS. JAMES W. TUCKER
Park Forest, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

. . . After this article appeared in the Post, a small paper here, The Park Forest Reporter, printed an article citing Hal Burton's inaccuracies, such as American Community Homes instead of American Community Builders (name of building corporation here), and the population and building figures quoted in the article were apparently much larger than in actuality.

No more, of course, could be said. The descriptive statements made in the article about this community were accurately stating the least. I thought the article very charitable. . . .

NAME WITHHELD
Park Forest, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

As a former Berwynite (Illinois) of 22 years, I am shocked and offended at your scandalous references to our . . . community of Berwyn. . . .

Berwyn boasts a comparative absence of crime; many cultural advantages. . . . Approximately 70% of the people own their own homes, (whose resale values start in neighborhood of $15,000 and *up*). . . .

MRS. DONALD J. FERGLE
Roseville, Mich.

Dear Sirs:

. . . I wish to disagree with the statement "Double shifts are commonplace, meaning that each child goes half a day and gets half an education." This may in many cases be true, but it is the fault of the Board of Education and not due to the lack of school buildings. Following the big earthquake of 1952, Bakersfield required double sessions in nearly all schools for one or more years. The children received 5 hours of instruction instead of the usual 5½. Two complete staffs of teachers were used for each school building, and neither the children nor teachers suffered by the arrangement.

True, the "seven to five" routine results in inconvenient hours for both students and teachers, but I am sick and tired of hearing this "half-education" statement used in an attempt to justify more school buildings. . . .

P. F. CLEMENT
Bakersfield, Cal.

Dear Sirs:

Re. Hal Burton's TROUBLE IN THE SUBURBS, my neighbor moved up from Levittown, Pennsylvania, because when

his three cats went on the prowl o' nights it took them usually two weeks to find their way back home. That was, however, only the least of his troubles.

A. T. SHOREY
Albany, N.Y.

Polio Vaccine Still Not a Sure Thing

Dear Sirs:

I feel better after reading your article, WHERE ARE WE NOW ON POLIO? [by Steven M. Spencer, Sept. 10]. Mr. Spencer is the first author I've read who didn't seem to be either bolstering Doctor Salk's sagging prestige or sound like a cover for some facts on Cutter Vaccine that should be aired, but just aren't. Our seven-year-old son almost died after his polio shot. To pray for days for one small life—to have your prayer granted only to see a crippled child in place of a "bundle of activity" makes you feel there was negligence somewhere. . . . Our son has been in the hospital since April—we will bring him home in a couple more months. . . .

Please find the facts, publish them and then, as you say—let the doctor and the parent decide if they want to take a chance on this serum. . . .

MRS. REX CRANE
Mink Creek, Idaho

Reader's Faith in Post Shaken by Rare Error

Dear Sirs:

Mirabile dictu! A misspelled word in the SatEvePost! On page 100 of the September 24th issue [RENO BOUND, by Joseph Carroll] . . . the word "like" was spelled "ike"—no "*l*". Of course, I like "Ike," too, but not in this context.

It's the first time in thirty-five years of habitual Post reading that I have noticed an error. Tut! Tut!

ROLAND E. STURHAHN
Webster Groves, Mo.

● We're one up on reader Sturhahn. He didn't spot the "typo" that turned up in the July 3, 1943, issue.—ED.

Post Picture Credits

Reading across page, then down:

17, 18, 19–Bernard D'Andrea. • 20–Two by Sid Avery; Ray Atkeson, Harry Saltzman. • 21–Underwood & Underwood, International, Wide World. • 22, 23–R. G. Harris. • 24, 25–Bill Shrout. • 26–Bruce Bomberger. • 28–Jacob Lofman, United Press. • 29–Two by Jacob Lofman; Wide World, Jacob Lofman, Wide World. 30–Richard Small, John Bickel, Frank Ross. 31–Lynn Buckham. • 32, 33–Ivan Dmitri. 34–Sacramento Bee, San Francisco Examiner. • 35–Two from San Francisco Examiner; Gene Lester, San Francisco Examiner. • 36, 37–Harold Von Schmidt. 38–Three anonymous; Gus Pasquarella. 39–Gus Pasquarella. • 43–Stanley Zuckerberg. • 45–Donald Ker, N. Y. Zoological Society. • 86, 88–George Tapscott. • 132–Anonymous, United Press, anonymous, Ollie Atkins, anonymous.

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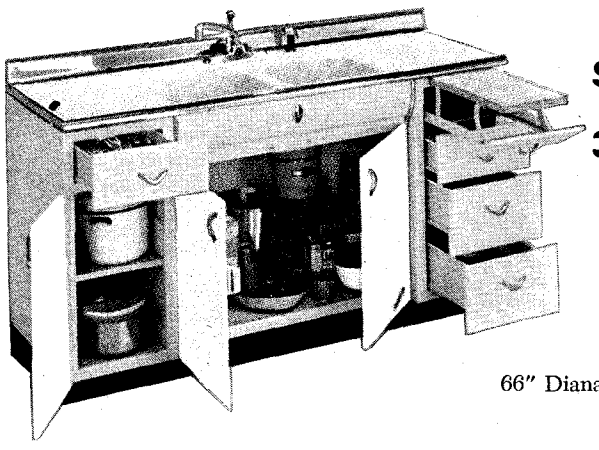
This exciting Youngstown Kitchen, in Dawn Yellow, starts with a 36″ Diana Cabinet Sink.

MODERNIZE YOUR KITCHEN NOW!



66″ Diana Cabinet Sink—every luxury feature.

Start with the world's most beautiful cabinet sink!

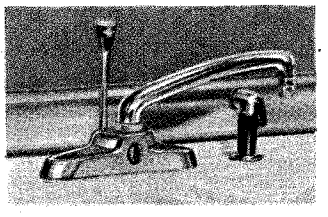
30 models—gorgeous colors—exclusive features!

Here, from Youngstown Kitchens, is the most gorgeous worksaver of them all. A sink . . . a storage center . . . a beauty, in your choice of four glorious colors!

Modernize now with a Youngstown Kitchens cabinet sink. Watch it save you time and work . . . see it breathe new life into your kitchen. You can choose from 30 all-steel models, with no money down and easy terms if you desire.

See them at your Youngstown Kitchen dealer's today! If building, specify a Youngstown Kitchen. You'll be glad you did.

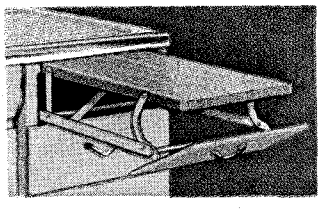
IT'S A WORKSAVING SINK!



Exclusive Select-O-Set Faucet, on many models, controls water temperature and flow with a single handle. And . . .

- one-piece steel top—porcelain enameled to stay bright and easy to clean
- no-splash bowls; no-tip drainboards; crumb-cup strainers; rinse spray
- Food Waste Disposer, only $79.95 extra

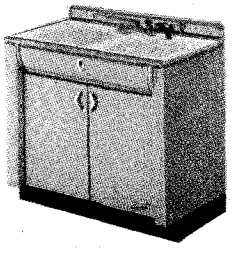
IT'S A STEPSAVING STORAGE CENTER!



Handy cutting-board drawer, on 66″ and 54″ Diana models, locks at sink level for easy slicing or grinding. And see these features . . .

- smooth-sliding steel drawers; sound-deadened doors; sagproof shelves
- storage space for pots, pans, utensils, cleaning supplies—all you could want

IT'S A BREATH-TAKING BEAUTY!



You choose from Star White, Dawn Yellow, Meridian Blue, and Sunset Copper —*four* exciting new colors at no extra cost. And it *stays* beautiful . . .

- it's all-steel — won't warp, rot, swell, splinter, or absorb odors
- top-quality finishes are baked on—stay easy to clean and keep clean

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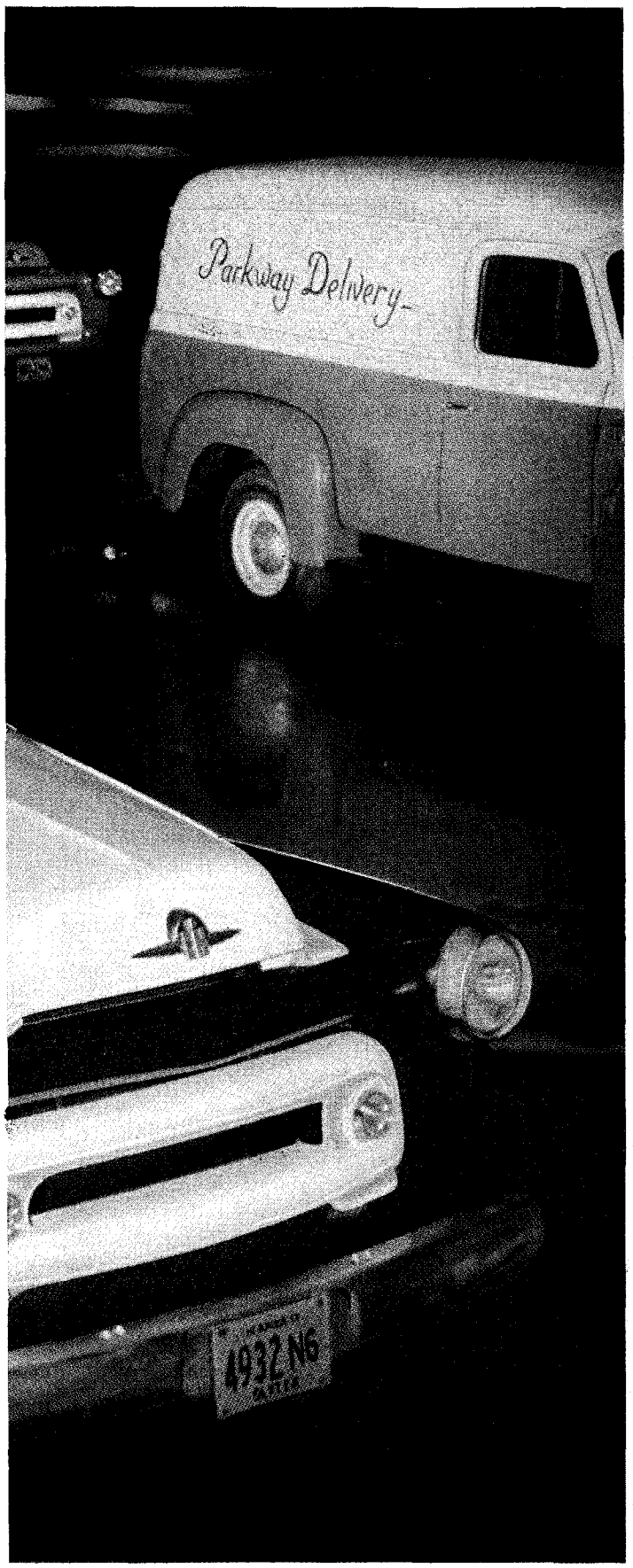
s right here on these pages!



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All-Truck Built to save you the BIG money on the job!

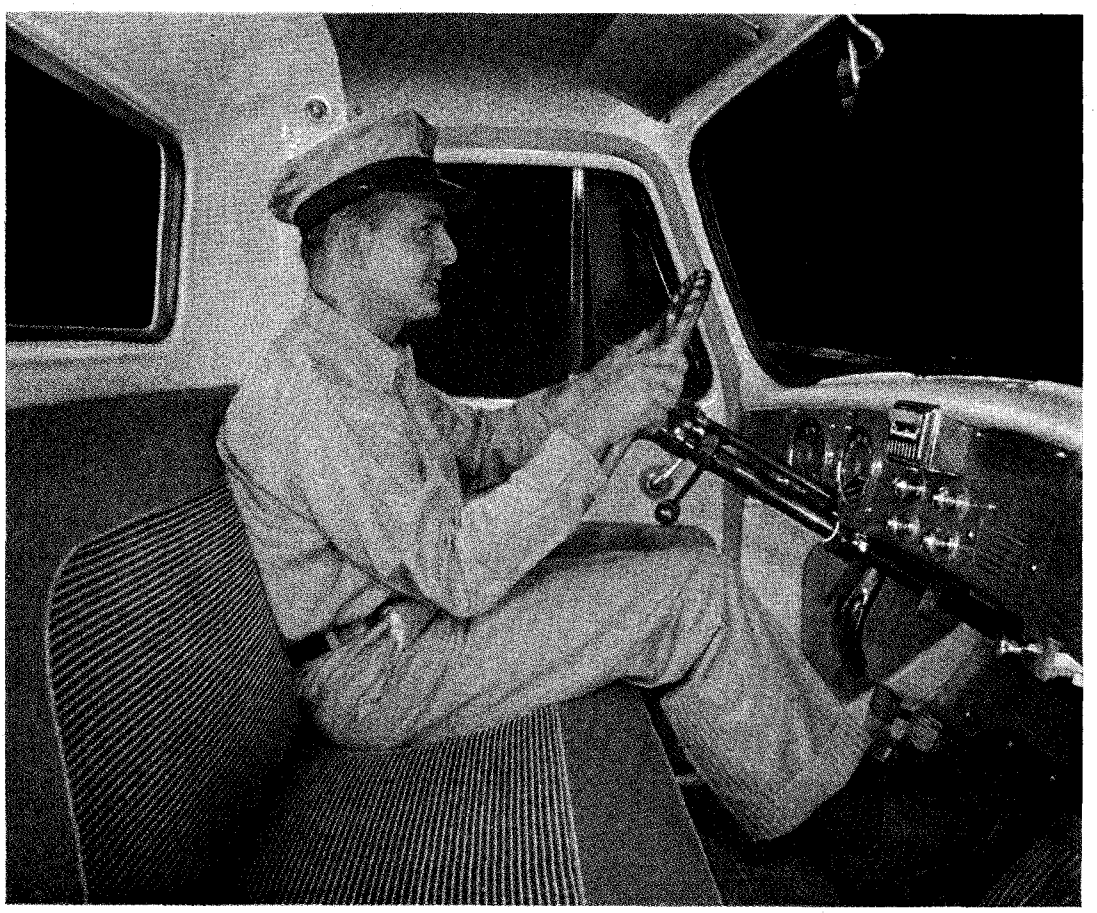
They're ready for you now at your INTERNATIONAL Dealer or Branch! A great new line of light, medium and heavy-duty INTERNATIONAL trucks that are *all truck*, with no passenger car components asked to do a truck job. They have more features than ever for BIG money savings . . . the over-the-years operating and maintenance savings.

These new INTERNATIONALS have engines designed specifically for trucks—built to pull truck loads. They give you high power and torque in the normal driving range where you can *use* it—in traffic, heavy going, up hills. And they give you this top performance in sustained operation, at low, wear-reducing, money-saving rpm.

But that's only part of the story these new INTERNATIONALS bring you. Smart, functional styling—practical styling for easy and economical maintenance, even on the roughest truck jobs. They have the most comfortable cabs on the road—driver-saving cabs with steering, vision, riding and handling features that let drivers work longer without fatigue.

At your first opportunity, see these good-looking, easy-working, BIG money saving INTERNATIONALS. You'll quickly see that they're tops—for every light, medium and heavy-duty hauling job!

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY • CHICAGO



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Editorials

Coexistence Doesn't Mean a Fond Embrace

One of the impediments to any genuine coexistence on peaceful terms of East and West is what might be called the Settlement House Theory of International Relations.

According to this sentimental notion, the peoples of the world will all get along famously, if only they meet as often and as intimately as possible. There is really no such thing as a hard-bitten communist, with fifty notches on his gun butt and a settled contempt for middle-class values. Underneath it all, he is supposed to be an underprivileged slum kid, who will melt like butter if he's asked into the parlor and given a clutch of ginger snaps with a glass of lemonade.

Unfortunately, the world doesn't work that way for adults, and equating international diplomacy with a neighborhood settlement house can have disastrous results. Before long, the Red Chinese might be peddling opium from the third-floor front, while the Soviet extortioners are working in the basement. In short, there is a marked difference between coexistence and allowing a lot of unpleasant characters to muscle in on what looks to them like a good racket.

This does not mean that coexistence is impossible, except in the minds of those who can imagine no middle point between open warfare and open house.

This country coexisted for many years with a Hitler, a Tojo and a Mussolini. The coexistence came to an end through no fault of this or any other Western nation. The dictators insisted on breaking the peace. And, if we have had a cold war for ten years, it did not come about for lack of friendly gestures on our part, even to offering the Soviets a share in the Marshall Plan funds.

Comparing countries to individuals is not always an intelligent approach to international affairs. Yet who cannot think of three or four impossible people in his own corner of any community? They probably return cordially the dislike you entertain for them.

Yet you coexist in peace. On condition, that is, that you make it a point never to be where they are likely to turn up; that you make no effort—after one calamitous try, perhaps—to go on parties with them; and, above all, that you don't get involved in partnership deals or do business with them at all, except on the most limited basis.

This, to be sure, is an old-fashioned view of coexistence. But it works in private life, and, over the centuries, has given excellent results in the larger sphere of international relations.

DUFFY'S CARTOON

A Feather in His Sombrero.

Those Left-Wing Professors Did Plenty of Damage

The usual excuse for indifference to the presence of communists, "collectivists" and fellow travelers on college faculties is that (1) they represent an insignificant proportion of the whole academic community; (2) they are entitled to respect for their "political opinions"; and (3) they are mostly eccentrics who do very little harm. This is all very consoling, but the truth is that (1) one communist on a teaching staff has more influence with many students than a score of "neutralists" or mute conservatives; (2) communist teachers are not interested in "political opinions," but only in promoting the Red conspiracy; (3) such people—including two who spread the communist "germ-warfare" lie—have already done plenty of harm, as a study of the record in a dozen institutions of learning would show.

An important section of this appalling record has been gathered together by Prof. E. Merrill Root, of Earlham College, Indiana. In a recently published book, Collectivism on the Campus (Devin-Adair), Professor Root assembles impressive evidence of the damage to student thinking which has been caused in the painfully recent past by left-wing teachers. Sometimes the damage is more startling. One student in a Western university fell under the spell of a communist teacher so completely that he joined the communist cell at the university and was eventually found dead, apparently murdered after showing signs of wishing to abandon the party.

Fortunately the results of communist infiltration of our colleges are not usually so drastic, but they can be equally tragic in their long-range effect on student thought and morality. Left-wing professors of engineering or mathematics cultivate the friendship of students, organize seminars and discussion groups and, as President Harry D. Gideonse, of Brooklyn College, put it, "work actively to undermine the student's faith in American foreign policy, to intensify racial and religious friction among Americans of diverse cultural backgrounds and to promote the general attitude that 'Moscow is always right.'" The communist teacher, says Professor Root, seeks to "curry favor with students, to appear to be a courageous person . . . who is constantly fighting for what is idealistic." Sometimes he even organizes heckling bands to harass his more conservative colleagues. The result is that left-wing groups flourish, but efforts to organize conservative students are met with opposition, not only by the student paper but too often by college officials.

Of course, the institutions of higher learning mentioned in this book are not communist, or even consciously socialist. They merely share the general indifference to what has been happening under their noses. University authorities usually know little of the workings of communist infiltrators, and have an almost psychopathic terror of being considered "reactionary" if they show concern about communist activity on the campus. They tend to let the matter slide. The result is that a left-wing professor has to "take the Fifth Amendment" three times running to be in danger of losing his job.

The conservative professor, on the other hand, can be dropped—and often is—without effective protest by anybody. For one thing, according to Prof. A. H. Hobbs, of the University of Pennsylvania's department of sociology, he frequently bungles his own case. Being a rational man accustomed to weighing both sides of the matter, the conservative professor is often "plagued by the possibility that there may be a small amount of truth in the charges against him. 'Liberals' (with their obsessive zeal and their monolithic (Continued on Page 12)

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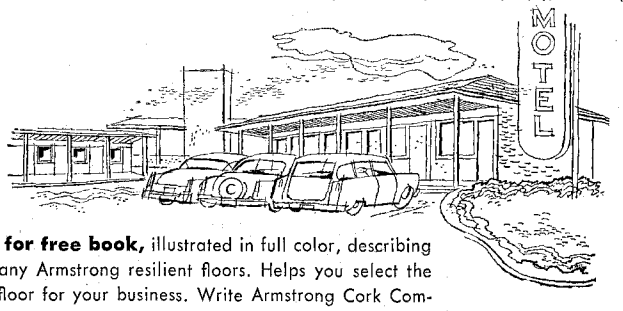
When a motel's "No Vacancy" sign is switched on every evening, you may be sure the proprietor has created an inviting atmosphere—inside as well as out. Today there's really no excuse for not offering good-looking accommodations, when modern materials often cost so little. This handsome floor of Armstrong Asphalt Tile, for example, is one of the least expensive of all resilient floors, yet has many luxurious qualities. Armstrong Asphalt Tile offers dozens of smart colors that can be combined, at little or no extra cost, in interesting custom designs. It can be installed over any subfloor, even on concrete below grade level. Even under heavy traffic conditions, its smooth surface will stay lustrous for years with simple, economical maintenance. If good looks are important to your business, it's time to take a good look at Armstrong Asphalt Tile—"the low-cost floor with the luxury look."



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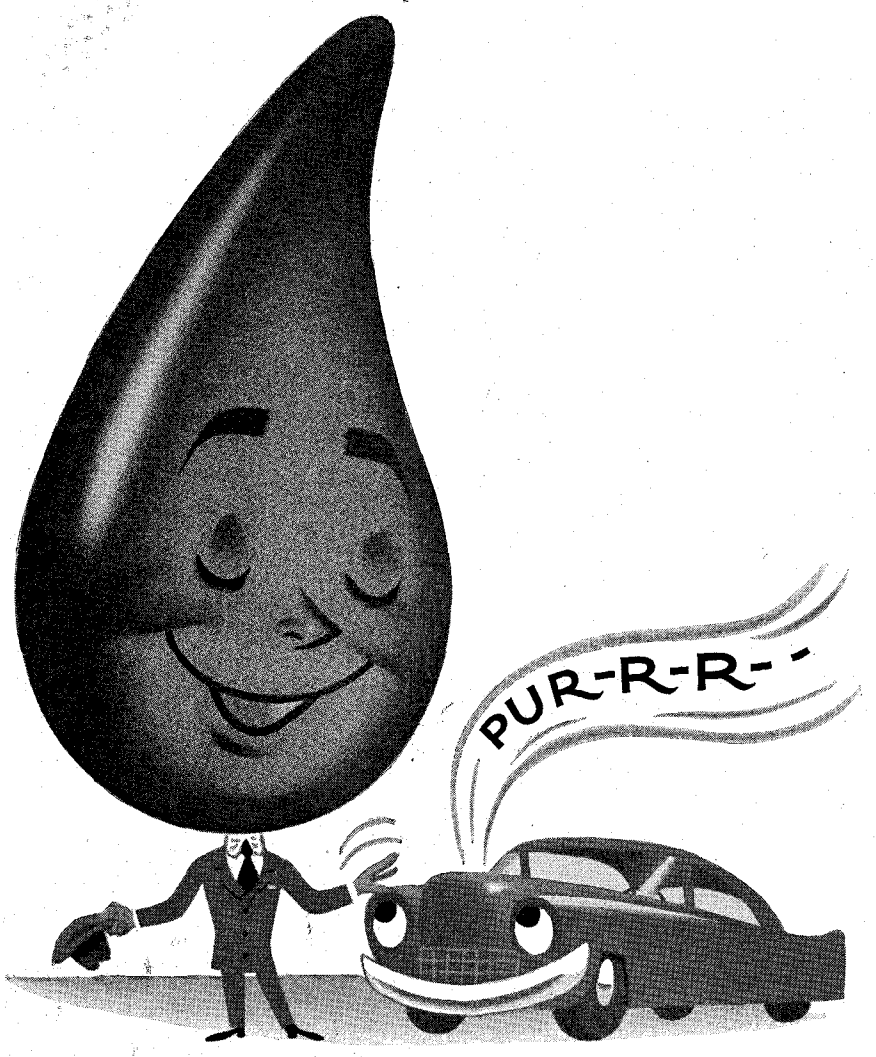

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Editorials

(Continued from Page 10)

unshatterable self-righteousness) suffer no such handicap."

Professor Root is less interested in firing left-wing professors than in giving them some intellectual competition by hiring a few more conservatives. After all, nothing can damage a communist, a Keynesian economist or a mere fuzzy-headed "liberal" so much as exposure of his vaporings to cold analysis. If our universities will provide more of that, their Fifth Amendment savants, if still around, won't be the problem they used to be.

The Earth is Nature's Own Storage Tank

By ELMER T. PETERSON

Scientific research is going to work on the water shortage. Secretary of the Interior McKay announces prospects for success in taking salt out of sea water and making it drinkable at a reasonable cost. Congress is spending a lot of money encouraging research on this project.

This is one approach to the problem. Civilization demands more and more water, not only for personal uses but for industry. For instance, it takes 65,000 gallons of water for the manufacture of one ton of steel. It is strange, however, that comparatively little research money is being spent on the most obvious project of all—the capture of water from rainfall at or near the spot where it hits the ground, and storing it for later use.

We learn from high authority that water is more efficiently stored in the ground after being captured by in-soak from "little waters" than when it is stored in surface reservoirs. Scientific "land utilization" is therefore a prime factor in our national water economy. That means making an absorbent surface out of the soil.

Coincidentally it is revealed by Dr. A. L. Lugn, professor of geology at the University of Nebraska, that the ground in his state has the incredibly enormous storage capacity of 97,000,000 acre-feet, which is equivalent to ten years' average rainfall. It would take 1000 big surface reservoirs to equal such capacity.

Ground storage for oil and natural gas is a common practice, but for some unaccountable reason the parallel storage of water is virtually ignored, so far as research is concerned—at any rate the intensive research such as is devoted to the desalting of sea water.

Despite the scarcity of such investigations, results are being achieved in a roundabout way. Land utilization is being so managed that the soil is conserved and the water storage comes as a by-product. For example, the town of Clinton, Oklahoma, during the recent drought years, obtained virtually enough for its municipal supplies from a ten-square-mile creek watershed that had been given thorough soil-conservation treatment. The water came out of a multitude of springs produced by insoak of rainfall in previous wet years.

A hydraulic engineer recently figured that during the average year Oklahoma City receives from the clouds on its townsite area three times as much water as is necessary for all its municipal uses. Yet the city searches for water supplies as much as 150 miles away. We are wasting prodigious amounts of water that we may as well capture.

Nature has a magnificent distilling apparatus always at work, taking sweet water from salty oceans and obligingly wafting it over the land. Thus far our methods of keeping water we receive are extremely crude and unscientific.

Negroes Have Their Own Wall Street Firm

Wall Street's first investment-brokerage company under Negro control and management was recently opened. Its name is Special Markets, Inc., and its president is Philip M. Jenkins, who has held important positions in other Wall Street firms.

There are some whites among the stockholders and on the staff, but the Negro officers have assured themselves of control by a voting-trust agreement. The firm expects to open Wall Street's eyes a bit by cultivating a mass investment market, not only among Negroes but in several other ethnic groups.

"There is a great mass market that has never been properly developed," says Mr. Jenkins. "Large numbers of possible customers know nothing of securities and are afraid of them. Most people don't like to be left alone with a salesman. They want a friend present for advice and moral support." So Mr. Jenkins is training his salesmen in a method which he himself has used—that is, to get together a group of prospects, perhaps from a single church or lodge, and make a clear presentation to them.

Three years ago, Norman L. McGhee, a Negro, established a securities firm in Cleveland, and he has added offices in other cities. But the opening of the new company in Wall Street attracts new attention.

One notion held abroad is that Negroes in this country are plantation serfs. Another is that Wall Street is a cabal of bloated billionaires, reaching out to devour the world. But Negroes as Wall Street brokers—here is a challenge to many a preconception!

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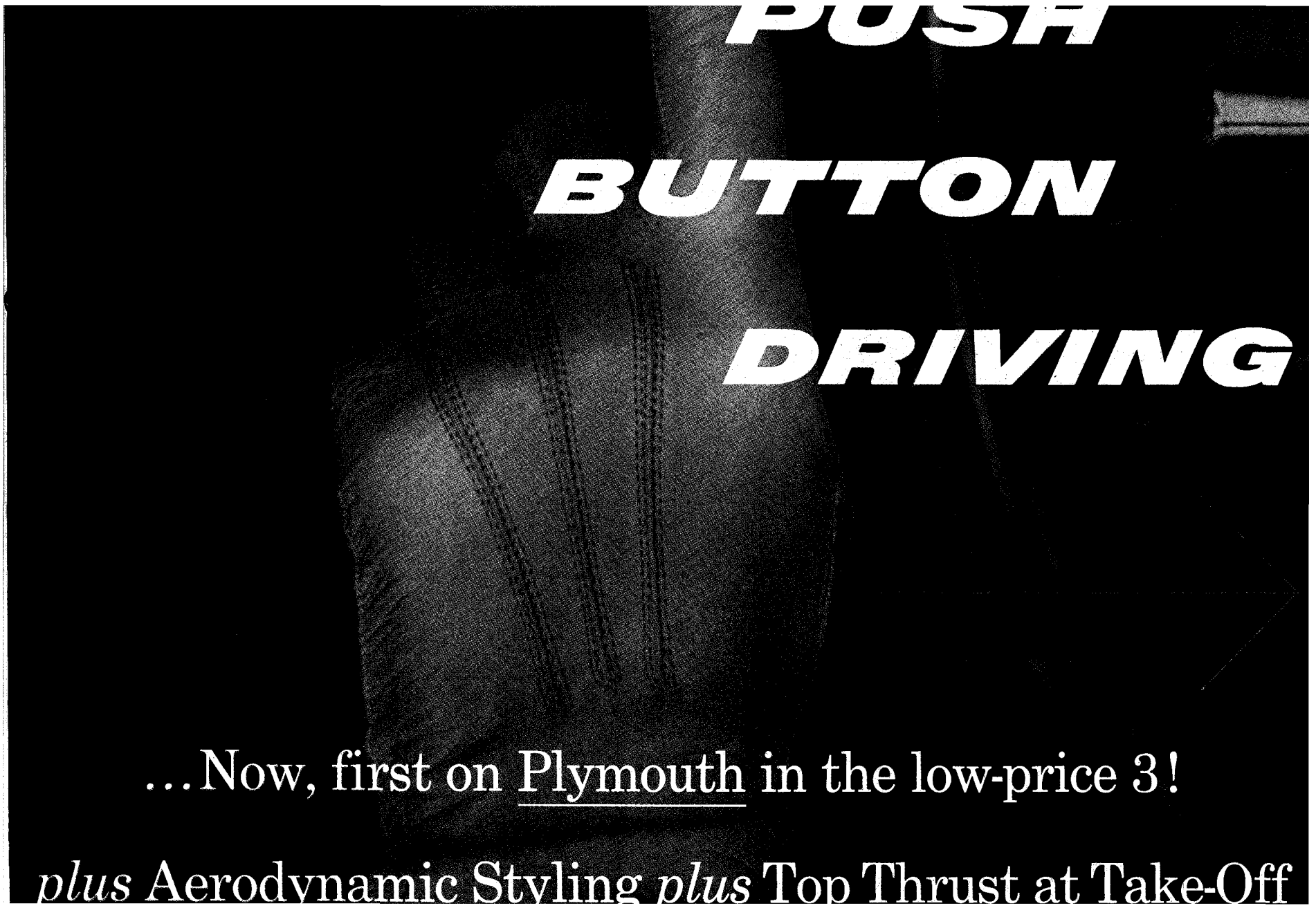

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plus Aerodynamic Styling *plus* Top Thrust at Take-Off

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ALL-NEW AERODYNA

Revolutionary all-new Push-Button Driving . . . a Plymout

Fabulous all-new Aerodynamic Styling . . . bigger . . . longer . . . roomie

Sensational all-new 90-90 Turbo-Torque Power . . . Top Thrust at Take-Of

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The car that's going places with the Young in Heart

other all-new Plymouth models, including exciting new Suburban line of station wagons in three low price-ranges. Choice of engines—new Hy-Fire V-8 or PowerFlow 6

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What it means to you. With a finger-tip touch on a button, you select your driving range. Easy as touching a light switch! Then PowerFlite fully automatic transmission takes over. It's the ultimate in driving ease. Your biggest thrill since your first car!

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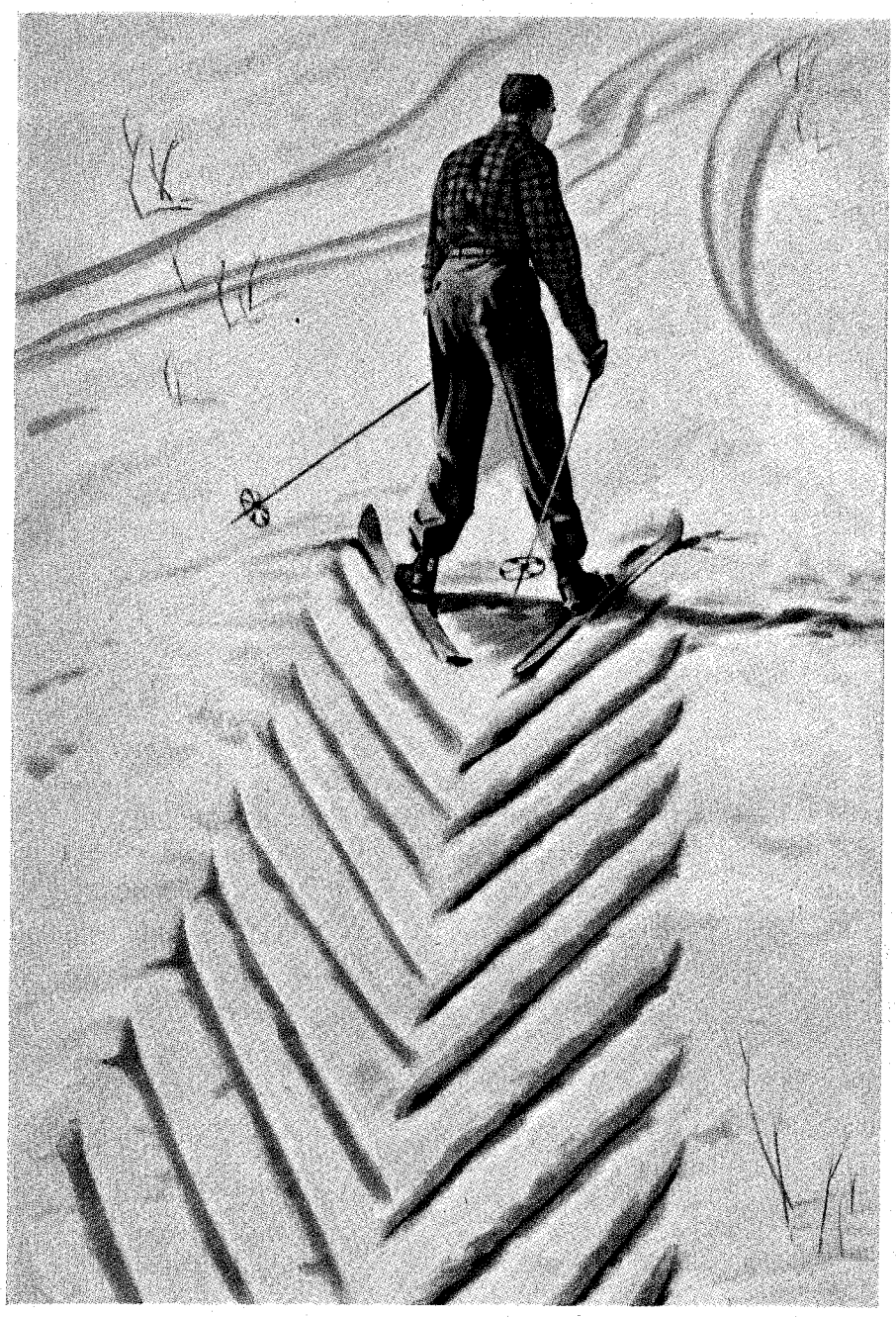
New Tubeless Suburbanites *give you more go in snow!*



THE SECRET: the first logical winter tread design! See how the skier angles his skis to walk right up the slope. His ski edges cut right into the snow in a "herringbone" pattern—let him climb that steep hill with a minimum of trouble.

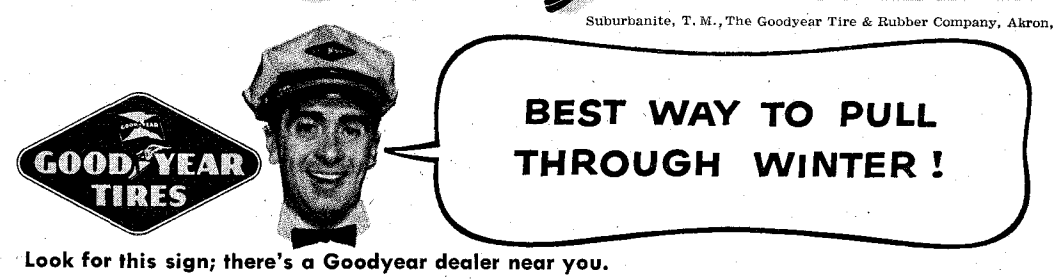
Goodyear's great Suburbanites have the *logical* winter tread design. It works the same way as skis in the "herringbone." Four rows of sharp-edged cleats are angled to bite into the snow—give you a *surer* grip on the road. The wide winter tread of the Suburbanite is made of 464 of these cleats with 1856 sharp edges. These cleats dig in like claws for greater traction in snow and mud—a better grip on ice.

Don't let a surprise, heavy snowfall delay you. See your Goodyear dealer—get Suburbanites for your car today. Goodyear, Akron 16, Ohio.

On cleared highways, its flat tread runs more quietly, smoothly. Suburbanite cleats are flexible, so the tread cleans itself as it rolls—it's always ready to give you a surer, safer grip on slippery winter roads. This famous tread design is also available in a conventional winter tire for use with tube.

SUBURBANITE WINTER TIRES by GOODYEAR

Suburbanite, T. M., The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio



Look for this sign; there's a Goodyear dealer near you.

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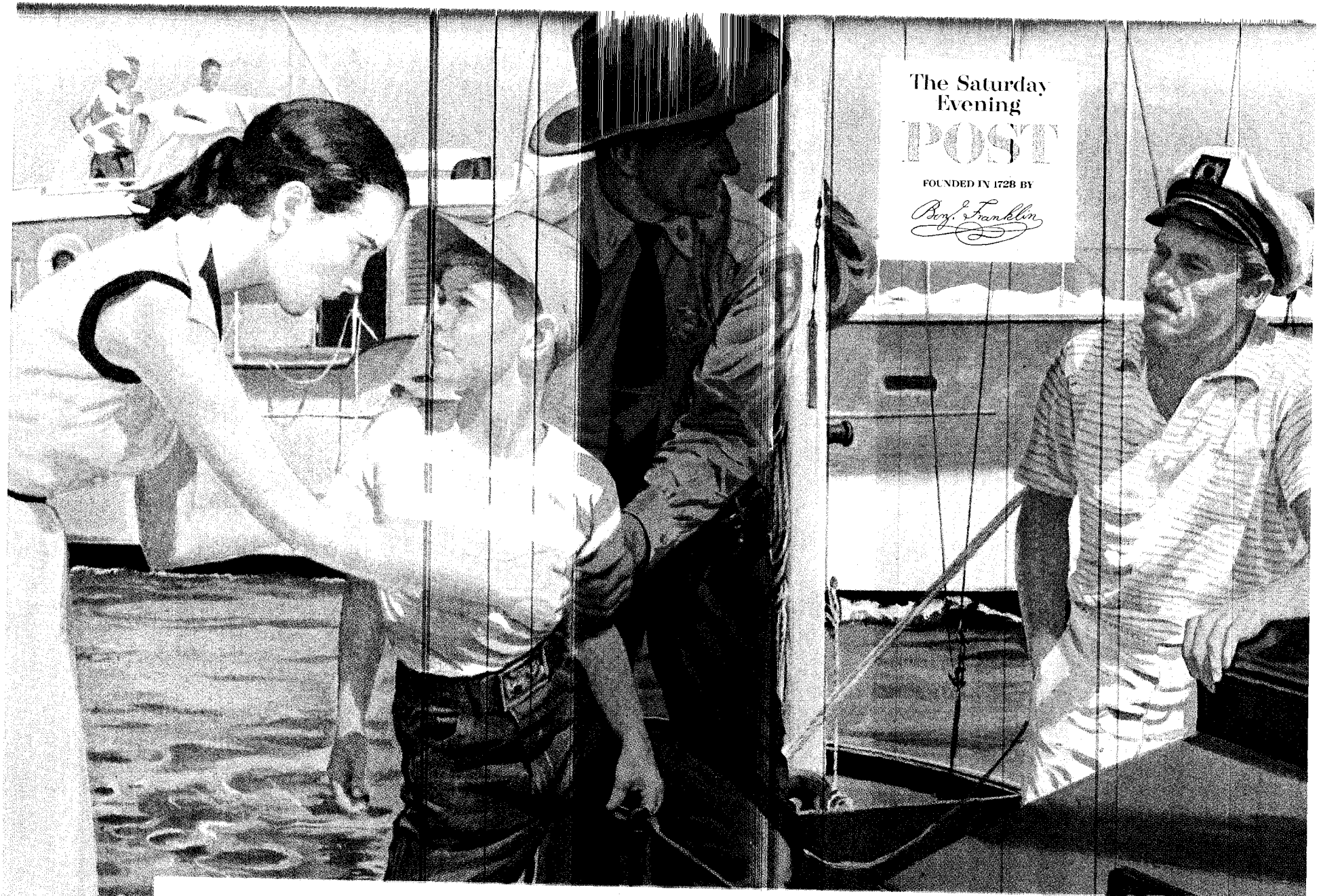

"She thought you'd kidnaped the boy," the lieutenant said. "I was about to send the police launch out to look for you."

Death in the Wind

His ex-wife had poisoned his son's mind against him. Bradley Davis had strong reason for murder . . .

Beginning a thrilling new mystery . . . By EDWIN LANHAM

First he had seen the loom of the Connecticut shore rising above a horizon haze, then individual houses and stretches of meager beach had come into view as the small black yawl slid through the slick, glassy water of an August calm on Long Island Sound, and now the channel markers of Menasset Harbor lay ahead. A smile of anticipation came to Brad's lips and he glanced at the new fishing rod, rigged for bluefish, that lay on the starboard berth below. This would be a wonderful surprise for Pierre, he thought; this would awaken memories and renew old bonds.

He thought of that first day in Paris, when a pale, sad boy of five had stood looking about the apartment that was to be his new home, his eyes showing a maturity that had been somehow more appealing than a childish dependence would have been. Ruth had said, "Pierre, say hello to your new father," and Brad remembered the bobbing of the dark head, the bony fingers outstretched.

He had felt the appeal of the boy then and he had determined that he would be a real father to Pierre. He would try to make up

(Continued on Page 19)

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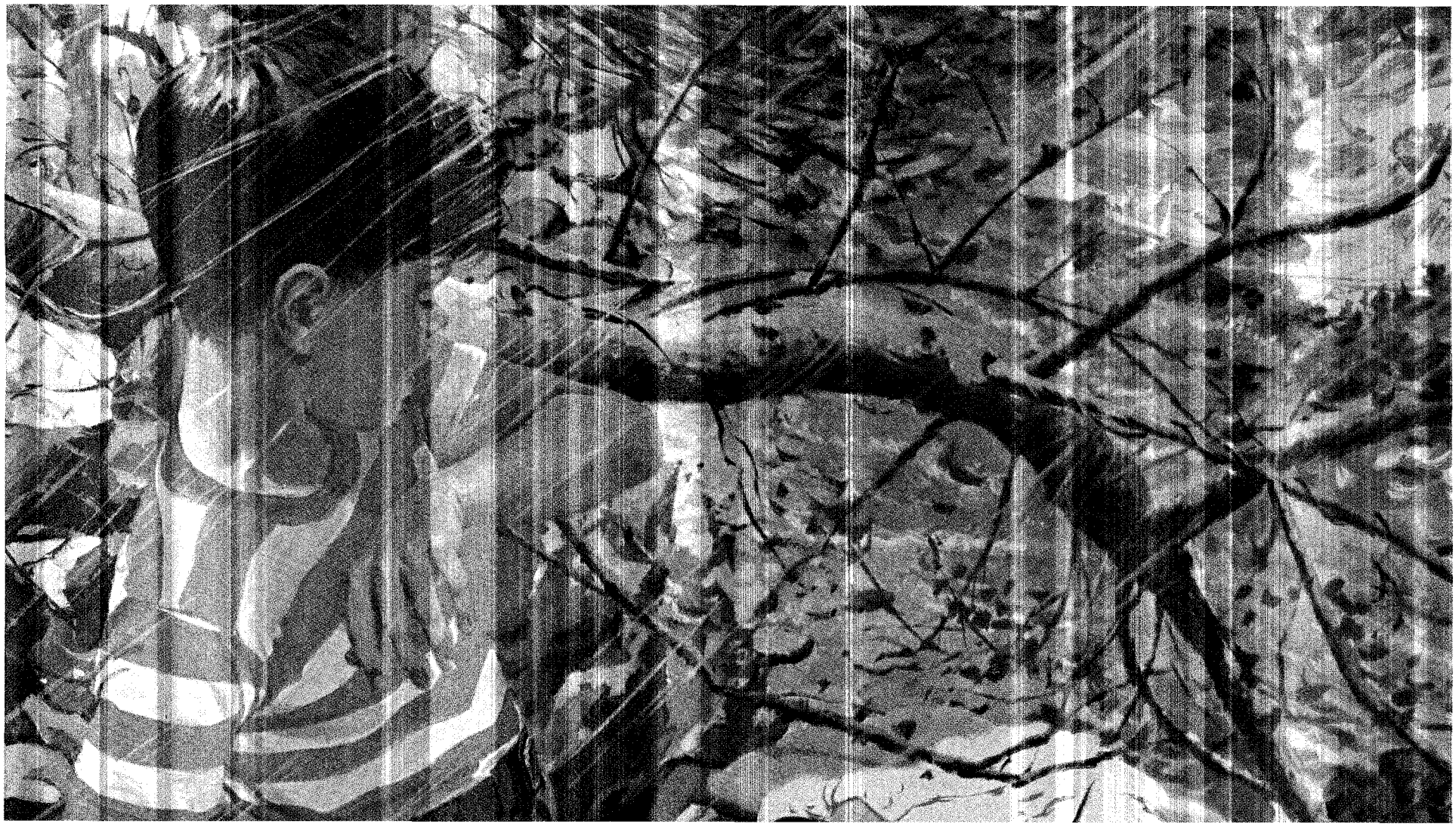

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(Continued from Page 17) to the boy for a little of what the war had cost him, if material benefits and formal adoption could help at all. It had been as honest as most resolves, he thought, but a foreign correspondent was a busy man and the streets of many cities passed under his feet.

Menasset Harbor was a horseshoe-shaped bight with two rocky promontories thrusting out into the sound, and the channel passed close to the eastern promontory, where there was a grove of white-oak trees along a bank buttressed by a massive sea wall. The mansard roof and cupolas of a tall Victorian house showed among the trees, and Brad studied it as the yawl slipped past in the channel. This was the house Ruth had inherited when she came into her grandfather's money. In this house their wedding reception had been held, and now it sheltered his foster son.

A week ago Pierre had been shy and reticent. Considering that it had been Brad's first meeting with the boy in two years, there had been surprisingly little to talk about. Korea and Indochina and all that, yes. Pierre had been interested in stories of combat and far places, but Brad had been acutely aware that something was missing. It was two years that was missing, he thought now—two whole years of a boy's life.

The last time he and Pierre had lived together had been in Paris, but two years ago Ruth had taken Pierre with her when she returned to the United States while her grandfather's estate was being settled. For a visit, she had assured Brad, but six months had passed, and then a year, and meanwhile things had been popping in the Far East. His dateline had been Indochina when the divorce had gone through, and, at the time, it had seemed natural that Ruth have custody of Pierre, but her behavior had been deceptive and unnecessarily aggressive.

She had told the court that he had shown little interest in the boy. She had solemnly deposed that Brad had deserted Pierre, which was certainly less than the whole truth, and the court had reposed the conditions of the boy's life entirely in Ruth's discretion.

"But we had to get it settled one way or another," she had said last week in the lobby of the Hotel Westbrook, where she had brought Pierre to meet him for lunch. "It's not terribly important, is it? Of course you may see Pierre whenever you wish."

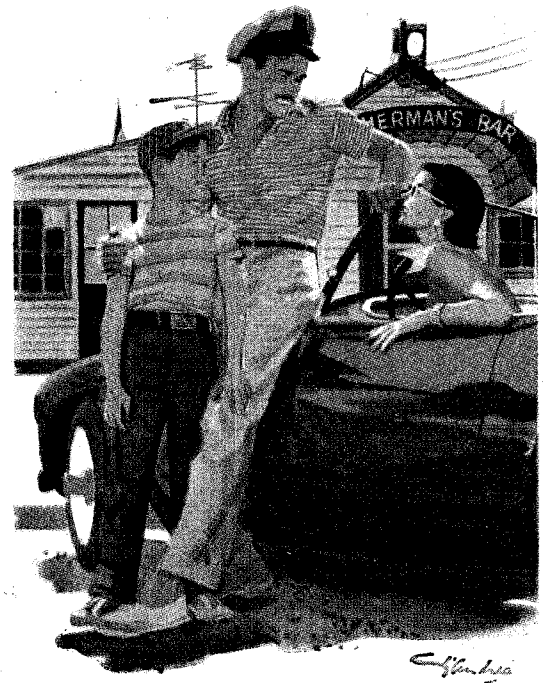
"The important thing is Pierre's happiness," he had said.

"I think that is pretty well taken care of, Brad," she had said with a light laugh that minimized the sincerity of his interest. "I've remarried, as you know, and Pierre has a happy, well-adjusted home, which you must admit is something of a novelty for him."

He gave his head a quick shake, to dismiss the memory of his former wife's face, and with a conscious effort relaxed the tight muscles about his mouth. Whenever he wrote a series of articles for the syndicate of the New York Courier a one-column cut was run with the by-line, and the photograph showed the smiling, self-assured face that Bradley Davis presented to the world, the face that was known on the Quai d'Orsay and on Downing Street—a lean, alert face adorned by a trim and rather elegant mustache. It was the face of the Bradley Davis who had been a correspondent in Paris and London and Berlin and in the foxholes of the Far East, and it did not show the weariness he felt, nor the loneliness.

He needed this vacation. He needed to get out on a small craft and relax, he had told the managing editor of the Courier, but he had not confided his real plan—to sail in from the sea and gladden a small boy's heart. At ten, Pierre was just the right age to fall in love with a boat, and when Brad arrived unannounced at the dock, provisioned and ready, how could Ruth refuse an eager boy? They would cruise together to Nantucket—they would cement a foundation for the future.

The channel widened to the boat basin. The town dock lay parallel to the shore line, and Brad steered in toward a battery of gasoline pumps. As soon as he had made the yawl fast, Brad crossed a graveled parking area to a low white building. A spidery structure of neon fixtures spelled out FISHERMAN'S BAR, and there was a public-telephone emblem beside the entrance door. Inside he found a curved bar set off from the restaurant area by a waist-high



"I've read your articles," Paula said. "I thought of you as a dignified morning-coat sort of journalist."

partition. A girl who was sitting alone at a table glanced up curiously as Brad entered, then went on talking to the barman in a flat, sure voice that had overtones of boredom or possibly loneliness.

"It's approaching Cape Hatteras, wherever that is," the girl said, putting her finger on a line of type in the newspaper spread open beside her cocktail glass. "Traveling four miles an hour, it says."

A thin telephone directory hung from a chain beside the booth, and Brad turned to the "B.'s." Porter Bellows was the name of Ruth's husband, and he was some sort of investment counselor—that was all Brad knew about him.

"It's a long way to Cape Hatteras," the barman was saying. "She won't be here until the end of the week, if she comes this way at all. We have these scares every hurricane season."

"Newspapers have to find a way to scare people," the girl said. "That's how they sell papers."

Brad bent his head over the directory. He found the number, dropped a dime in the coin slot and dialed. When a woman answered in a low-pitched, cheerful voice, he asked, "Is Mrs. Bellows in?"

"No, she's out for the afternoon. Any message?"

"Is Pierre there?"

"He's out on the terrace. Wait and I'll call him."

Soon, a high voice on the telephone said "Hello," and in a fumbling effort to restore memories, to re-create a bond, Brad replied in French, "*Comment vas-tu, mon fils?*"

The high precise voice asked, "Who is this, please?"

"Have you forgotten your French, Pierre?"

"No, I have not," the formal voice said, more foreign to English in intonation than in accent.

"This is your father, Pierre."

"Oh, papa." Recognition came falsely late to the boy's voice. "Hello."

"Did you notice a black boat sail past your house a few minutes ago, son—a yawl?" Brad said. "That was I at the tiller. I came to see you, Pierre. I have a wonderful plan. How would you like to cruise with me to Nantucket?"

"Nantucket?"

"It's an island, a wonderful place."

"That would be very nice," the high voice said, hesitated, then added firmly, "But I do not think *maman* would want me to."

"But how about you, Pierre? Don't you want to?"

There was a pause, then the boy said, "I am sure *maman* will say no."

This was not going at all as Brad had expected. He asked quietly, "Where is your mother?"

"Shopping in Hartford, I think."

After a moment, Brad said, "You have a bicycle, don't you?"

"Yes."

"Why don't you take a ride down here to the harbor and say hello? We can talk it over and you can see the yawl. And I have something for you—a surprise."

"Please wait one minute," Pierre said. "I will ask."

Brad heard the sound of voices at the other end of the line; then Pierre came on again, said, "I will come," in a voice quick and breathless, and at once hung up.

Brad moved out of the building and stood on the gravel, with his hands in the pockets of his white ducks. On his feet were rope-soled *espadrilles*, and his torso was covered by a horizontally striped T shirt that the French called a *maillot;* both were relics of a trip to the shores of Normandy.

The woman with red hair came out of the bar, gave Brad an angled glance and a slow smile, then walked to a car in the parking area.

Brad had seen women like her all over the world, generally in bars and cafés, and often alone. She was one of the company of dissatisfied, searching women, he thought, and Menasset must be a dull place for her.

The town green lay a quarter of a mile distant, on a (Continued on Page 122)

"*Maman!*" Pierre cried out.

She lay among the rocks, head down.

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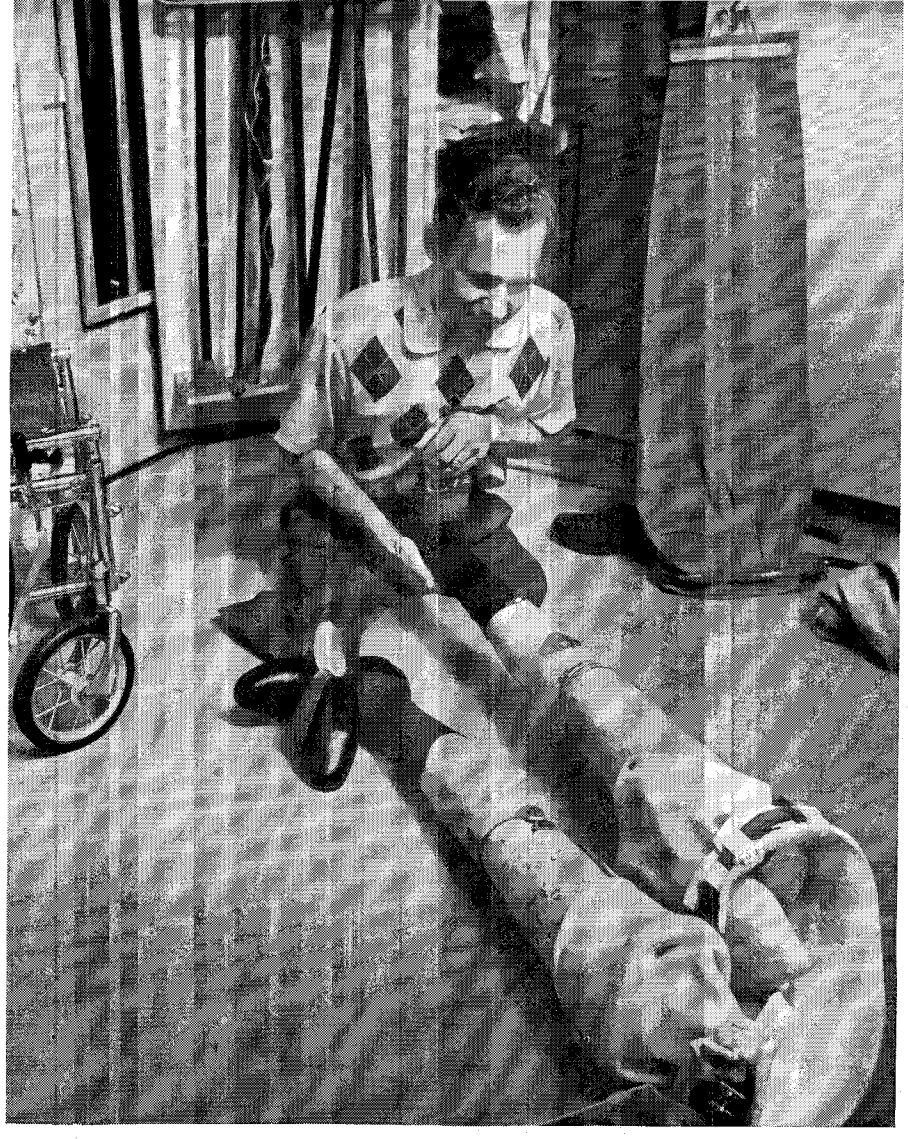

Veterans' benefits helped Kenneth Class make a comeback and acquire a family after he lost both legs in a B-26 crash. He says, "Uncle Sam has an eye out for us boys, and here is one who is grateful for all he has done and is doing."

We Licked the Veteran Problem

By STANLEY FRANK

Since 1945 we have poured forty-eight billion dollars into veterans' benefits—and the flow is bound to increase. A Post report on where the money goes.

Rex and Barbara Gunn married and had baby Bren while Rex went to Oregon University under the GI Bill. The GI education program alone cost a total of $14,500,000,000.

Dr. William Kent, shown with wife Barbara, used the GI Bill to go to college, set himself up in dental practice, and buy a house in Levittown, Penna.

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PART ONE

When World War II ended, ten years ago, we were confronted with a domestic crisis that was a graver threat to our national unity than any attack mounted by the enemy.

No one knew the solution of a problem as old as war—the returning soldier embittered against the society he fought to protect. The answer never had been found by any country. Thirty-two billion dollars poured by the United States into benefits for veterans of seven major wars merely had delayed the explosions of time bombs triggered by traditional grievances. Army bayonets, turned against old soldiers agitating for consideration of their sacrifices in the Revolutionary, Civil and First World wars, had stabbed the nation's conscience. World War II, involving nearly twice as many men as all our previous wars combined, was a monstrous time bomb that could have split the country into two divisive factions.

The bomb was spiked by the most remarkable program in our history. We can look back upon a decade free of the rancor and charges of broken promises that presaged the dissension which erupted after all other wars. The veteran problem inherited from World War II was resolved in a manner that reflects the highest credit on citizens, communities and, above all, the 15,000,000 men and women who were in uniform.

We created a new social science founded on the principle that we had an obligation to restore to the veteran the civilian status and opportunities he would have enjoyed had there not been a war. The instrument of our good faith was the GI Bill of Rights, which exerted a profounder impact on the lives of more American families than any other legislation ever enacted.

Reduced to fundamentals, the GI Bill gave veterans a chance to compete for jobs, homes and careers on equal terms with nonveterans. Don't forget that 8,000,000 demobilized defense workers also were seeking security in the postwar upheaval. Previously, the major objective of the veteran program was the rehabilitation of men who had suffered permanent disabilities in service. No one could criticize the emphasis on rehabilitation, but the program ignored the needs of the eight out of nine men who were to return from World War II without visible physical or mental scars.

Nobody knew the turns the lives and careers of 15,000,000 people would have taken if they had not been uprooted, but we gave the veteran the benefit of every possible doubt. In normal times, how many men twenty-six years old, the veteran's average age in 1945, owned homes, businesses and farms? One in ten, perhaps. The ratio was changed to nearly three in ten by 4,200,000 GI loans. Before the war, 3 per cent of the male population went to college. The GI Bill sent 2,200,000 veterans—15 per cent of the total—to college. Another 5,600,000 completed high school or received vocational and farm training.

One tangible result of the GI Bill can be evaluated. In 1947, the median income of veterans between twenty-five and thirty-four was $2401 against $2585 for nonveterans in the corresponding age group. In 1952, the education and skills acquired under the GI Bill were beginning to pay off. The same veterans were making $3359, compared with $2875 for those who had not gone off to war. The differential in favor of the veteran undoubtedly is higher today.

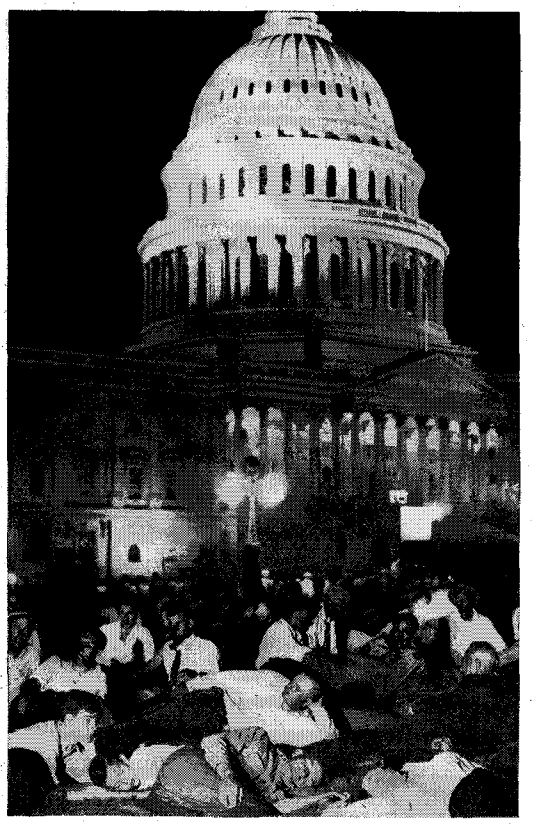
"The country was extremely generous and understanding in providing for veterans," says Gen. Omar N. Bradley, the postwar head of the Veterans' Administration. "It extended every possible assistance to help him regain the normalcy he wanted above all other things."

Expenditures for the veteran program have been staggering, of course, and eventually may exceed the inconceivable cost of prosecuting the war. The total military bill for World War II belligerents was more than a trillion dollars—$1,116,991,463,084. Property damage amounted to another quarter of a trillion. The United States bore the heaviest share of the military bill, a third of a trillion, but that was just a down payment on the preservation of our freedoms.

War is a continuing drain on the budget for more than a century after the final shot. The last surviving widow of a Revolutionary War soldier was carried on the pension list as late as 1906. She was a young girl when she married the veteran, fifty years after the war, and she lived to be more than ninety. Similarly, a daughter born many years after the War of 1812 collected payments for her father's military service until 1946. Although 108-year-old Albert Woolson is the only survivor of the G.A.R., 6700

(Continued on Page 69)

Gen. MacArthur and Maj. Eisenhower commanded troops called to disperse the disgruntled ex-doughboys.



WW I vets staged a strike on Capitol Hill in 1932. Object: a bonus, which they got four years later.

Grotesque humor was contributed by a self-styled "Mother of the Bonus Expeditionary Forces" shown here with her "aide."

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By HANNAH SMITH

SOMEONE ELSE'S BABY

In her job, she had to break a lot of bad news. This was worst of all.

I had to laugh when I turned onto dark, dirty old Armstrong Street, driving back to the office that morning. I was thinking about what Gil had said on our last date. About our town and Armstrong Street.

"Know something, Irene? I've just decided that Frankport is neatly and irrevocably divided into two parts, and never the twain shall meet," he said. We were alone at the table; the Potters were out on the dance floor puffing their portly way through a rumba. "One part—above Armstrong—keeps itself out of trouble ——"

"This half." I nodded toward the hotel dining room. Snowy tablecloths, candlelight, muted music, the town's better citizens. Nice.

"—— but the other half, Armstrong Street and south, is always getting evicted, losing jobs, going to jail, pawning its clothes ——"

"And abandoning babies on bus benches." As usual, I was thinking of my job at the Child Care Bureau down on Armstrong Street.

"Uh-huh." Gil gave me a wry look, held out his hand to me and stood up. "Let's dance, quick, before you start talking about that Kneiper baby again."

Poor old South Side—and poor little Freddy Kneiper, I thought now, and stopped smiling when I remembered how I'd ruined Friday evening for Gil and the Potters. Oh, Gil was disgusted with me—and I couldn't blame him. I'd been on a talking jag that night for sure, and all of it gloomy. Thinking how I'd gone on and on about the Kneipers, I could feel my face getting as red as my hair, just driving along, and I almost missed the turn into the Welfare Department parking lot. Gil had wanted it to be a special evening for the Potters too. Potter was some sort of big state VIP.

Going into the building, I remembered that Gil had promised to call me that morning when he got back from the capital to tell me when he'd pick me up for dinner, so I hurried into the elevator. I was darn lucky, I told myself, that Gil still wanted to call me after Friday. For that matter, I never had been able to figure out what Gil Langton saw in a pint-size redhead like me, anyway. I couldn't imagine myself even as a state senator's wife, and everybody knew that Gil was headed a lot higher than that. *Hurry up, you lucky wench,* I told myself, and dashed through the double doors to the Child Care Bureau and stopped beside the switchboard.

"Any calls for me while I was out, Velma?"

Velma is our wan middle-aged receptionist, full of toothache and trite proverbs. "A dozen or so. But if it's a certain person you mean, hon, a little bird tells me Sherm's talking to him now."

I looked across the big room—we don't even have private offices at the bureau—and saw that Sherman McCann, my lanky young boss, was laughing hard, holding the phone against his ear, his brown-thatched head thrown back and his face so crinkled up that his eyes were slits in his Scotch-Irish mug.

Oh, dear. Sherm and Gil had known each other for years, but they always irked each other. I made a fast beeline for Sherm's desk.

"You get an appropriation for that and I'll nominate you for governor, Langton," Sherm was saying. Then he saw me and winked. "Here's Red now. I'll switch you."

"I'd better take it here." Switching a call often seems beyond Velma's powers if she's had a bad night with her bicuspids. I perched on the corner of the desk. "Gil?" I said, a bit breathlessly. He usually had that effect on me. I could imagine him behind his desk, spruce in gray flannel, his black hair thick and glossy, that warm, white smile on his tanned face. "I was afraid I'd miss you. I was making home calls. When did you get back?"

"That's just it; I'm not. I'm still at the capital, but I'm starting home now. The thing is, I got involved with the Traskers. *The* Traskers, you know. Jack is leaving for the East Coast tomorrow, and tonight is the last time I can talk to him about his printing contract with the state."

I groaned inwardly. Another double date. But when I remembered how I'd fouled up last week's I knew I owed Gil a great big penance. "Bring them along," I said quickly.

Gil still hesitated, and I could feel my face burn. I wished Sherm weren't listening. "Gil," I said, "if you're bothered about my making a fool of myself like I did last week, you don't need to worry. I won't even mention the Kneipers or anything else about my work."

"That's fine, baby." Gil laughed, and by the sound I could tell he'd forgiven me. "That case is all wrapped up, anyway, isn't it?"

I bit my lip. I glanced at Sherm; he was sitting there with a blank, innocent expression, drawing doodles on his desk blotter. "Well, no. Not exactly. But it will be. I'm going out there right after lunch and ——"

"Irene, you can't mean you and McCann have given that family another extension? You know you're breaking every rule in the book."

"Oh, Gil, Fred Kneiper'll get a job in time. I just know he will. And they're so crazy over the baby ——"

"I can't see how they were eligible to adopt a baby in the first place. Adoptions are pretty rare down on South Side. It surely couldn't have been a very stable situation, from the start."

I didn't dare tell Gil that Sherm had stretched the rules just a trifle then too. "No, not really. He'd have had a job long ago, I'm sure, if it weren't for his language difficulties."

"How long has it been now. Thirteen weeks?"

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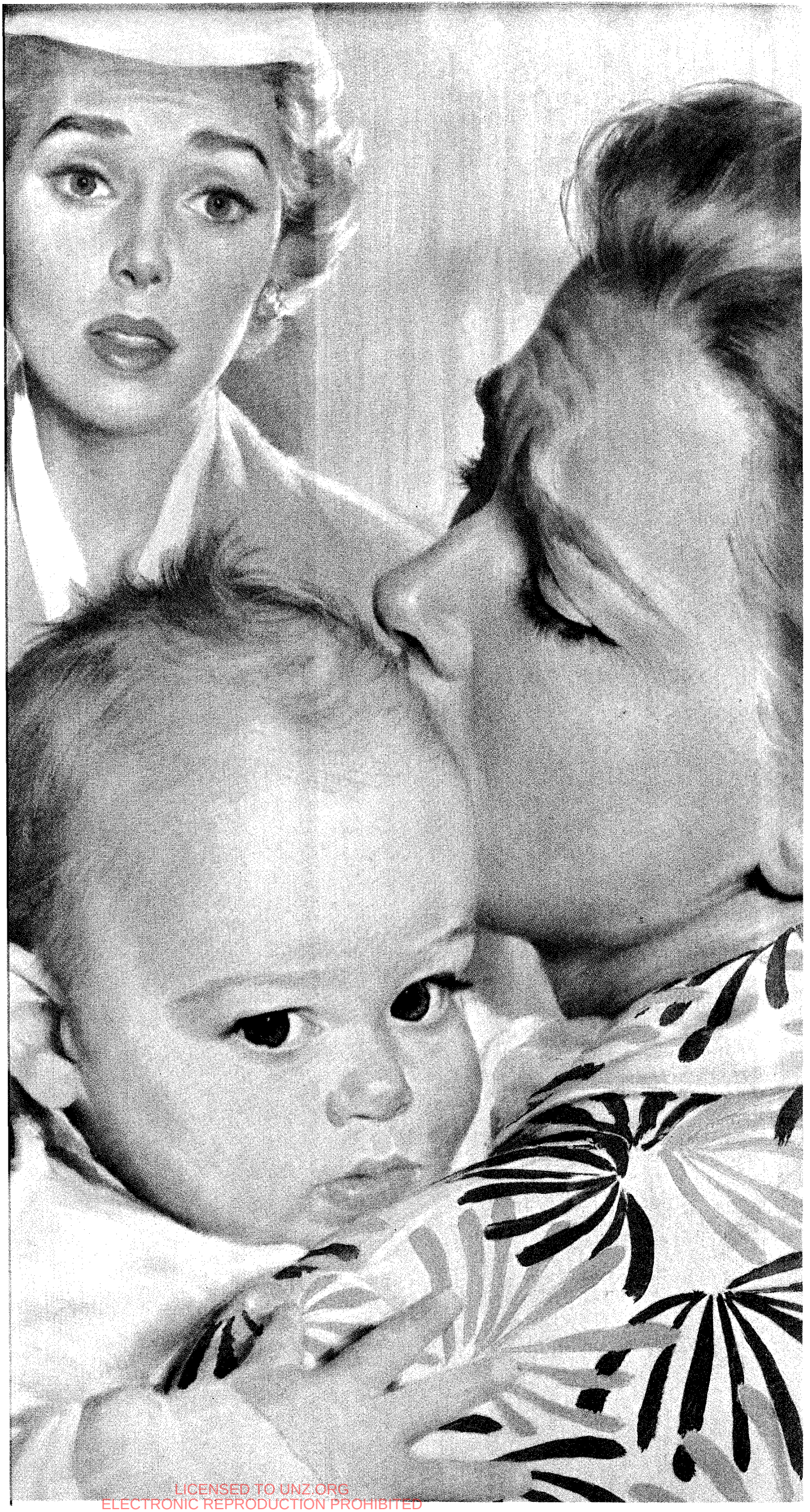

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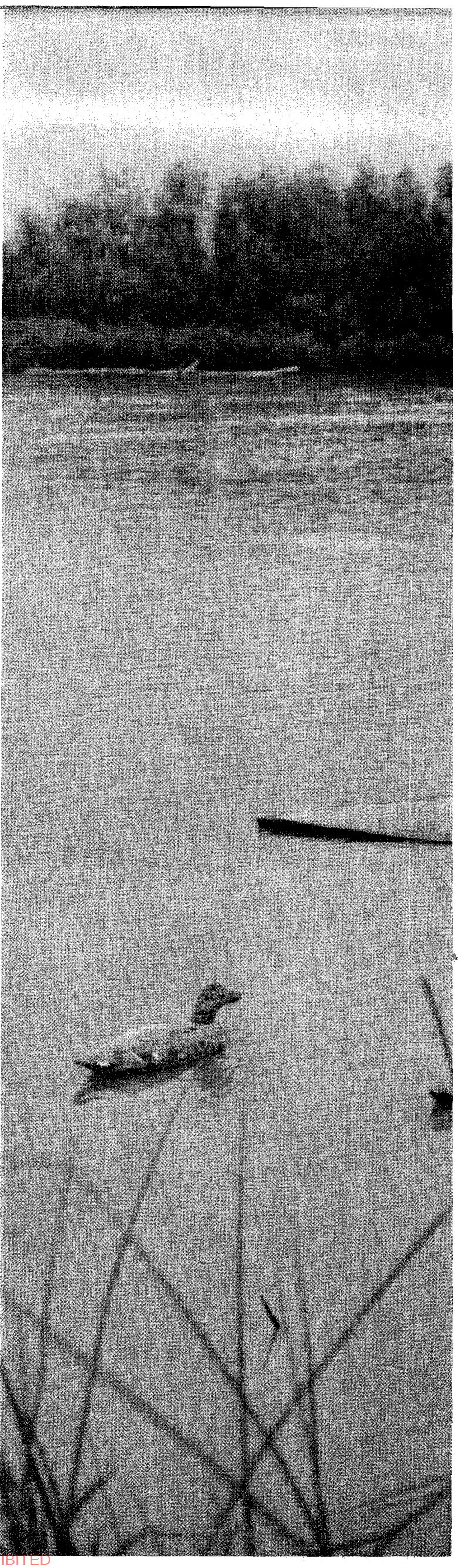
The Face of AMERICA

Ducks' Winter Resort

Deep in the ever-changing lower delta of the Mississippi, watercourses wind between cut-grass and willows. This is the land of the "trembling prairie," where all travel is afloat. The waters abound with fish, and here are wintering grounds of northern wildfowl, the terminus of the flyway from Canada. The lower delta has passes, as a mountain range has. Ellis Loga and his son Cleve are setting out decoys in Dennis Pass, an offshoot of Pass à Loutre. All Louisiana once was part of Napoleon's Empire. Immutable Gaul survives in delta names, faces and speech. Loga works for the state. He keeps a clubhouse in public game lands — fifteen miles by water from Venice, a delta town. He is helped by Cleve, by his brother Benny and by the dog, whose name is Book. A century and a half ago the lower delta was the domain of the sea rovers, like Jean Lafitte and Nez Coupé. The Spanish Main supports pirates no more, but buccaneers' descendants still dwell in the deep delta. They're law-abiding, but piratically independent and carefree. They inherited corsair blood — and they're proud of it. ● Photograph by Bill Shrout



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"Get out!" he yelled at the first secretary. "Get out before it goes over!"

Yankee Go Home!

By CHRISTOPHER NOEL BUCKLEY

He'd done a lot of talking about communists.

But this was the first time he'd faced them in person.

Sen. Lester Cole stepped crisp, dark and commanding, from the dim cabin of the plane, still cool from the upper air, onto the landing steps and adjusted his sunglasses against the sudden fierce dazzle.

He thanked the pretty hostess, graciously inclining the handsomest head on Capitol Hill, with its distinguished tossed forelock of silver, and poised briefly on the platform for a quick scrutiny of the little knot of faces at the foot of the ladder. Failing to identify the ambassador immediately, he descended the steps, the smile ready at his lip corners.

At the foot he paused and looked about him intently; the group was mostly composed of airline, immigration and customs officials. A pretty, smartly dressed woman, with a hat which caught his attention momentarily, was smiling past him at the aircraft hatch.

"Follow me, please," said a hostess.

After a few moments' pause, Senator Cole did. The smile departed; he presumed some fool of a cable clerk had failed to notify the ambassador of his arrival time. The airline had apparently dropped him in the middle of the airport with a hundred yards or so of heat-shimmering concrete to cross to the terminal buildings—a straggle of huts in Senator Cole's view, some thatched, some red-tiled.

He was two thirds of the distance when he noticed the crowd near the buildings, and he peered at them with curiosity because they appeared to be waving rags on poles; furthermore, they were shouting. As he watched, a banner was tossed above their heads and unfurled; in white letters crudely daubed on black cloth, it read COLE GO BACK.

Senator Cole spelled it out twice before its impact overcame his disbelief.

"Senator! Oh, senator!" somebody called. The pretty woman caught up with him. "I'm Miss Kenny—Anadelle Kenny—first secretary at the embassy," she said. She flashed wide gray eyes at him in a bright smile of welcome. "The ambassador is very sorry he couldn't be here to welcome you—the prime minister sent for him. And the counselor is down with a bout of—of tummy trouble." She held out her hand. "I'm next on the list, and I welcome you on behalf of the ambassador."

(Continued on Page 92)

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WATCH OUT FOR THOSE GYP CAR DEALS!

Here's how some chiselers bleed people who buy used cars on credit, and how to guard against the cutthroat contracts that crop up in a business that's generally honest.

By WILLIAM LONGGOOD

A former professional fighter bought a recent-vintage car from a friendly Manhattan used-car dealer and, after making the down payment, owed a balance of $1800, which he agreed to pay over a thirty-month period. He blithely signed the blank contract shoved in front of him and drove away. A couple weeks later he received his copy with the figures filled in. For an instant he was stunned; then he let out a roar. He was being charged $1200—over and above the price of the car—for the privilege of paying for it on time.

He rushed to a friend of his in the brains end of the fight game. The friend figured that the actual financing rate was 54 per cent; then he blandly pointed out that a bank would have lent the money to pay off the balance for about $150 instead of $1200.

The enraged fighter, screaming foul, scooted to the office of Nathan Amchan, a Brooklyn lawyer. Mr. Amchan glanced at the contract, tossed it aside with disgust and snapped, "It's absolutely legal. You're hooked, but good!"

"But what about the usury laws?" howled the fighter.

"There isn't any usury," replied Mr. Amchan. "In this state there's no ceiling on the amount you can be charged to finance anything bought on time. The sky's the limit."

The lawyer, accustomed to having people confuse time charges with interest on loans, explained that legally the two are very different. He pointed out that a finance charge is not interest; it is the difference between an article's cash price and its time price. And because of that technicality the courts have ruled that laws which regulate interest rates do not apply to finance charges.

Frequently the operations of finance companies, which supply a large percentage of the funds used to finance time sales, are confused with those of licensed small-loan companies. Because of this confusion, these small-loan companies often are blamed unjustly for abuses practiced by unethical finance companies. It should be stressed that the two have completely different functions. Licensed small-loan companies, which are closely regulated and supervised, lend money directly to individuals and charge a fixed maximum rate of interest. But finance companies—except in states that have passed special laws covering them—are completely unregulated because of judicial determination that finance charges are not interest.

For example, if a car sells for $500 cash or $700 on time, the finance charge is $200. This is not interest, according to legal definition, and therefore not subject to control except by special legislation. But if a person goes to a licensed small-loan company or bank and borrows $500 to buy the car outright for cash, the sum he must pay the small-loan company or bank for use of the money is interest, and the maximum amount that can be charged is established by law.

Although this legal hairsplitting has led to wholesale abuses, only fifteen states and the District of Columbia have passed laws regulating installment sales; and about half of that small number have legislation that effectively prevents gouging. In many states without stiff regulations a small but vicious segment of finance companies and dealers have teamed up to clip unsuspecting customers for everything the traffic will bear.

How much it will bear is indicated by some of the rates that have been uncovered. Finance charges of 100 per cent aren't uncommon—a recent survey found that they may run as high as 275 per cent on used cars—and even 500 and 1000 per cent have been revealed in states which don't compel rebates on contracts paid off ahead of schedule. Michigan, before deciding that there ought to be a law to prevent such shenanigans, had one instance of an incredible 3100-per-cent bite.

Behind these stratospheric rates are deception, fraud and the common mistaken belief that finance charges and conditions of sale are regulated by law, making personal vigilance unnecessary. Usually the overcharge is so well concealed in the time-sales contract that it isn't detected until too late, if at all. Countless purchasers have paid off their obligations without realizing they had been victimized.

Most of the gouging is concentrated on used-car sales, and to a lesser extent on new-car sales, but it also extends to credit purchases of television sets, radios, furniture, jewelry, household appliances and other durable goods—frequently of off-brand manufacture.

Many officials have branded the abuses as nothing less than (Continued on Page 103)

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Is the era of free TV ending? Many viewers would be willing to pay if they could get better programs. It's now up to the Federal authorities to decide for or against toll television . . .

TV'S Colossal Hassle

By Milton Lehman

Cmdr. E. F. McDonald (standing) heads Zenith, which makes Phonevision. Picture on lower set is what nonsubscribers see. Paying customers use a punch-card "decoder" to get a clear picture (top).

To the happy province of American entertainment, television came as a brash and bumptious challenger. In less than a decade, it has upset producers of drama from Broadway to Hollywood. "Why go to the movies when you can stay home and see nothing worse?" said Samuel Goldwyn, explaining television to his own industry. It has shaken promoters of sports from the Rose Bowl to Madison Square Garden. "We used to sell baseball," said Frank Lane, ex-general manager of the Chicago White Sox. "Now we give it away to sell the sponsor's beer." It has overwhelmed the living room, reshuffled its furniture and shot antennas through the rooftops. At this moment, some 37,000,000 television sets are possessed by or possess American families who own them or are completing their easy monthly payments. Tele-

Shari Roach and actor Howard Duff see a football game on coin-in-the-slot "Telemeter" TV at Palm Springs.

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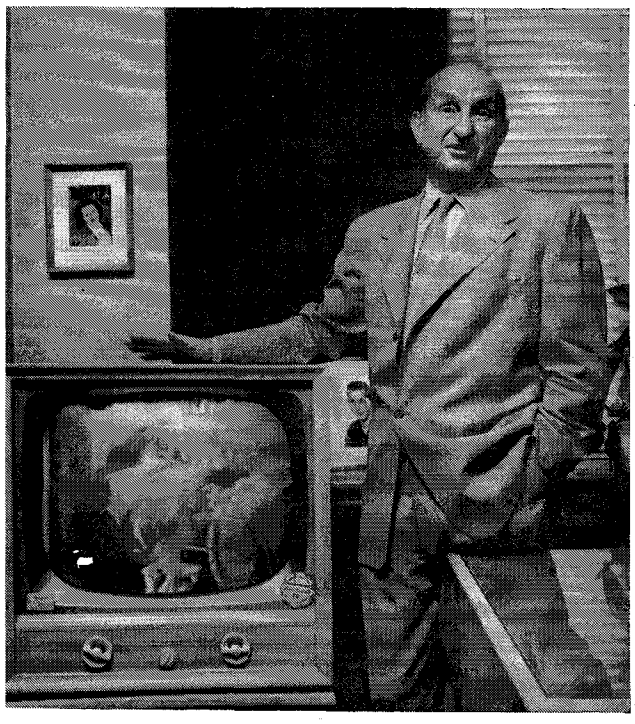


Theater owner John Balaban (left) hates and despises pay TV. His brother Barney (right), boss of Paramount Pictures, is red-hot in favor of it.

vision, whatever else you may say, has already created the largest mass theater in the history of man.

But now—perhaps inevitably—television has achieved its crisis. Early this September, the Federal Communications Commission closed Docket No. 11279, the fattest and angriest docket in thirty-four years of American broadcasting. Established by Congress as guardians of the public air waves, the seven solemn commissioners invited and are now beset by some seventy volumes and twenty-three shelf-feet of outraged argument submitted by lawyers and publicity men, broadcasters and theater owners, sports promoters and popcorn venders, poets and the public at large. The question before the gentlemen of FCC is whether or not to authorize subscription television, which is also known as pay TV, toll TV, box-office TV and pay-as-you-see TV. On this subject, possibly the only even-tempered comment thus far is that of FCC chairman George C. McConnaughey.

"No one appears to be neutral," the commissioner ventured recently. "Everybody seems adamant on one side or the other."

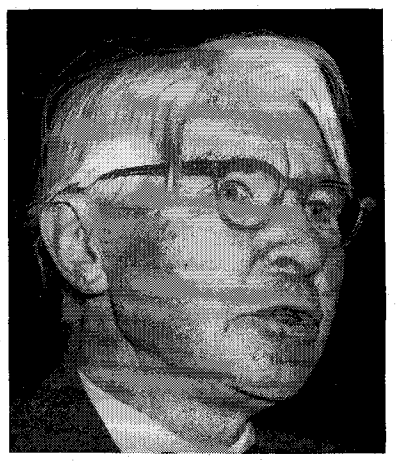
From the publicity parlors of Madison Avenue to the legal suites of Washington, D. C., the duplicating machines have been rolling frantically, spreading more heat than light. In recent weeks I've interviewed the major contestants and received 87.574 pounds of "literature" by airmail, messenger and even Railway Express. I've heard such charges as "monopoly," "money lust," "highjacking," "deceit" and "betrayal" bandied back and forth—traits not normally ascribed by one American to his fellow citizen. Pay television, I've been told, is the greatest invention since the wheel and will open the floodgates of culture and education to the masses. I've also been told that pay TV is a one-arm bandit grabbing for America's money, possibly $3,500,000,000 worth of money each year, which is almost enough to balance the Federal budget.

I've watched the show in the main ring, where Comdr. Eugene F. McDonald, Jr., the aggressive president of Zenith Radio Corporation, frequently struggles with Brig. Gen. David Sarnoff, the doughty chairman of the Radio Corporation of America and the National Broadcasting Company. Both contenders have preserved their temporary ranks from other battles—the commander from World War I; the general from World War II.

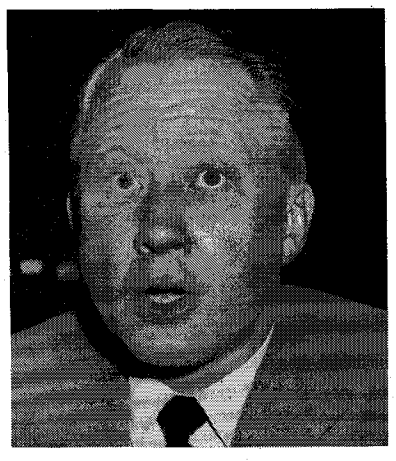
The commander exclaims, "Subscription television is nothing but an economical and more efficient distribution system. It can take the product of Hollywood, Broadway, the stadium or classroom, and deliver it into the home for a fraction of the present cost of exhibition. It will be supplemental and additional to the service now being supplied by the advertisers."

But the general abruptly retorts, "Pay television violates the American concept of Freedom to Listen and Freedom to Look. It will not be supplementary, (Continued on Page 128)

Arthur Levey, president of Skiatron, uses decoder card which has a printed electronic circuit on it.



Carl Sandburg believes people should be allowed pay TV if they want it.



CBS president Frank Stanton insists that pay and free TV cannot coexist.

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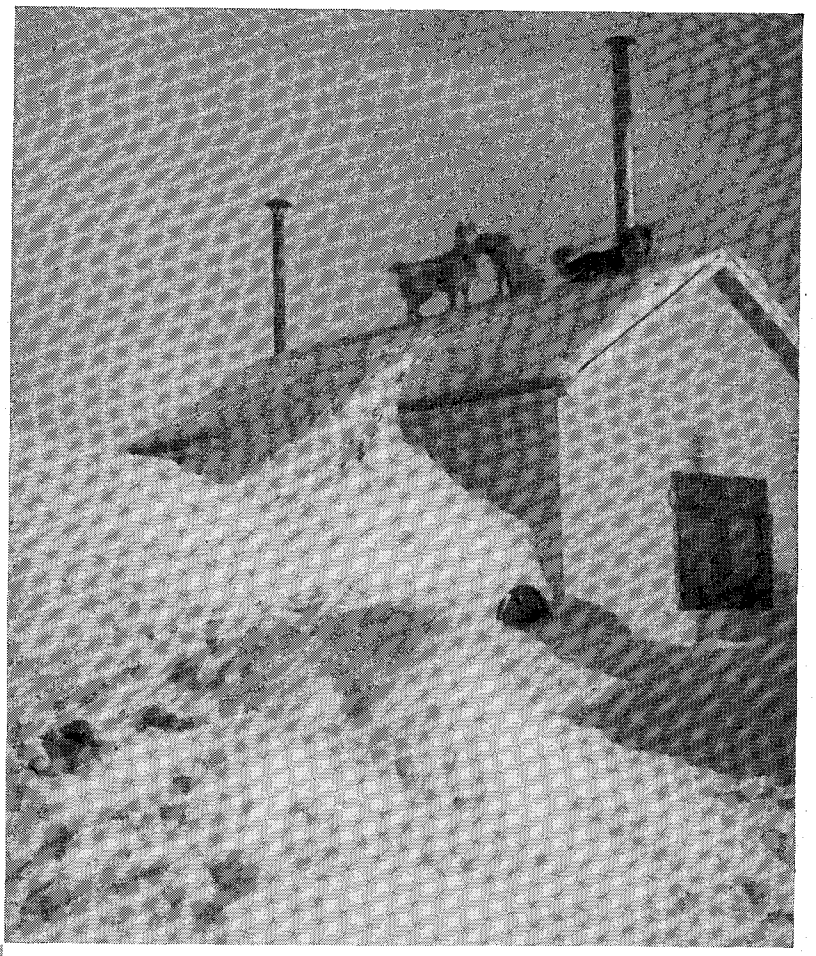
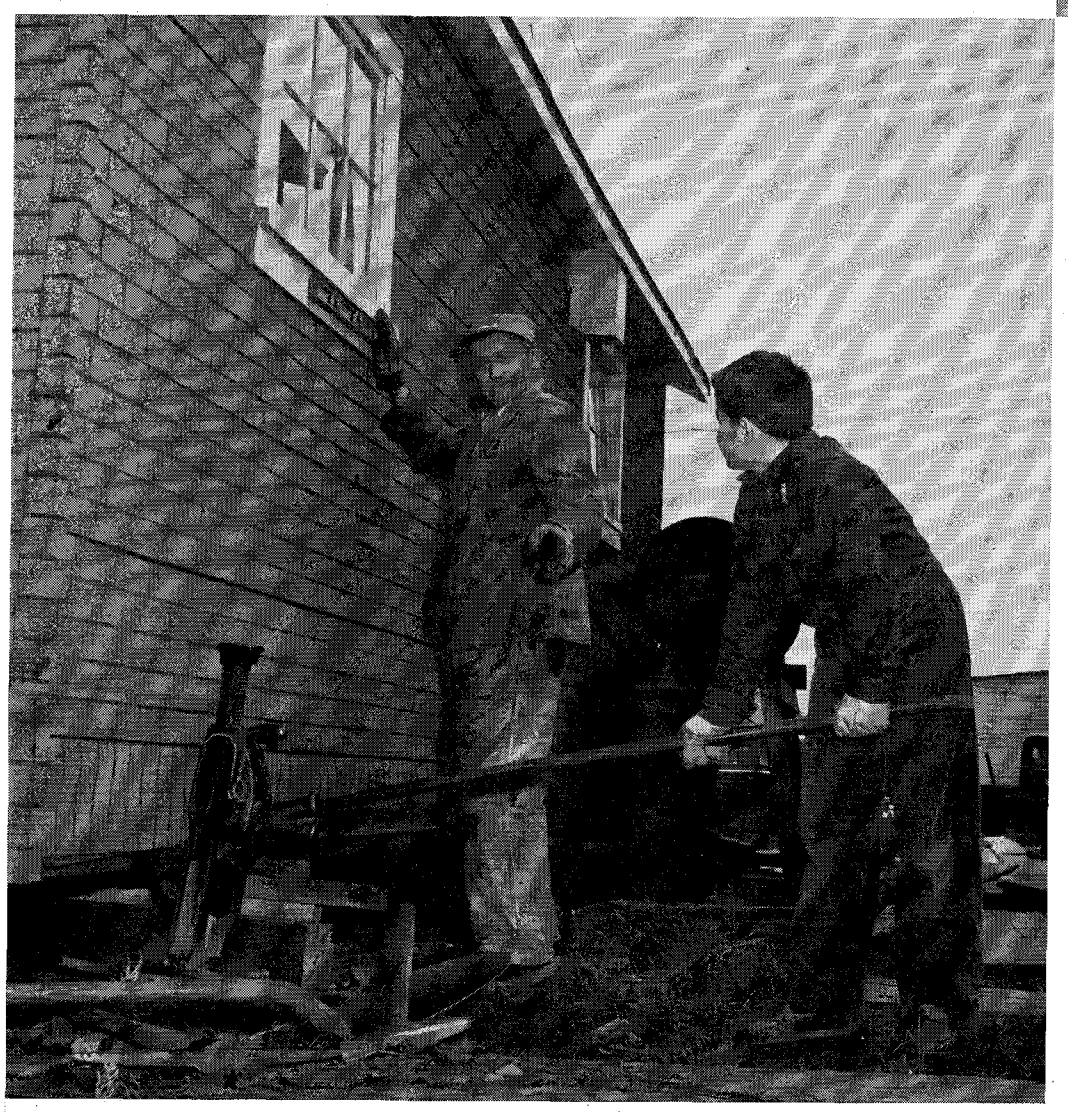
Plumbing freezes in seconds
and stoves blow up,
but worst of all is permafrost,
which playfully seesaws
your house. A report on
everyday life in Nome.

I Tried to Outwit the Arctic

By SALLY CARRIGHAR



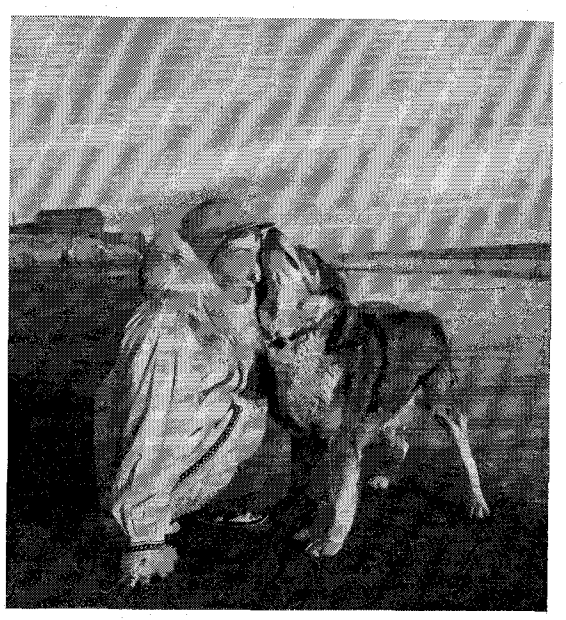
Winter in Nome. To heat a small house with oil (see tank under snow) costs as much as $145 a month.



Houses must be jacked up regularly, for foundations gradually sink into the heaving permafrost. Here, Gus Bjornstad gets a hand from a young neighbor, Charles Burnett.

Last winter a man fell on a snowy path in Nome, Alaska, two blocks from the Federal building. He froze to death before anyone else came along. A few years ago, in Kotzebue, another town in Northwest Alaska, the end of a blizzard revealed the bodies of two who had died a few feet from their cabin, unable to find it. Such accidents happen often enough to make every Northerner cautious, even fearful at times. We cherish the thought of that cubicle of safe, lighted warmth—home.

An Alaskan house is what a home is anywhere: a center of family life, a setting for friendly gatherings, a place where a woman expresses her talent for decoration. In the Far North it is also a life-giving shelter in the most elementary cave-man sense. These walls of wood (Continued on Page 106)



Author Carrighar on a summer outing with Bobo, her pet Husky. On colder days, even indoors, her ink and hand lotion froze.

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The Girl Who Swam at Night

The story of an accidental meeting of a very proper gentleman with a very improper young woman.

By HUGH B. CAVE

"Impractical?" barked Professor Allan Anthony Foster. "Who's impractical?" His rebellion kindled a glint behind his normally mild brown eyes. "Atoms and cyclotrons!" he muttered. And in the same scathing tone: "Romance!"

He paced the floor of his bachelor living room, a slender six feet of indignation and indecision, glaring at the telephone. If he picked it up he would be waving the white flag again. He wouldn't do it. No, by Jupiter! But if he didn't ——

Glumly he attempted to analyze the situation. Constance Coulter was an admirable person, granted, and he, Allan Foster, was fond of her. At any rate, she said he was, and she was a person who seldom if ever made mistakes. The insurmountable difficulty was that she was a practical person—science teachers always were—and, to use her own words, he was incorrigibly capricious.

To be specific, the young lady was perhaps quite right about this evening. A lecture on nuclear physics would improve his mind. On the other hand, he had asked her to go for a ride in the country, mentioning the full moon.

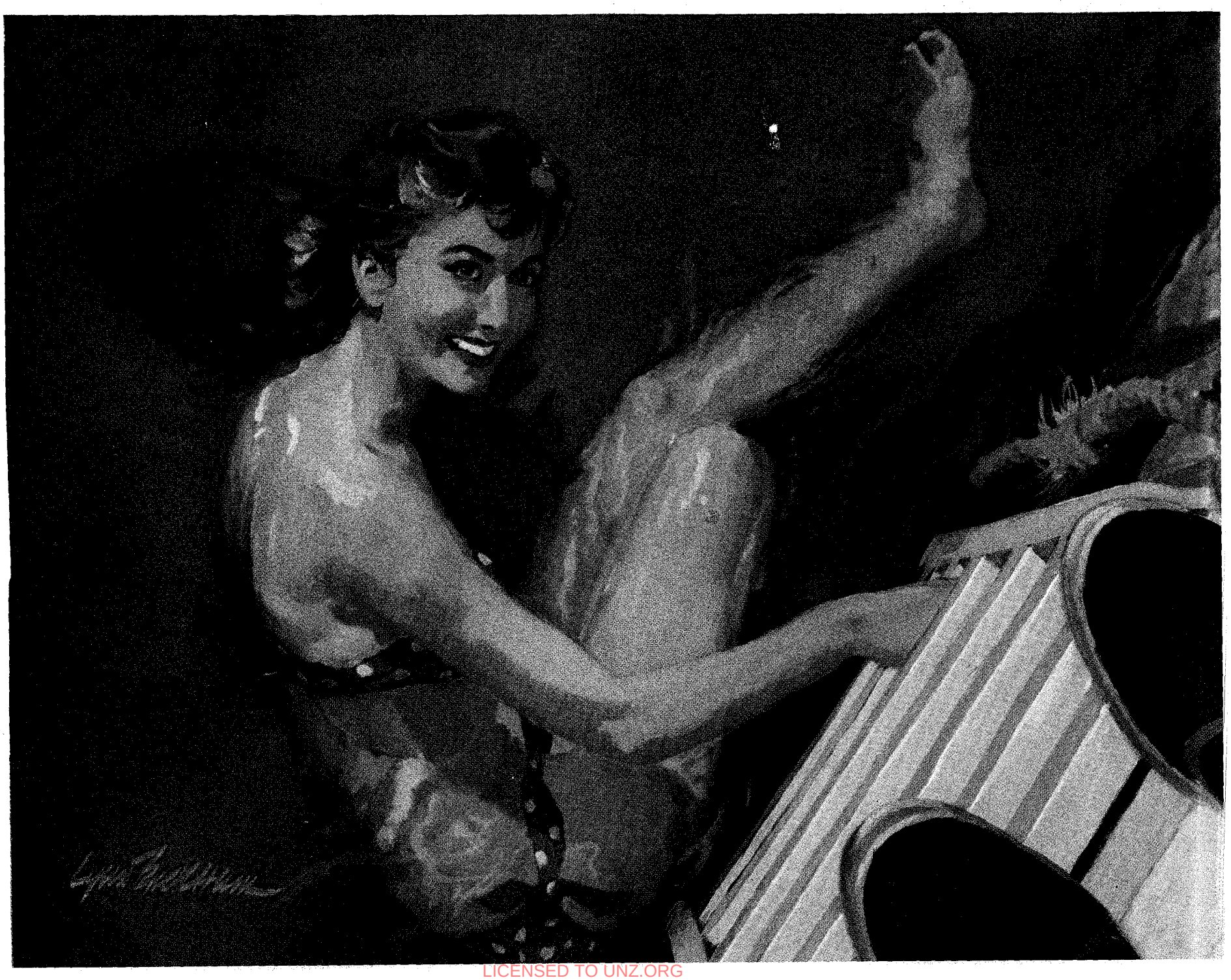
"I am going to the lecture," Constance had said firmly. "If you come to your senses in time, please call me. Full moon, indeed!"

Allan reached for the telephone, but stubbornly withdrew his hand. No, by heaven, he would not! This evening, just this evening, he would do as he darn well pleased. With a growl of defiance he flipped his car keys off the table and strode out of the apartment, slamming the door behind him.

But, having backed his car out of the driveway, he began to wonder what to do with his freedom now that he had it. Just where could a respectable professor of English go, alone, in search of amusement?

Pondering the problem, he drove aimlessly along State (Continued on Page 117)

"Give me a hand, will you?" she said.



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King Arthur was the first of the Nine Heroes to be acquired by the Metropolitan.

Margaret Freeman helped art sleuth James Rorimer in his unique detection assignment.

You think a museum director leads a quiet life? Well, consider the adventures of James Rorimer of the Metropolitan, the detective of

The Case of the Nine Heroes

By JOHN KOBLER

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Joshua and David are the large figures seen in this tapestry. Door takes place of Judas Maccabaeus, last of the three Hebrew Heroes, who is still missing.

Among the splendors of American-owned art is a sequence of fourteenth-century tapestries collectively known as the Nine Heroes. They hang in the Cloisters, a branch of New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art, built in 1935 with funds donated by John D. Rockefeller, Jr., and embodying sections of medieval monasteries, transported stone by stone from Europe. Measuring in their original state—about a third is missing—twenty-six feet wide and sixteen feet high each, they form, with the sole exception of a similar group illustrating the Apocalypse, which adorns the cathedral of Angers, in France, the only set of fourteenth-century tapestries extant. As such, their value lies beyond price.

Of the 4,000,000 people who have visited the Cloisters since the Nine Heroes were installed in 1949, few have failed to pause and marvel at the still-glowing colors, the congress of kings, nobles, commoners, churchmen, soldiers and musicians which so eloquently suggests what life was like in the France of Charles V. But the most remarkable single fact about the tapestries is that at one point in their 550-year history they were crudely cut up into ninety-four fragments, some of them no bigger than a fist, and subsequently dispersed in three countries. How these fragments were traced, acquired and reassembled constitutes a unique feat of art detection. The detective was James J. Rorimer, a stocky, intense, pipe-smoking Harvard graduate of fifty with a transcendent passion for ancient tapestries, who was recently appointed Director of the Metropolitan. (Continued on Page 86)

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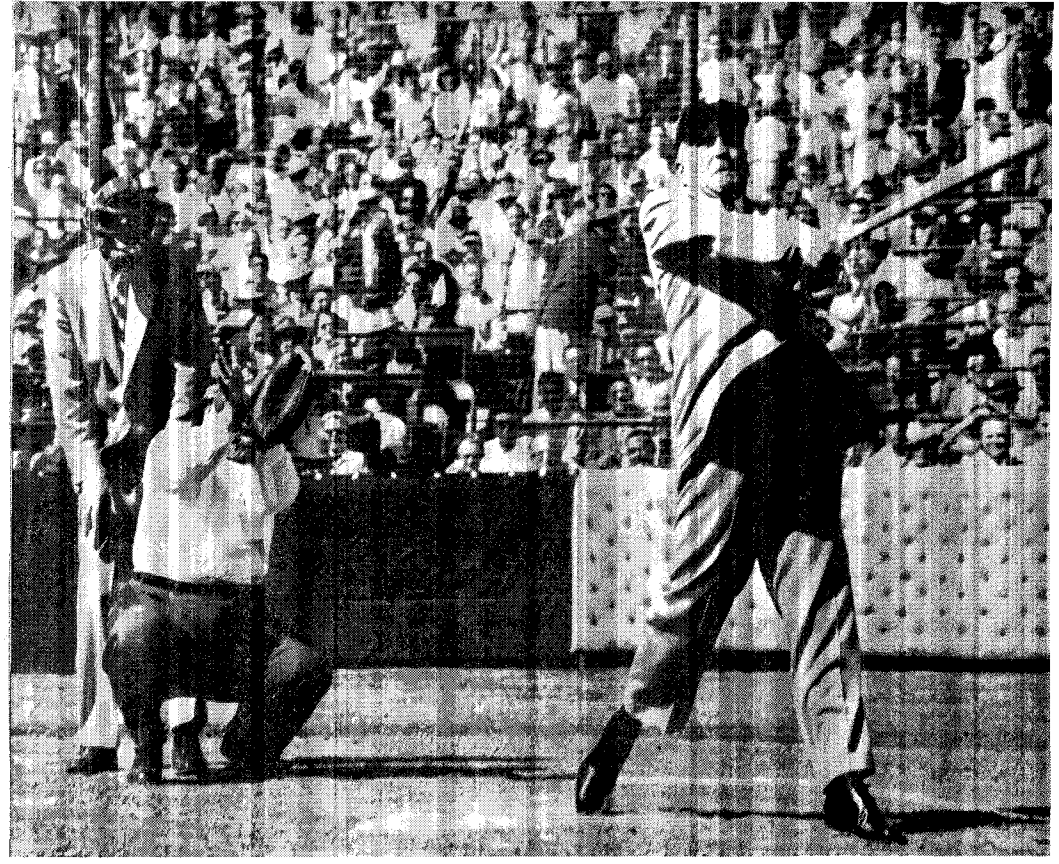


When the baseball season opened in Sacramento last spring, the first man up was Governor Goodwin Knight. He came through with a two-bagger.

How To Run For Office

By Frank J. Taylor

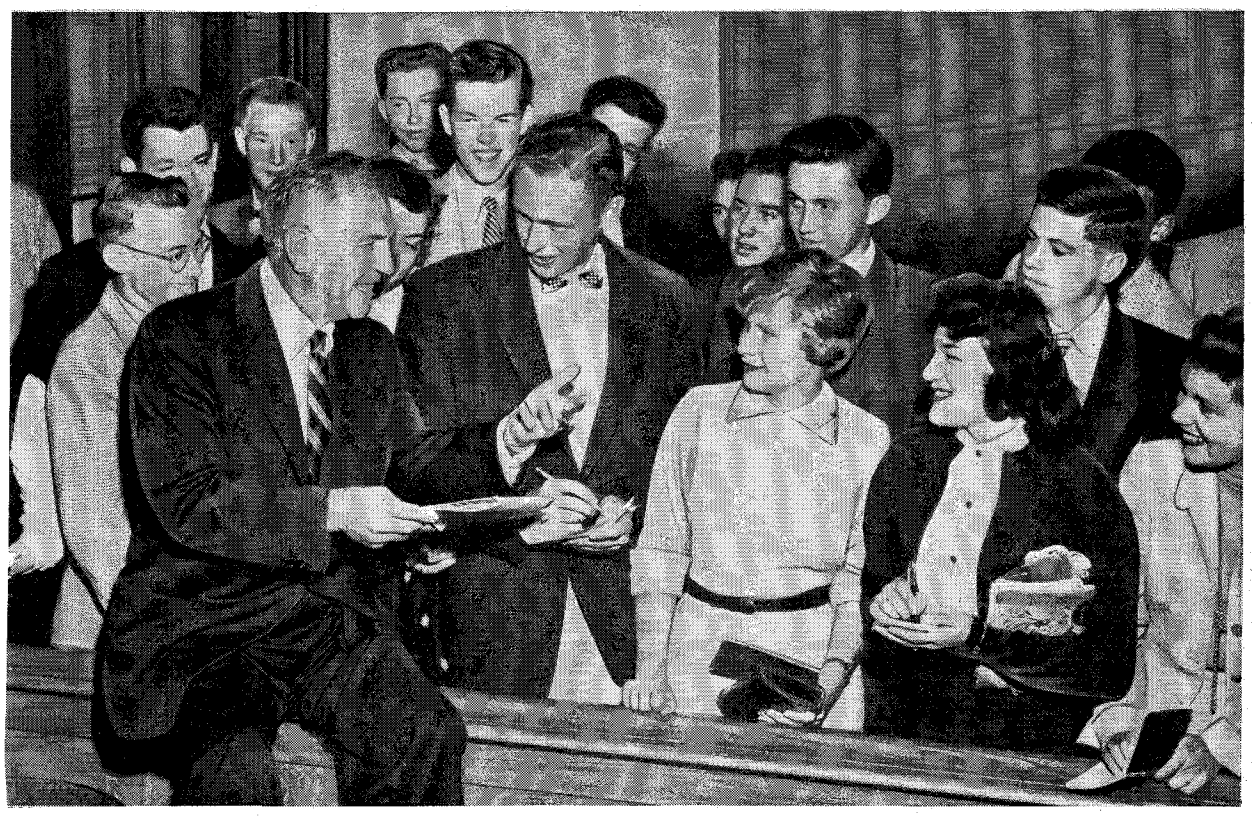
Goodwin Knight started running for governor of California when he was 18. It took 38 years, but he got the job. He still acts like a candidate . . . for something.

Without doubt the most blissful and eloquent politician in these United States is the back-slapping, gum-chewing "thirty-first governor of the great thirty-first state," as Goodwin Jess Knight—"Goodie" to many Californians—invariably identifies himself and his high office.

The jovial governor of some 12,000,000 Californians regards the executive suite in the state capitol at Sacramento as a sort of earthly seventh heaven; he prayed for admission for thirty-eight years before its gates opened up to him on October 5, 1953. Knight announced his candidacy for the governorship back in 1915, when he was eighteen years old. He has been a candidate ever since.

A collateral reason for his happiness is that the governorship of thousand-mile-long California is about as resonant a sounding board as any orator can find among the forty-eight states. Knight, who is rated by many experts the most mellifluous and willing orator since William Jennings Bryan, whom he chose as his model, has talked in 1556 communities dotting the Golden State's fifty-eight counties. He delights in proving, with pencil and paper, how more than a million Californians have seen him in person. His radio and television audience is larger, of course.

Knight's forensic dexterity was demonstrated superbly in September, 1954, in the Hollywood Bowl, where 22,000 Southern Californians gathered one evening to hear President Eisenhower speak in the course of a swing around the country. Naturally the governor was the one and only to introduce Mr. Eisen-



The governor is fond of today's teen-agers (who are tomorrow's voters). Here he is enlisting a group of student leaders for a drive against dope peddling in high schools.

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Knight's booming bass voice served him well in last year's gubernatorial race. He finished *551,151* votes ahead of the pack on election day.

In a ceremony at San Francisco's Kezar Stadium, he congratulates members of the city's safety patrol on their work.

hower, who is another of his idols. The arrangements committee, fearing Knight might get wound up and talk overtime, warned him that he must say it all in three minutes by the stop watch. Then, just before he stepped out on the stage to make it short and sweet, the master of ceremonies, wringing his hands, said:

"Look, governor, there's been a horrible mix-up and the President can't go on until the TV hookup is ready at nine. You'll have to hold them for twenty-eight minutes."

Without batting an eye, Knight stepped into the spotlight and swung into one of his "Goat Feathers" talks—his own description of the entertaining speeches he gives to audiences that want a short and not too serious address.

He led off with one of his favorites, a ditty about the Native Sons and the Elsewhereians who make up California's polyglot population. He asked the California-born in the audience to raise their hands. Only a few hands shot up. Then he asked the Elsewhereians to raise theirs. A sea of hands rose. He asked the Native Sons to give the Elsewhereians a cheer. It was feeble. Then he called for an Elsewhereian cheer. It rocked the Hollywood hills. Whereupon the governor pointed out that the great state of California was full of

(Continued on Page 76)

Knight, a widower, married war widow Mrs. Virginia Carlson in the midst of his first campaign for election as governor.

The governor, with his wife and actor George Murphy, has a keen eye for cameras and Hollywood publicity.

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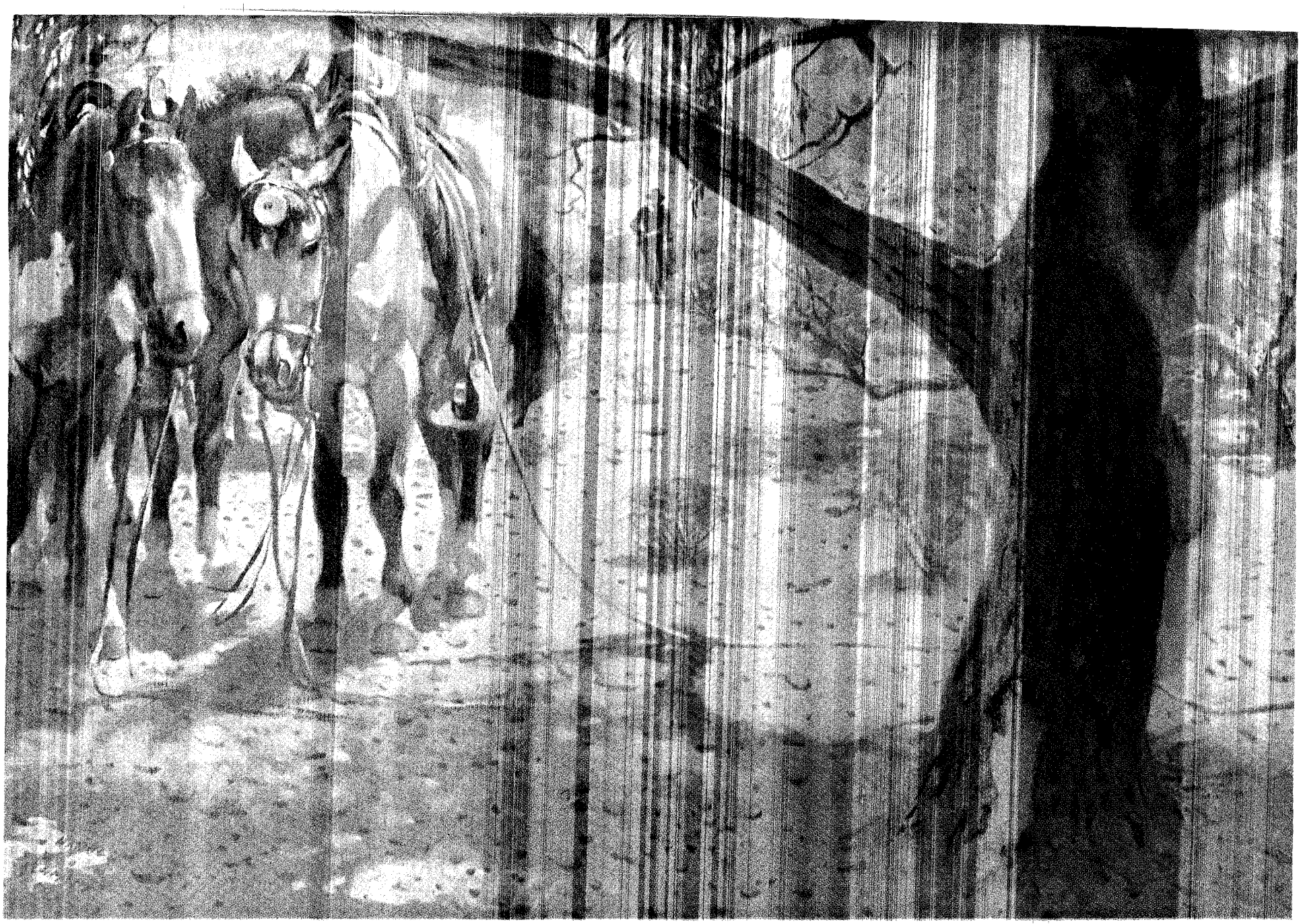

The Indians had a torture victim,

and only a fool would try to rescue

The Apache Prisoner

By JOHN PRESCOTT

Although my mother talked about my father all the time he was away, and he wrote many letters, he was like a stranger coming home again when peace was made at Appomattox. Four years before, when I was eight, he'd sent us a daguerreotype of himself, and we had his face to look at on the sideboard all that time, but he was still a mystery to me.

He was different from the picture, anyway. His uniform was baggy and his sword kept banging into things because it didn't hang the way I thought it should. He didn't seem to care, though, and when I asked to see the Rebel blood, he laughed and told an old sword joke.

"Jimmy, I broiled a chicken on it once."

Later on I sneaked a look, but it was bright and innocent of honor.

Because he was the last man home, he missed the celebration in our town. There was a big parade and fireworks, and Sammy Conroy's father made a two-hour speech in the bandstand in the park. He was a major in the Quartermasters, and owned the barrel works where father had worked before the war.

But father didn't seem to care about the celebration either. All of his first week home he poked around the house and yard and walked downtown and back again. During this time he looked around him as you do when you begin to realize that what you have is not enough, and after five days home he told us we were moving west. As he talked, my mother watched the green beginning in the earth and the rolling hills of Iowa. She held an apron in her hands as though its usefulness were at an end.

"Are we going to Kansas, Ben?" she said. "Jane and Henry went to Kansas."

"No, not to Kansas, Clara. There's farther west than that."

"To Colorado, then?"

But, no, it wasn't Colorado either. My father lit his pipe and watched the sky. The

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The Indians leaped up and stood there in surprise.

springtime moisture made it softly blue and there were May flies in the air.

"I think we'll go to Arizona, Clara."

"To Arizona!"

"Yes, to Arizona." And father puffed a cloud of smoke.

"Oh," my mother said, and put her apron to her face.

But we went to Arizona just the same. All of the days that spring my father kept the barrel-factory books for Major Conroy, and in the evenings I would help him making boxes and getting the wagon into shape. Sometimes friends and neighbors came to call while we were working, and they lounged there with their fingers in their galluses and talked about the awful dangers and the hardships, about the Indians and weather, and they wondered what a clerk could do about them. They'd never been there, but they knew about it just the same. They talked like men who'd like to go themselves.

Sometimes, too, when I had gone to bed, I listened to my parents talking out there all alone. No matter how they started, they always worked around to going west. My mother said he'd changed while he was gone, and he agreed, and he was glad he had. She said he ought to feel some pride in his position at the barrel works; he should be grateful that he had it. Oh, yes, he was proud, all right, he said, but his position had been earned.

"Then what about your loyalty to Major Conroy?" mother said one time.

"Now, Clara, majors are a good thing in the Army, but we can get along without them otherwise."

"I thought the major's title gave the barrel works some style," she said.

"The major's style," he said.

"Oh, Ben, why did you go to fight the war? Why except to make your home and family safe?"

I could see them through the window by the lantern light. Mother put her hands together at her waist and father put his hammer down and looked at her.

Then he said, and I could hear him good, "We fought to set men free."

I felt I was learning something on those evenings.

We went away from Iowa in June. The Missouri River was full of snags and the ferrymen drank something from a jug that made them sing. The grass was long in Kansas, the earth was black, and there were rolling hills and groves of trees to start with. That part of Kansas was like Iowa. Later on, the grass was shorter and we looked for buffalo because the grass was named for them.

On the plains the air was clear as glass. What you looked at was always farther than you thought. The wild flowers made it sweet to breathe and brought the yellow grass alive beneath the sky. Mother said the roses were like those she had left growing in her garden, and she hoped the folks who'd bought our house took care of them.

All of the month of June we were on the plains of Kansas and Colorado. There was wind and rain and burning sunlight, and some of the rivers that we crossed had only sand in them. The dryness made our lips begin to crack and bleed, and the spokes to rattle in the wheels. There were rattlesnakes that coiled and buzzed when you got near them, and rabbits that could run like horses. We saw buffalo under clouds of dust that looked like thunderstorms or prairie fires. One night mosquitoes nearly killed us.

We didn't see any Indians until the Rio Grande, where they lived in mud pueblos on the banks and stood around the walls wrapped up in blankets, as though expecting something. I wondered if they'd take us by surprise and try to scalp us, but they didn't. Instead, they sold my mother a lot of pots, and father laughed when she said the designs on them were heathenish.

"They're only different from what we know," he said. "What's wrong with that?"

"They look pagan just the same," she said; and she scoured them before she used them too.

After that there were the old-time Spanish towns, built like the pueblos, except they weren't piled up on one another as the others were. They usually formed a sort of square around the church, which was adobe, too, and had two towers rising up. Mother couldn't see how you could worship God inside a gob of mud, but father said the building didn't matter.

"I've worshiped lying on my belly in the rain," he said.

Mother wasn't attracted by the people either. They were small and brown and didn't speak much English. Only father knew what they were saying, and he never got it all, but he'd learned some Spanish in the Army. The younger kids ran naked and all the women wore waists which hadn't any sleeves. They put powder on their faces, too, and smoked cigars.

Father laughed again when mother told him she was scandalized, and wouldn't look at them.

"Why not, Clara? We're all together in it now."

"What do you mean by that?" she said.

"Only that it takes all kinds to make a country great; the more variety, the better."

Mother sniffed at that. "Not this foreign variety," she said.

"Why, Clara, the country's made of foreigners," he said. "The only natives are the Indians. And what's the matter with cigars? Andy Jackson's missus smoked a pipe."

Going down the river to the military road that ran to California, mother looked askance at what he said and what she saw, and so did I; he had been away so long I was more like her than him. We were going through a desert land that shook and shimmered in the heat and made me think of Iowa, where the kids were swimming in the creek and lying on the grass to dry, the water gleaming on them.

It was different there. Everything was known and in its place and familiar. What you learned and did had all been learned and done before. You had no doubts or mysteries to make you wonder; it was all laid out. You hadn't to decide about a thing, since everything was all decided.

(Continued on Page 48)

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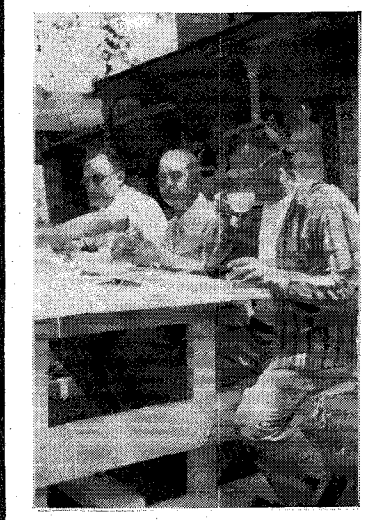
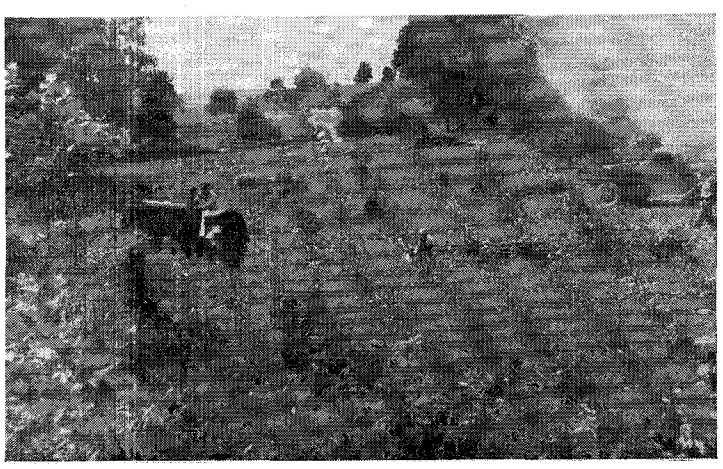
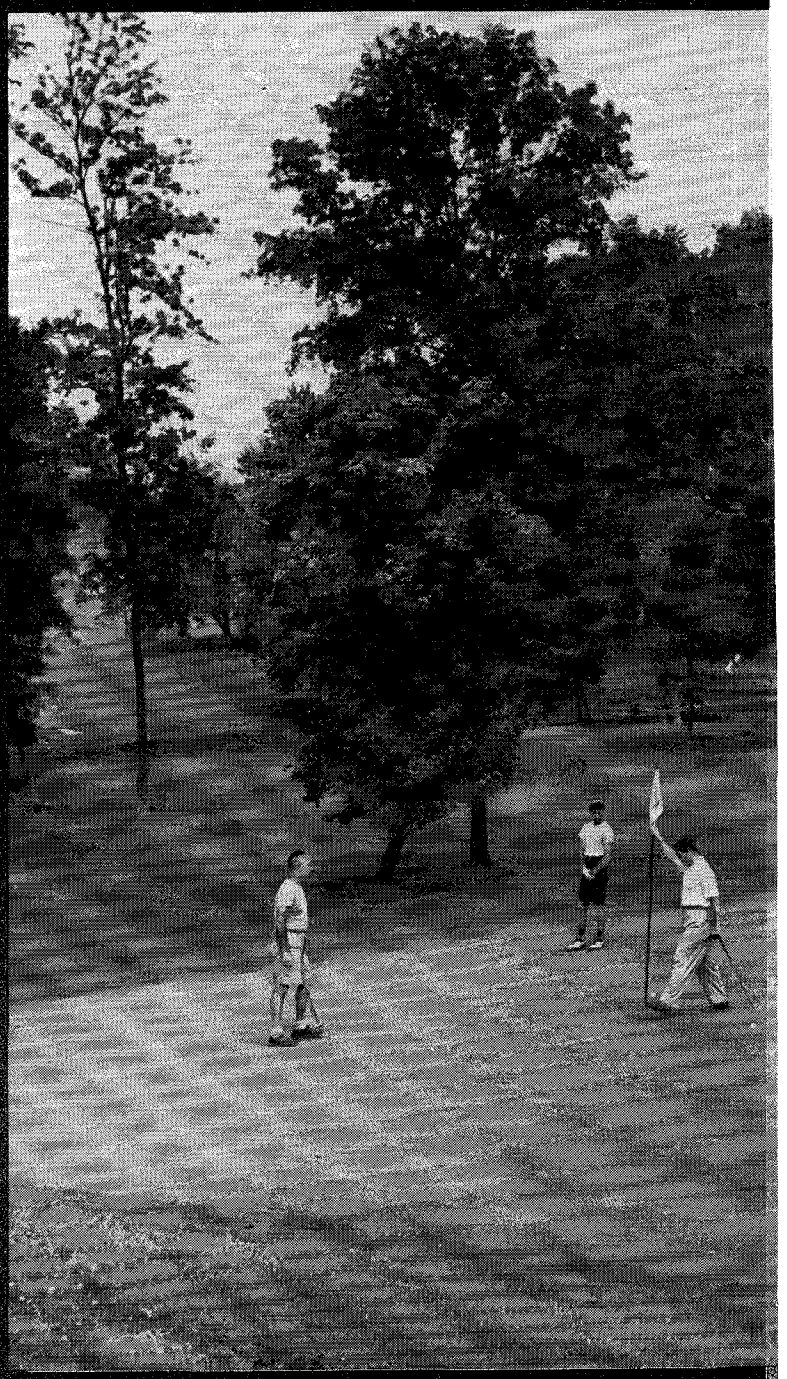
the golfers
Their spare
h
Conestoga
While their wives
the
20,000 ho
old farmlane
into a







A ladies'-day foursome crosses Little Conestoga Creek on one of the bridges their menfolk built out of old telephone poles.

They Made Their Own Country Club

By Arthur W. Baum

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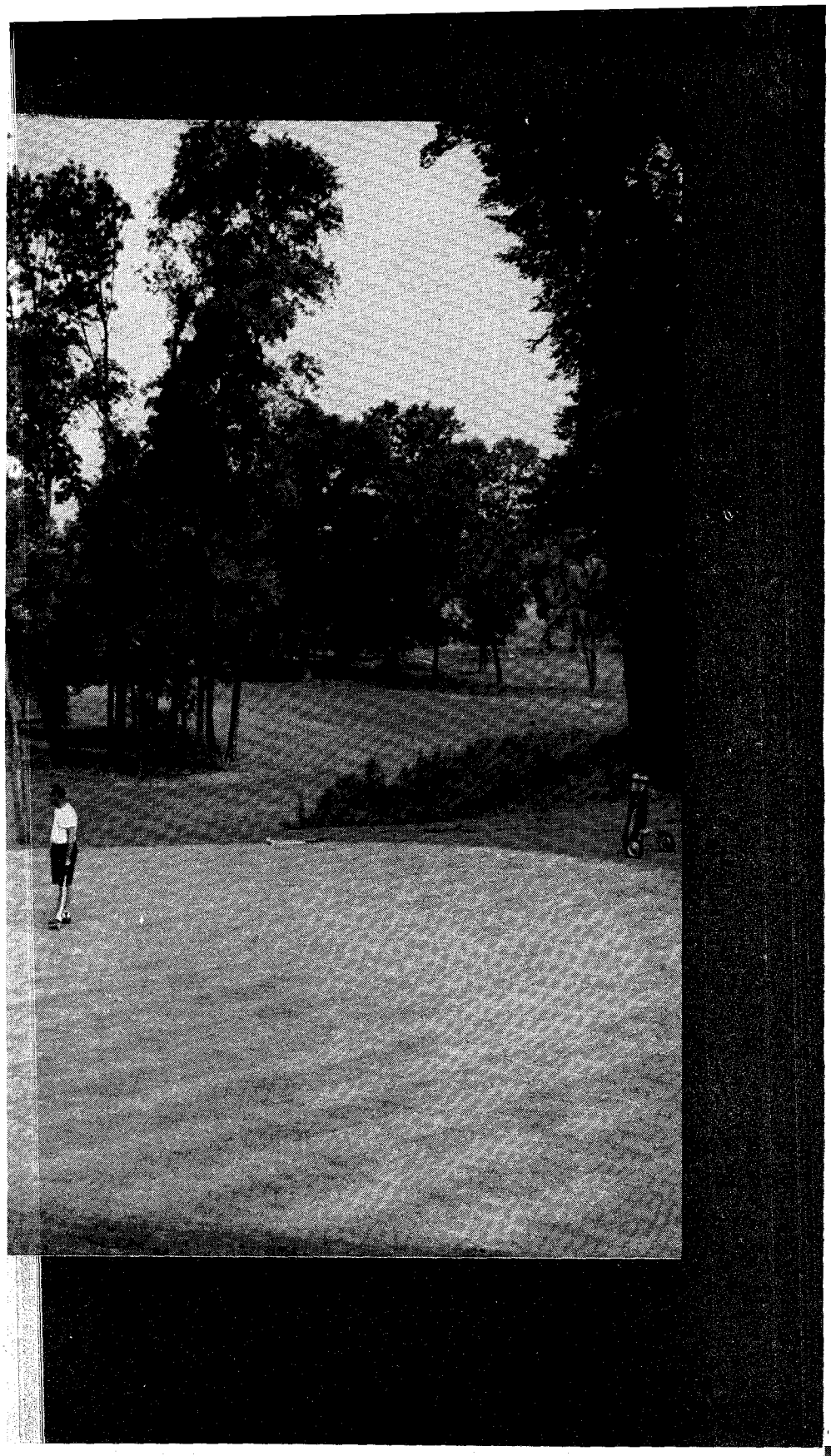

A new building has been rising during the late summer at the western edge of Lancaster, Pennsylvania, a few blocks south of the Lincoln Highway. It is not visibly unusual, and it makes no strong bid for an international architectural award. It appears to be, despite its beautiful surroundings, just another $100,000 construction job. But this is the new clubhouse of the Conestoga Country Club and it is therefore a rare and uncommon building. The odds that it would ever exist were once prohibitive. For this is the capstone of a do-it-yourself project that was unpromising, dreamy, almost ridiculous.

The new clubhouse is a monument to a handful of public-links golfers who one day dreamed of having a country club of their own. They wanted a challenging golf course of country-club standards. They wanted a cheery and comfortable private clubhouse. They wanted these things at no original cost and with running expenses low enough for working men. Who wouldn't? This is a common yearning among golfers who struggle with crowded fairways of public courses, but public-course golfers don't have the material means to build their own country clubs. Neither did the Conestogans. They had nothing. So they built one anyway.

The new Conestoga clubhouse is being built by a contractor—well, almost all of it—and it is being paid for with club cash and less debt obligation than is usual with most new country-club buildings. This makes it, to draw a parallel, the first big store-bought purchase in Conestoga's life. All else on the club's 118 acres was obtained by the hard personal labor of members, by patient and artful dickering for discount and deal—very often for used or surplus products—and by the exercise of expert scrounging. The clubhouse is a sort of reward for a huge expenditure of work and willingness. Even the cash to pay for it was earned by the club in the club's name. There have never been angels, overly fat wallets or loans in Conestoga.

The public-links dreamers, starting from nothing, have had this measure of success: their golf plant in entirety is easily worth a quarter million dollars, although net worth last January, figuring land at cost and (Continued on Page 60)

Few projects are more difficult and expensive than building a golf course, but these stubborn Lancaster, Pa., sportsmen did it. Here is the astonishing result.

The 19th hole is temporarily housed in a big carnival tent. Members will be moving into a brand-new clubhouse soon.

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Great Stories of Famous Artists

Marinatti da Herring (1488-1560)

When he was only two, Marinatti was apprenticed to the great Michelangelo. Little Marinatti could not draw, but he watched everything the master did.

One day he surprised Michelangelo by pouring all his paints down the sink.

"Why did you do that?" asked Michelangelo.

"They were the wrong colors," said Marinatti.

This so impressed the master that he kicked Marinatti out on his ear.

Marinatti studied hard, and by the time he was twelve he couldn't draw a straight line.

Correggio became interested in the lad's talent and employed him to paint the Duchess of Pisano. Marinatti painted the duchess green and had to hold her down to do it. Marinatti was surprised when he was kicked out again.

Marinatti now journeyed to Florence and entered a great competition in painting with Da Vinci, Michelangelo and Correggio.

Few believed the lad would win, but Marinatti started to work, stretching his canvas. He took a piece of canvas one foot square and stretched it until it was three feet by six. When all was in readiness, he wrapped his canvas and went to the Palace of Art. But they wouldn't let him in.

Marinatti went to live in Rome. Some of the canvases produced during this period are lost. All of them are, in fact. The few canvases attributed to him are signed by other names. The large blue canvas of Venus Rising From an Oyster Bed, signed "Frank W. Walton," is supposed to be his, but some experts claim it was painted by Frank W. Walton.

If so, we have nothing by Marinatti, and the world's loss is a great one. Provided he ever painted anything, that is.

JOHN BAILEY

Rhymers Mein Grossfader Made

DAS BLACKENSCHMIDT

Der spreadisch nutten tree beneath
Das loafen schmidt ben sitten,
Gnawen nailers mit der teeth
Und mit der fire unlitten.
Ist der brow ben steamisch hot
Und wet mit drippisch beaden?
Ist ein horse ben on der lot
Mit newisch shoes geneeden?
Nein! Der cars gezoomen fast
Ben passen mitout stoppen.
Ach, der horse ist aus-gepast
Und gone der clippencloppen!

DAVE MORRAH

I Wonder if You Know Football

Q: Yale is playing Southern California at Los Angeles. In the second period, with the ball on its own forty-five-yard line, second down, eight to go, Southern California attempts a forward pass, and, as the ball is released, a flag goes down to denote a backfield-illegally-in-motion penalty. The pass is intercepted by a Yale player, who becomes confused, heads for the Yale goal line, crosses it and is then tackled. It is discovered that Yale had twelve players on the field during this play and that the man intercepting the pass had been substituted illegally. How would you rule the play?

A: Forget about it. Yale and Southern California aren't playing each other this year.

Q: Late in the fourth quarter a Michigan back breaks into the clear against Minnesota, and it appears that he may score a touchdown. A spectator, however, rushes out onto the playing field into the midst of the back and his pursuing opponents, and the back is finally tackled on Minnesota's eight-yard line. Michigan claims he would have gone all the way except for the interference, and Minnesota counters with the claim that he would have been tackled much sooner if the spectator hadn't got in the way. Who is right?

A: Happens all the time these days, doesn't it?

Q: It's Georgia vs. Alabama. Alabama attempts an off-tackle play, but the ball squirts out of the quarterback's hands and a Georgia player falls on it, but fails to hold it. It is then recovered by an Alabama player, who laterals to a teammate. Ball slips out of teammate's hands and is recovered by a Georgia player, who then drops it. When an Alabama player attempts to pick it up, it slides out of his hands and goes over the side lines. What's the verdict?

A: It sure must be a heck of a rainy day.

PARKE CUMMINGS

Just See the Boss!

Being independent has its pain too!
No one to blame or to complain to!

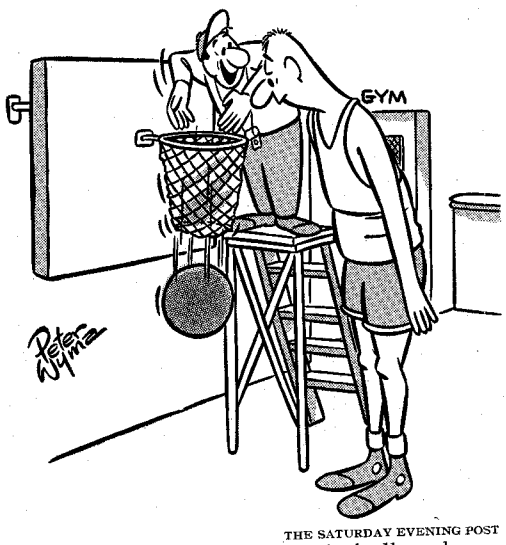
VIRGINIA BRASIER

See the World at Home

There is no need to go abroad and probably catch malaria, to see the wonders of the world. America can duplicate anything abroad and the drinking water is better. Below is a list of sights that match anything the world can provide.

● *Jason Kloop's Silo, Indian River, Ohio.* The leaning tower of Pisa leans fifteen degrees less than Mr. Kloop's silo, which is clearly visible from alternate Route 11C. What is more, you may be on hand when Kloop's silo actually falls over.

● *Cutler's Filling Station, Deadbeat, Ala.* The Taj Mahal in the moonlight has long been the focus of tourists' attention. The intricate and colorful architecture of the Taj Mahal is certainly lovely, but it can scarcely compare to Biff Cutler's filling station. Biff has painted his charming place yellow, black, red and turquoise with white dots. The architecture combines Moorish, Flemish and Gothic with Old American Barn. The interior is studded with priceless pinups.



"Then you take this little ball and drop it through this little basket. Now that isn't hard, is it?"

● *Emma Bubber's Quaint Olde Shoppe.* The bazaars of the East have always intrigued the tourist, but not one of them has the variety to be found at Emma Bubber's Shoppe at Clamshell, Cape Cod, Massachusetts. Miss Bubber has authentic African dance masks, Indian sorcerers' sticks, South American poison blowpipes, Haitian voodoo drums, Russian icons and other exotic objects all manufactured and guaranteed by the Novelty Goods Company, of East Lemon, New Jersey. Prices are as exorbitant as they are in the Orient and, if it amuses you, Miss Bubber will dicker.

● *Harry Sallywagger's Gambling Den & Quick Lunch, Old Crow, Wyoming.* You need not go to Monte Carlo to get gypped by gambling devices. Among America's best gambling dens is Harry Sallywagger's. Harry has more personality and girth than any croupier and speaks excellent English, as well as cooking a fine Western-egg sandwich. Prizes offered on Harry's punchboard include a 1955 sedan, a steel swimming pool and an evening with Marilyn Monroe, if you punch out numbers 101, 102 or 103—numbers which Harry has been gay enough to carefully remove.

ROBERT FONTAINE

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NEW-WITH MUSHROOMS!

FRANCO-AMERICAN IS A TRADEMARK OWNED BY THE MAKERS OF CAMPBELL'S SOUPS

Try this Italian-style sauce for your next Spaghetti meal!

IF YOU didn't *know*, you'd think this magnificent new FRANCO-AMERICAN SPAGHETTI SAUCE came right out of a real Italian kitchen.

It's made with mushrooms! *Hand-picked* mushrooms. Plump, tender beauties, and *plenty* of them.

Plus twelve other tempting ingredients. Like, for instance, onions, garlic, spices, celery. And juicy vine-ripened tomatoes—all cooked together into a rich, hearty sauce with a wonderful *homey* taste like the kind Italians make.

Franco-American Spaghetti Sauce with Mushrooms is the perfect answer to a meatless meal. For that matter, it's a dish to do you proud *any* day.

P.S. on the practical side: Franco-American Spaghetti Sauce with Mushrooms is ready to serve in just 3 minutes, and costs less than 7¢ a serving.

SPAGHETTI SAUCE
with Mushrooms
by Franco-American

TRY THIS ONE, TOO!

Italian-style Spaghetti Sauce with lots of meat!

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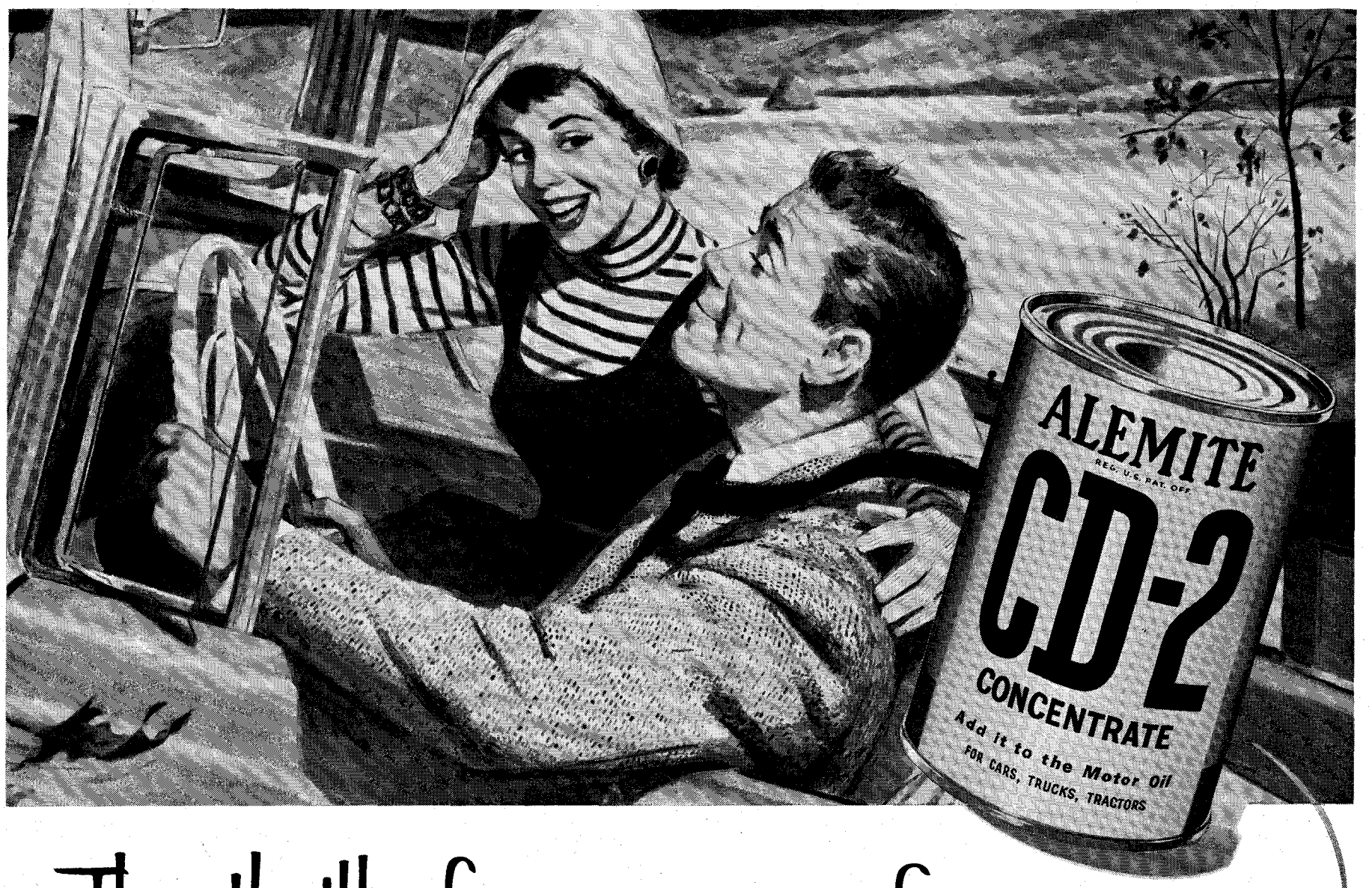
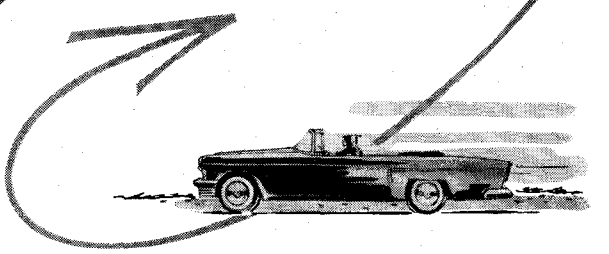


The thrill of new car performance... ...even after 25,000 miles

Today's stop-and-go driving robs modern engines of pep and power! Forms dangerous by-products that stick valves and lifters, cause rust, and make engines sluggish. Only the 6-Way Action of amazing Alemite CD-2 can restore and keep new car performance.



Remember the *excitement* you felt, the first time you slipped through traffic behind the wheel of your shining new car . . . the instant flashing power... the smooth, silent response... the efficient, quiet performance. Now there's a way to *keep* your car's performance young and new . . . a way to restore fresh life to last year's engine... a way to keep your motor clean, healthy and responsive. Science has created Alemite CD-2 as the answer.

You see, today's stop-and-go driving creates dangerous by-products of combustion that attack your engine . . . cause sticky valves and lifters . . . and cheat you of the new-car performance you want. *That's why* you need Alemite CD-2 . . . whether you drive a 240 h.p. sportster or last year's family tudor. *Six* active ingredients guard your engine in a way no single product can. Each ingredient protects and helps your engine in a different way.

Add just one can of CD-2 to your crankcase and see the difference. It's like an on-the-road tune-up. You'll find new power, lightning reaction, and smoother, quieter performance . . . even after you're past the 25,000 mile mark. Thick sludge is dissolved, rust is driven away, corrosive acids are neutralized. Just one can of Alemite CD-2 protects your car from oil change to oil change.

Unsolicited comments of satisfied CD-2 users:

"CD-2 *actually* cut my oil consumption in half. I'm telling everyone about it." *H. D.—Bronx, New York*

"Thanks! Had five bad valves. Added one can of CD-2. In 3 miles all my trouble was over. Car never operated this good before." *G. M.—Phillips Bay, N.J.*

"Gave me an overhaul on the road. I saved *almost* $185.00 in estimated work with CD-2. Cut my oil consumption to almost nothing." *F. C.—Chicago, Illinois*

The 6-Way Action of Alemite CD-2

1. Dissolves and removes lacquer-like deposits which cause sticky valves, rings, and pistons.
2. Eliminates damaging rust and bearing corrosion caused by stop-and-go driving.
3. Banishes harmful crankcase sludge.
4. Gives oil extra wear-resistant quality—reduces friction!
5. Keeps new engines new—helps avoid costly repairs and overhauls.
6. Gives on-the-road tune-up, lasting protection from oil change to oil change.

GUARANTEED! Absolute satisfaction or your money back. Try a can today—only $1.35 at your service station, car dealer or auto supply store.

A PRODUCT OF SW STEWART WARNER

ALEMITE CD-2

There's nothing else like it on the market!

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THE GOLDEN JOURNEY

By AGNES SLIGH TURNBULL

Did he have a right to shatter his wife's happiness by telling her the truth about her father?

"Won't it be fun to show this to our children, Paul?" she asked him.

The happiness of Paul and Anne Devereux's honeymoon was tempered with anguish. "Never to walk with you through the woods!" sobbed Anne, when Paul returned from a stroll one day. "Never to walk with you anywhere!"

Anne's legs were paralyzed. Without her knowledge, her father, James Kirkland, had promised Paul a successful political career in return for marrying Anne for a period of three years. Kirkland had been told that the nerve block that rendered Anne's legs useless might be released by the shock of severe labor pains during pregnancy. Paul was very much in love with Anne, and had destroyed his copy of the agreement Kirkland had made with him.

Anne's friends and family—especially her grandmother, Mrs. Catherby—were delighted by her marriage. But Arno Malotte, Kirkland's right-hand man, paled at the news. He disliked Devereux anyway. "The low, fortune-hunting rat," he said to Miss Sayles, Kirkland's secretary.

Paul's speech at the Bovard mines had been a tremendous success. And Kirkland's candidate for governor, a man named Halsey, wanted Paul to run for state senator. But this good news was soured by a shocking report. Harrison Hartwell, the senior partner at Paul's law firm, had learned that Kirkland was knee-deep in graft activities within the city government.

V

It was hot summer. Paul worried over Anne, who refused to leave for the house in the mountains, except during the short weekends when he could go.

"I'm perfectly all right," she insisted. "I like warm weather. It's Jimmy who ought to get away. I don't know what's wrong with him. He's nervous as a witch."

They were eating on the back terrace, the candlelight falling on Anne's bare shoulders above a sea-green gown. A thrush sang in the rowan tree. Paul felt he had never known such delicate, such exquisite delight as this moment of early dusk, with the candlelight, the perfumed air, the fountain and the thrush.

"I'll tell you something," Anne was going on, "if you're sure it won't turn your head. Jimmy says you are the most marvelous speaker he's heard in years. He says you have the gift of swaying people, and Brennen, the county chairman, says so too. He was telling me all this last night when you were out. Then he added, and I quote, 'I think next year he'll be a walkover for the Senate, and someday I'm going to put him in the governor's chair!' Unquote. And you'll have to forgive Jimmy for running things. That's his nature. Well, what do you think of all that, my fair young sir?"

"I'm a little stunned and, of course, it's quite exaggerated."

"Jimmy never exaggerates."

"Oh, why should I try to dissemble from you? I'm tickled to death! I'm simply so pleased I don't know what to say!"

"I'll tell you something more," Anne said with a sweet gravity. "When Jimmy spoke about your being governor eventually, it was just as though a dagger had gone through my heart—my condition, you know. Then last night as I lay awake I began to plan. I thought of all the things I could do even as I am. Oh, Paul, I honestly believe I could get away with it! I could do my part!"

He picked up his chair and plate and moved over to sit close beside her. Then he held her to him as he kissed her. When she could speak, she whispered, "What will Hackett think when he comes out? You'd better move back to your place."

"Hackett likes me. He'd approve."

A few days later Paul received a letter at the office signed by Benjamin J. Barker himself. It asked if he would be kind enough to call one day soon to discuss a matter of business. Paul was astounded. What could the head of the great Barker Bank want to see him for? Could Barker be considering anything so crass as to attempt to buy him off? Hardly, but he decided to make the appointment.

When he entered the great private office a day later, he had a feeling of awe. Mr. Barker was a small man with a cropped gray mustache, unimportant-looking except for his eyes. These were gray and keen as steel.

"Mr. Devereux, this is good of you to come. I'm very happy to see you."

"I'm glad to meet you, sir."

Paul sat down and waited. The older man, to Paul's liking, went straight to the point.

"As you doubtless know, the interests of the Barker Bank are very far-reaching. This means that the legal aspect of our business is highly involved and very important. From time to time as a young lawyer of exceptional promise comes to my notice, I seek to attach him to our staff. It was for this reason that I sent for you."

Paul swallowed self-consciously. This was what he had not expected.

"Would you be interested, Mr. Devereux, in coming into our organization at a starting salary of fifteen thousand dollars? There would, of course, be steady increase in proportion to your ability."

Paul's head swam. Fifteen thousand for a start! He was making eight at the present. There was a snag here somewhere. Something that didn't meet

(Continued on Page 110)

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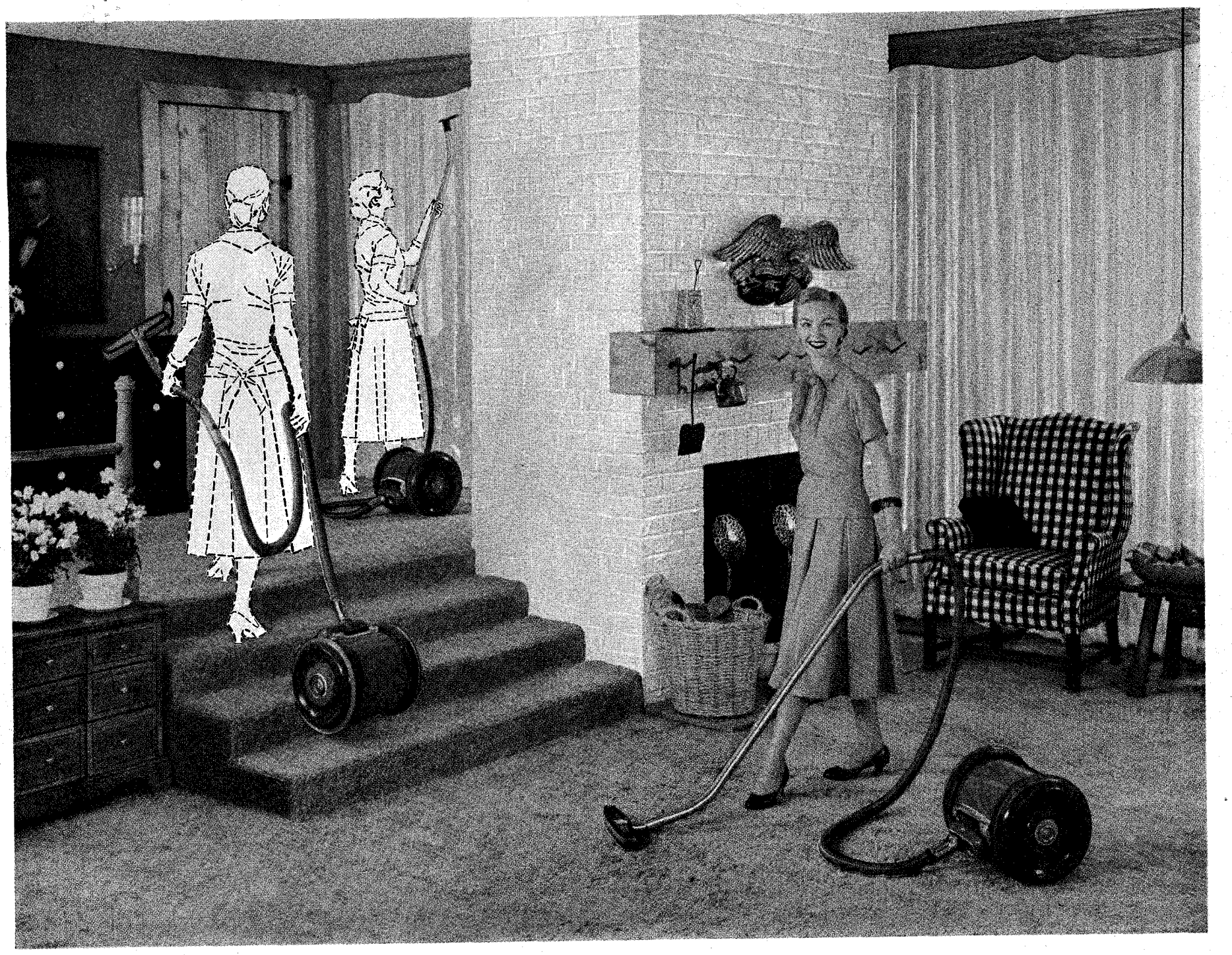


Now-a vacuum cleaner you never have to lift!

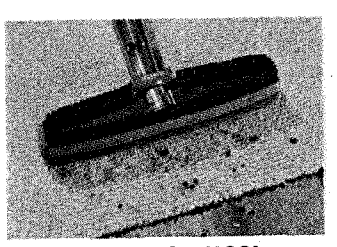
It rolls anywhere easily—even up and down stairs—on its smooth-running, 12-inch wheels!

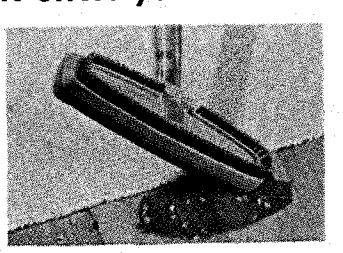
It's powered to clean every inch of every room efficiently and easily. And because its "Throw-Away" Bag is extra large, you have to replace it only a few times a year. This new cleaner stores easily, too! You just roll it away until next cleaning day.

G.E.'s new "Roll-easy" Vacuum Cleaner is beautifully color styled in turquoise and copper by Freda Diamond. See it at your dealer's soon. Vacuum Cleaner Dept., Small Appliance Division, General Electric Company, Bridgeport 2, Connecticut.

*Manufacturer's recommended retail or Fair Trade price.

Only General Electric offers you this amazing attachment!


IT CLEANS RUGS!


IT TURNS ITSELF OVER!

IT CLEANS FLOORS!

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC

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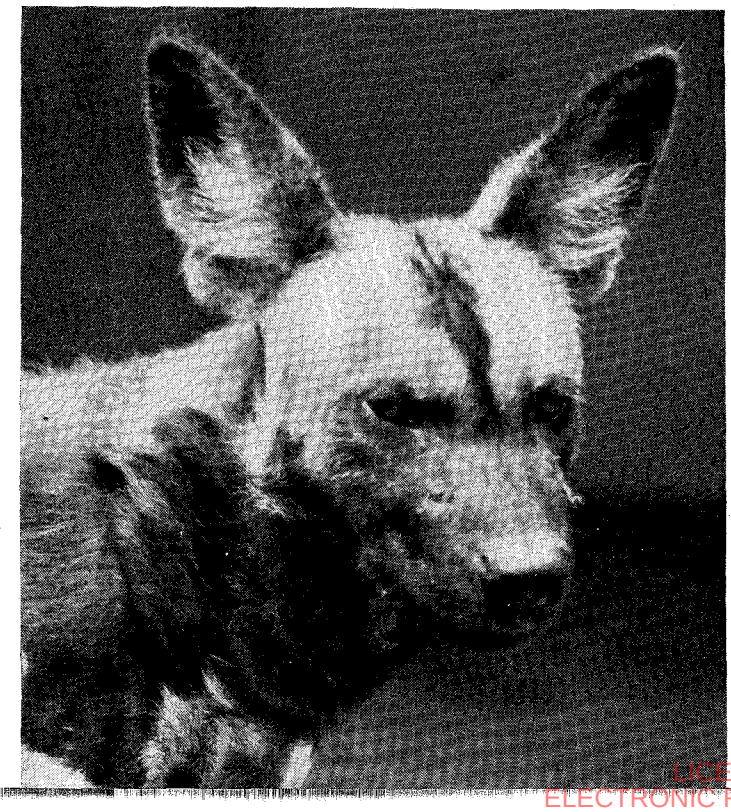
A wild-dog pack on the prowl near Nairobi, Kenya. These beasts enjoy human companionship, but it is virtually impossible to "train" them.

Savage Killers of Africa

By DANIEL P. MANNIX

These fierce dogs roam the veld in packs and even terrorize the lions. Yet they can be almost as friendly as the family pooch.

This cherub can travel 100 miles in a day. He may devour as much as twenty pounds of meat at a meal, but won't touch poisoned bait.



A Dutch farmer in Natal was sitting on his porch one evening when he saw a pack of varicolored dogs loping across the veld toward his grazing sheep. Snatching up his carbine, the farmer raced for the stables, yelling, "*Wilde honden!*"—the wild hounds. His son heard the cry and followed him. The two men hastily saddled their horses and galloped to defend the flock, but they arrived too late. In a few minutes, the pack of fifteen dogs had killed or crippled sixty-nine sheep, gorged themselves on mutton, and escaped.

The wild-dog packs do far more damage in Africa than all other predatory animals combined. Disciplined, intelligent and voracious, the dogs are afraid of nothing. They even drive lions from their kills, and their ability to run down gazelles and antelope is the despair of game wardens.

The African wild dog neither thinks nor behaves like a wolf. He is one of the few truly wild dogs in the world today. Average adults stand about two and one half feet high and weigh approximately sixty pounds—about the size of a large German shepherd. Biologically, they differ from domestic dogs by having only four toes on their forefeet. Their ears are huge and cup-shaped. Their color is a patchwork of yellow, white, ocher red, black and a purplish hue, all in pastel shades. The dogs blend in so perfectly with the lights and shadows on the African veld that they can crawl

(Continued on Page 54)

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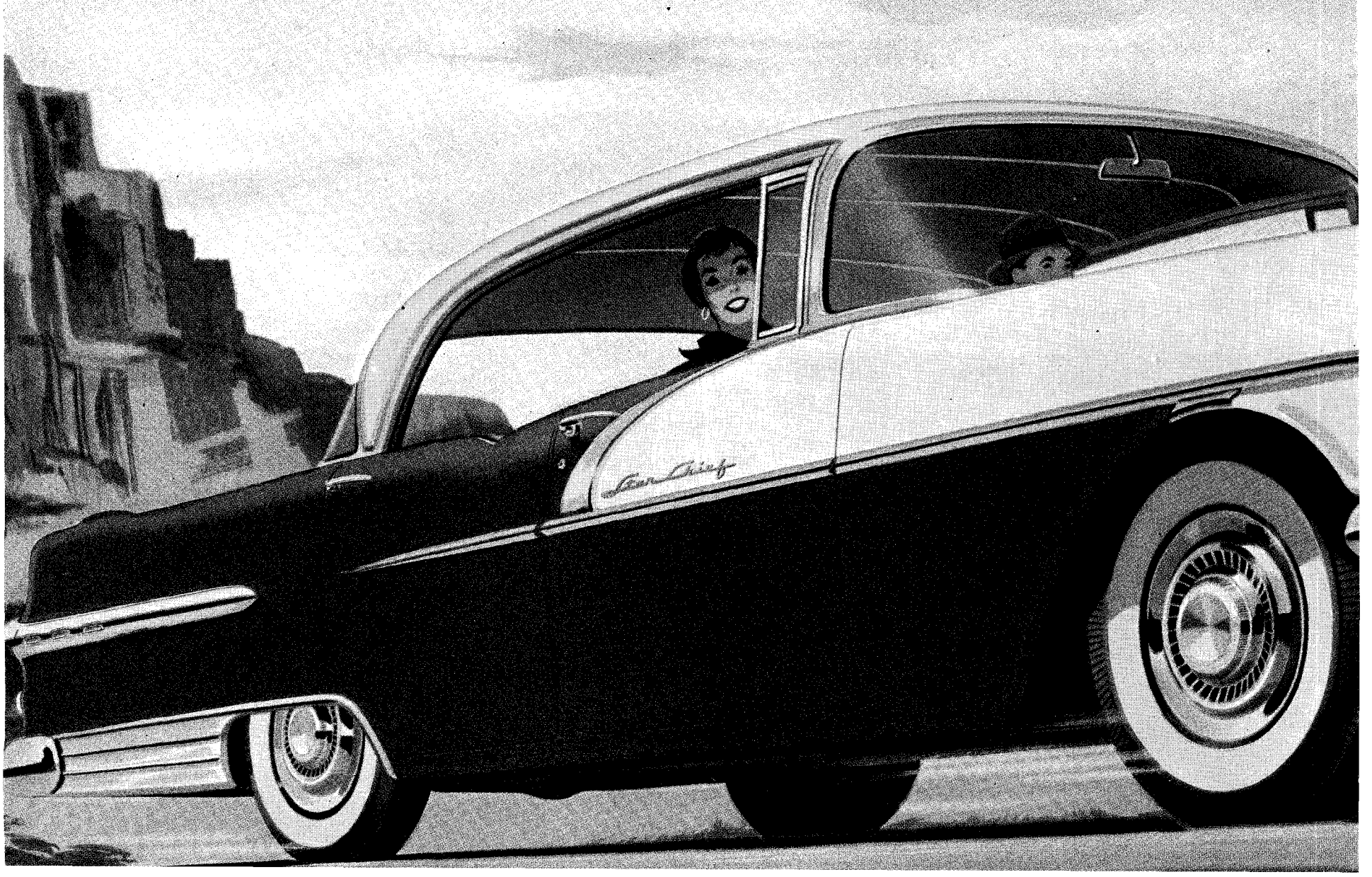
Fabulous '56 Pontiac

Vital General Motors

NEW STRATO-FLIGHT HYDRA-MATIC* COUPLED



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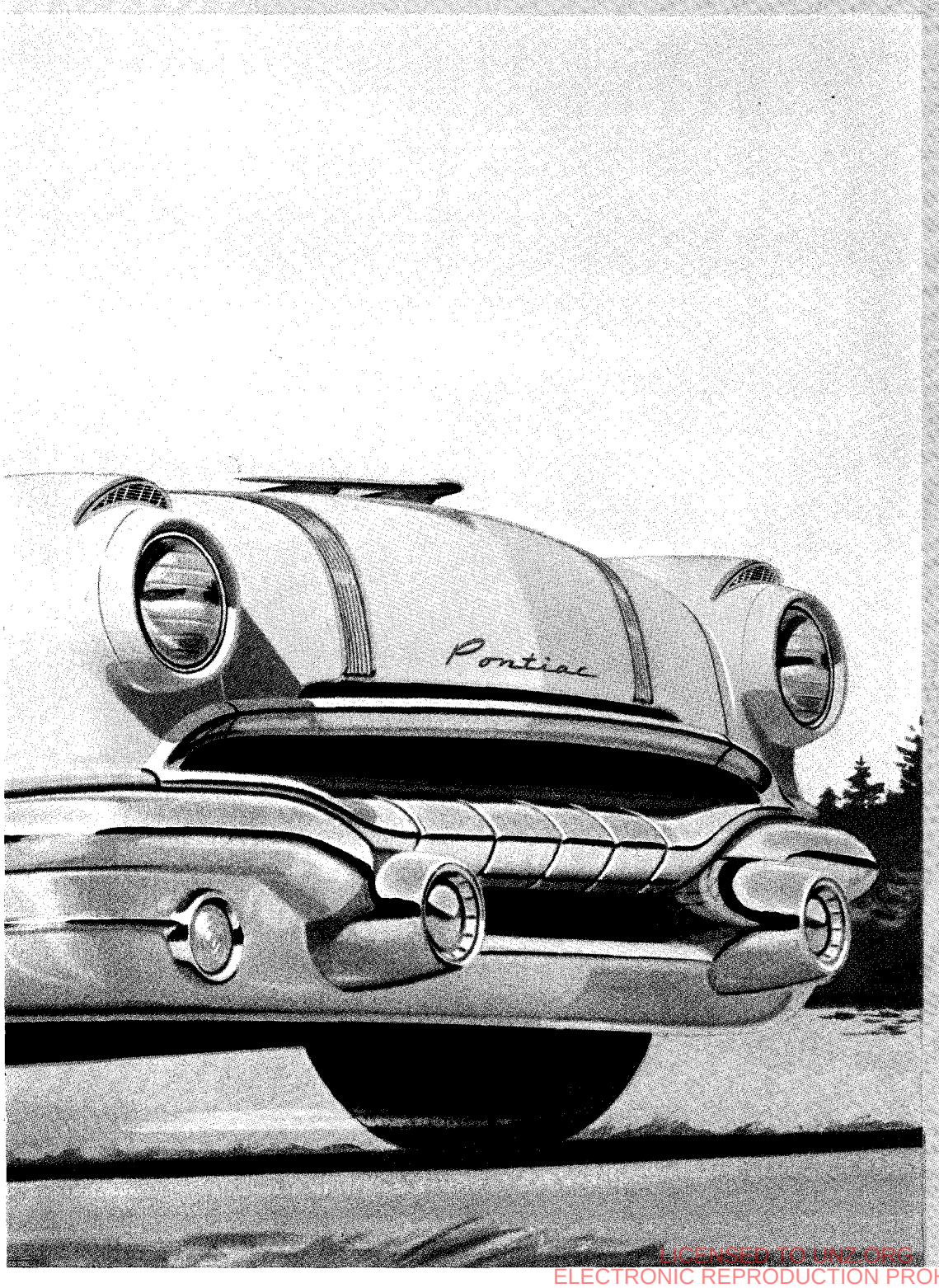
Introduces A Big And "Automotive First"!

WITH PONTIAC'S 227-H.P. STRATO-STREAK V-8

. . . RESULTING IN PERFORMANCE SO NEW AND DRAMATIC IT MUST BE EXPERIENCED TO BE BELIEVED!



Get out your best superlatives. You'll need them all today—and then some! For Pontiac presents a car that corners the market on glamour—and brightens your life with an all-time high in "go"!

Here is high fashion at its haughtiest! The shimmering beauty of new colors and luxury fabrics. The touch of tomorrow in jet-styled adornments front and rear. Long, low lines as clean and *right* as the conformation of a race horse.

But the surprise for your eyes is nothing at all to what greets you at the wheel!

Here is performance as hot as gasoline can get. Tremendous new drive at take-off. Startling new sharpness to response. New vigor and dash at every speed. *Ease of action that was never yours before.*

It sets you wondering how machinery can be so satin-smooth . . . so gloriously alive.

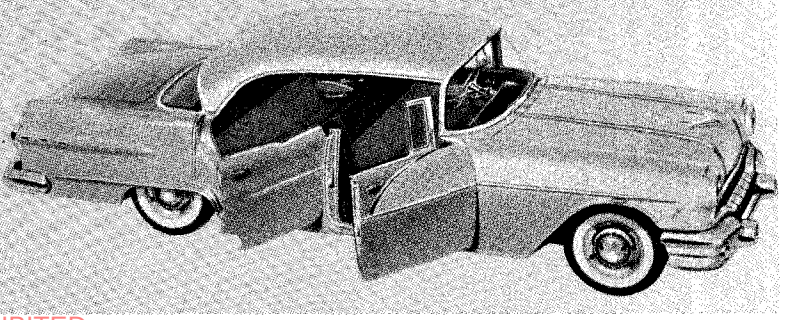
It's teamwork that does it—the inspired coupling of General Motors' super-smooth new Hydra-Matic and Pontiac's new high-horsepower Strato-Streak V-8. *Literally, magic has come to motoring.*

You'll be *hearing* plenty about this one—that's a certainty! But why settle for secondhand thrills? See the fabulous '56 Pontiac, drive it—and let your heart lift to the greatest "go" on wheels!

**An extra cost option.*

PONTIAC MOTOR DIVISION • GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

Four-door hardtops? Of course—and the smartest in the world! In fact, there are now 6 hardtops in the luxurious Catalina line.



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Don't use Anti-Freeze

until you flush out your cooling system with

New Du Pont "FAST FLUSH"

Gets rid of rust and grease so anti-freeze won't spill over or boil away—takes just a few minutes—you do it in one operation

New Du Pont Fast Flush cleans out summer rust, scale and grease in a matter of minutes—prevents "hot spots" and "bottlenecks" that cause anti-freeze to spill over or boil away. Just pour in *liquid* Fast Flush, let the motor idle, and drain it out—no neutralizing needed. It's safe, simple and so fast you can have this vital extra protection *while* you stop for anti-freeze.

So, before you put in anti-freeze, guard against winter cooling system trouble with new Du Pont Fast Flush! Pint only $1.00.

***Then after anti-freeze goes in, add* DU PONT COOLING SYSTEM SEALER to insure against leaks all winter.**

Anti-freeze can "creep" through tiny "pinholes" or imperfect gaskets, even when your cooling system seems watertight. To be safe, pour a can of Du Pont Cooling System Sealer into your radiator along with the anti-freeze. It guards against leaks all winter! Can't clog or harm hose or metal parts. 12 oz. 75¢.

DU PONT №'7' PRODUCTS

From Chemical Research . . . for Easier Car Care

DU PONT
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING . . . *THROUGH CHEMISTRY*

The Apache Prisoner (Continued from Page 37)

All these foreign people in this foreign land—maybe we belonged together, as my father said, but it didn't fit in place.

I didn't think I knew my father any more, and I began to wonder if he had something happen to him in the war. Other men from our town had been hurt. Johnny Hudson had his legs shot off, and after that he went around on leather pads that Mr. Hewlet made for him. My father hadn't been shot up in any way I knew about, but he was different just the same.

Toward the end of August we came over a valley and through some mountains into another valley larger than the first. A river ran through this one, north and south, and there were hills and mountains on the east and west. There were trees above a certain height, and cottonwoods and willows on the water. In the valley the grass lay whitely in a shining sea until it beached against the mountains rising smoky blue beyond. When we stopped on a rise to let the oxen blow, we saw it all, and father put his arms around our shoulders, smiling.

"Take a good look, Clara, Jim," he said. "We're home."

We saw no people for a while, but there were others there, because we saw their cattle grazing in the valley with our own. These were calico-looking animals with hairy muzzles, and horns that tilted backward on their heads. We couldn't tell about the strain, but mother said we might expect to find such things out here.

But we hadn't the time to learn much in those early days because we had to build a house and get set up. The house was like the ones we saw along the Rio Grande, made out of mud cast into bricks and set to dry. The roof was brush and planking from the wagon, covered with a foot of dirt, the whole thing resting on the vigas supported by the walls. Because our glass had broken on the trail, we had to flay a cowhide for a window; that somehow made me feel a million miles from Iowa.

Sometimes my mother stood for long times in the doorway, her arm above her eyes, her brown hair moving in the breeze, just watching out across the valley or hills.

One day when she did this, she began to smile, and then she cried out, "Ben! Jim! A man! Oh, there's a man!"

And, sure enough, there was a man; he rode up on a far-off rise and looked at us. Although we jumped and waved, he simply sat up there until we satisfied him with our looks, and then he started slowly downward, coming easy, not in any hurry. We had quite a while to look him over, and I began to see the revolver at his middle, and the carbine. My father wouldn't let me get our rifle, though.

"Can't make friends by greeting them with guns," he said.

So we waited and the man came down the rise, drew up to us and stopped. He was tall and lean, and looked all creaking leather, and his skin was tanned. He had that sort of wild look which those cattle in the valley had; his horse was that way too.

Father waved his hand and asked him if he wouldn't light awhile, but the stranger wouldn't. He shook his head and I could see his yellow hair beneath his floppy hat.

"Nope," he said.

"Well, then," father smiled, "how about some water from our spring? Plenty cool and fresh."

But, no, he wasn't thirsty either. He simply sat there looking at our house and outfit.

My father looked around a little bit. He wiped his hands on his overall legs. "Well, is there something we can do for you?" he said.

We could tell him where our cattle came from, the man decided.

Father smiled again. "Why, sure," he said. "They're shorthorns. They're a Middle Western breed."

Were they pen-fed? the stranger wondered. Pen-fed stock didn't forage good, he said.

"Not since we left Iowa," father said. He laughed. "Not much pen feeding on the trail. They foraged all right."

"Uh-huh." The stranger nodded; he picked at his teeth with a stem of grass. "Come from Iowa, did you? I never been to Iowa. Only been as far as Kansas. Rode up to Kansas with Quantrill."

"Quantrill?" my father said. We looked at one another, and my mother stiffened. All the folks in Kansas knew the notorious raider. My aunt and uncle had their farm burned by Quantrill.

Yup, been up to Kansas with Quantrill. Had come from Texas. Nice grass they had in Kansas. The Texan lounged against the cantle with his stem of grass between his teeth. (Continued on Page 50)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Oh, dear!"

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A PART OF GOOD LIVING...your telephone by your side

With telephones in living room, bedroom, kitchen and playroom,
it isn't a question of keeping up with the Joneses.

You are the Joneses!

Bell Telephone System

P. S. *Doesn't cost much either.*
And telephones in color add the final touch!

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(Continued from Page 48) My father rubbed the back of his head and smiled again. "Yes—well, it's over now," he said. "The war's all over and done with now." He moved his hands, explaining how the war was over now.

"That's what some folks say."

He sat there proudly on his horse in all his creaking leather, with my father looking upward at him in his overalls. I heard my father telling how the war being over made us all together now, and I felt empty. I looked away. I didn't want to hear him say those things. They had no meaning in this place. They had the sound of something from a book, and I began to feel embarrassed for him.

Mother turned around while he was talking, still, and went inside the house. She stayed inside.

After that we didn't see the Texan for a long while. Over a time we came to learn there was a family of them living a few miles south of us, but we never saw them. We sometimes saw the men out riding in the valley or the hills, but that was all. We never got to talk again because they'd learned what they had come to learn and had no interest in us any more. Father said they'd come around in time, but I wasn't sure I wanted that, and I was glad he didn't talk about them much. It would all be in that strange way, with all those grand ideas that made no sense for us. I felt ashamed to feel disloyal, but I did. Mostly I felt sorry for my mother. Back in Iowa we always had a lot of neighbors.

But without the Texans there were neighbors of a sort; throughout the valley and the hills there were many animals and birds. There were quail and doves around the house, and deer and turkeys in the hills. Sometimes there were antelope among the cattle, coming down to graze in bands of ten or twenty, often more.

Now and then there were Apaches in the valley too. They lived in their rancherias in the northern hills and used the valley going back and forth from raids in Mexico. Father had a glass which he had got in the Army, and when the Indians were coming we would watch the motion underneath the dust. As they got abreast of us we'd see the mounted braves, the shapeless squaws with baskets on their backs, and dogs and kids around them. In a couple of weeks or more, when they returned, there'd be still a higher dust from all the cattle and the horses that they'd taken.

They were always in a straggle coming back, and sometimes they'd be two or three days in going by. They knew we watched them, but they didn't care, and never bothered us. They knew about the fort around the mountain.

One time toward the end of fall, when they were coming through the valley from a raid, we saw the Texans. We ran onto them in a mesquite thicket, squatting down to watch the Indians. There were two this time, the new one looking like a brother to the one who'd come around. I didn't feel like stopping, but we did.

Father rode up smiling and asked them how things were with all the Texans.

"Just fine," the first one said. "And the Iowa damnyankees?" Naturally, it was all one word.

"We're fine, too," my father said. "How does the weather strike you?"

"Hadn't noticed much about it," the first one said.

"Got to take it anyway," the other said.

There was silence while my father tried to think of things to say. The Texans squatted on their heels and spat tobacco juice. They kept looking at the valley, and I knew they wished we'd go away, and so did I. But still we stood.

We watched the Indians going to the north. They'd been passing by for two days, and the main body had camped below our place the night before, and there were only stragglers out there now. Coming at the end, a pair of mounted bucks trailed a walking man behind them on a rope. They came slowly on, and when he stumbled now and then, the rope would jerk him straight. They stopped half a mile below us in some willows.

"Going to fry that man," the second Texas brother said.

My father looked at him. "What do you mean by that?"

"What'd I mean? Fry him, that's what. Burn him up."

"You mean burn him? Kill him?"

"Hell, yes, kill him. They do it all the time. They get these people on their raids; some they keep, some they kill." The Texan squirted juice. "Goin' to burn this one."

Goin' to tie him to that tree, the first one said. Upside down, they'd fix him; then they'd make a fire 'neath his head, an'

Patience, Please

By Laurence C. Smith

This passage, dear wife,
Is sure to amuse you.
You'd like to read it?
I'll have to refuse you.

For if I should share
This humorous particle,
You'd read right on
And finish the article.

when his skull split open, the brains would all run out. The Texan thought the Indians were drunk.

I heard my father swearing underneath his breath. I watched the doings in the trees and felt the hair along my neckline lifting up. They were pretty far, but I could see.

My father swore again, out loud. "They oughtn't to be allowed to do that," he said.

"The guy's a Mexican," the first one said. "Come off it, Yankee."

"Well, by heaven, he's a human being too!" my father said. "What's the difference?"

The Texans chewed and spat and laughed again. The first one looked at father. "Ever hear about the Alamo?"

"Sure, I heard of it," my father said. "They ought to be prevented just the same." He waved at the Indians in the trees. "I figure we're obliged to stop them."

"Obliged to? Obliged?" The Texans had a walleyed fit. They looked at father and roared. They banged each other with their hands. "Obliged?" They choked on their tobacco juice.

"Well, what about Quantrill?" my father said. "I'll bet Quantrill wouldn't sit here on his butt."

"Quantrill? Haw! Hell, he'd be sound asleep! Wouldn't wake at all for this. Haw!"

When they got more quiet, they looked at father in a squinty way. "Why don't you go down yourself?" the first one said. "You Yankees are the bleeders for humanity."

My father looked at the Indians again, and I could see they had the man tied up by now. He was upside down and they were stacking wood beneath his head.

"Maybe I will," my father said.

"Well?" the Texans said together.

My father looked around. He looked a long time at our house up in the foothills; then he looked at me and squeezed me gently by the arm because he knew that I was scared. I was frightened all at once, because this was so sudden, and he knew it. I wanted him to stay, but still another part of me was saying that he had to go. This part said he had to go, no matter what the Texans did. It said this had to do, somehow, with all those high-flown things he'd talked about, and even why we'd all come out here in the first place. It was all mixed up together, and I couldn't piece it out, but it was so. I knew it deep inside where things like that are tested out.

I guess he knew that, too, because he got our rifle from the saddle, where he hung it by a rope. While he charged it with the ball and powder, he explained what he was going to do and how I was to help. I could hear him plainly, but his voice seemed far away, as though he was in Iowa, standing in his faded uniform again. The war I didn't know about, the war that had no fine parades or Major Conroy making speeches, had got awful near. This was the one where Johnny Hudson lost his legs.

When he was sure I understood, he went away. I saw him going through the mesquite for a while, and then he disappeared. He went into the grass and brush without me being exactly sure when he was out of sight, and after that I simply stood there with the horses, making out that we were only watching what was going on below. The Indians had got their kindling ready now, and I was watching them and trying to figure where my father was, and feeling cold and sick because I was afraid for him.

Then I saw the smoke beginning, small and faint, beneath the trees, drifting blue and light upon the small breeze toward the river. All at once the Texans got more interested and stood up.

"There she goes," the first one said.

"Too late now," the other said.

"You can't tell," I said. "You ain't there." I wasn't going to believe that yet.

"Your old man ain't there either," the first one said.

I looked around at them. I didn't care about them any more. "He's trying, anyway," I said.

"Yeah?" the second said. "Only a damned fool would."

"Had to with Quantrill asleep," I said.

"Yeah?" the first one said. He was looking at me in a funny way. He seemed surprised that this was really happening.

"Smart kid, ain't you?" the other said; he sounded ugly, but I wasn't afraid of him and didn't care. I felt above them now, and big and strong with my father in the grass. I wanted to laugh at them, but if I did I knew I'd cry.

There was more I felt like saying, but all at once my father came in sight along the river bottoms. There was a moment when I saw him in the grass and trees, and then I lost him when he dropped below the bank. He didn't appear again until he started up the other side, climbing low and keeping down. When he stood up and started walking in, I got on Jock, with Barney on the line, and headed down. We cleared the brush, and when we struck the grass I got them running. It was hard to see my father in the trees, but there were times when I could see him walking with the rifle at his hip, like he'd done it in the infantry, as though it had a bayonet, and afterwhile I saw the Indians leap up and stand there rooted in surprise. And then they broke and ran to get their horses.

There wasn't any shooting right away. I lost track of everything going over the river and up the bank, but I could hear the Indians pounding off. When I came among the trees, my father had the Mexican cut down. The Mexican was burned and bloody because the Indians had cut him, too, and he looked dead, but we packed him up on Barney just the same, not talking, simply sacking him on the saddle, with my father holding him in place, with me on Jock to lead them out.

We headed out the way we had come in, across the strip between the river and the trees, then down across the shallow water and the sand, and I was shaking all the time.

There was shooting on the other side by then. As we made the grass, I saw the Texans firing at the Indians off behind us. There was all at once a half a dozen of them on our left and coming on. They were naked on their horses and their skin shone redly in the sun, and as they shook their bows they whooped. The Texans had crossed over from the thicket and were getting in between us and the Indians, but the Indians were coming just the same. They were coming for us fast, and when they got in range my father slid off Barney with his rifle. He yelled for me to keep on going, and swung the rifle stock at Jock.

I tried to find the Indians again, but Jock was running faster and I couldn't see them any more. I couldn't see the Texans either until I nearly ran one down, and as I passed he laughed and swung at Jock, and Jock ran even faster.

After that I just hung on and rode. I heard the firing fading back, with the hoofbeats getting loud above it. I knew that I was making it, but kept on climbing up the valley through the grass and mesquite. Sometimes I tried to look around, but couldn't see until we came out high beneath the house, and then I stopped and saw the Indians riding for the river. There were only four. The firing had died away and it was over.

There was a long argument from there on up to the house where my mother waited, watching. It wasn't exactly that, because my father didn't argue, but agreed with what the Texans said about his going down there. They shook their heads and said he was the damnedest fool they'd ever seen. And he said, yes, that might be so, but he was free to make the choice. They shook their heads again and wondered why he'd thought they'd come to bail us out. He hadn't known, he said; that was free choice too. But he hadn't thought that Texans would let a pair of Yankees show them up.

They kept on shaking heads, but they were grinning widely, too, and I knew that something rare was going on.

Up at the house, my mother put her hand to her throat when she saw the injured man. But while we took him down she filled a pan with water at the spring, and then she washed him. He still looked pretty bad, but she got our medicines from the chest and did the best she could for him, and when she finished, we put him into bed. From there on it was up to God, she said. Did the Texans know some prayers? They shuffled on their feet, but, yes, they knew a couple.

Then, after she had put the medicines away, she told us all—the Texans too—that we were maniacs, every one, but that we must be hungry maniacs, and that we would oblige her if we washed ourselves. She didn't ask the Texans if they'd stay for food; she simply told them she was going to get it ready. Whether they ate with us or not was up to them. When she went inside, her eyes were red, but she was smiling too.

And my father didn't ask them either about the jug, but simply brought it out when we were washed and sitting on some timbers, waiting. I understood this jug to hold a medicinal preparation, but it passed frequently between my father and the Texans, and the Texans wrinkled up their foreheads. They said some strange things came out of Iowa, all right.

In a little while my mother brought the food. We ate outdoors around a fire that we built before the house. It was getting on to sundown and the quail were calling to one another as they went to nest. That night we roasted chickens on my father's sword.

THE END

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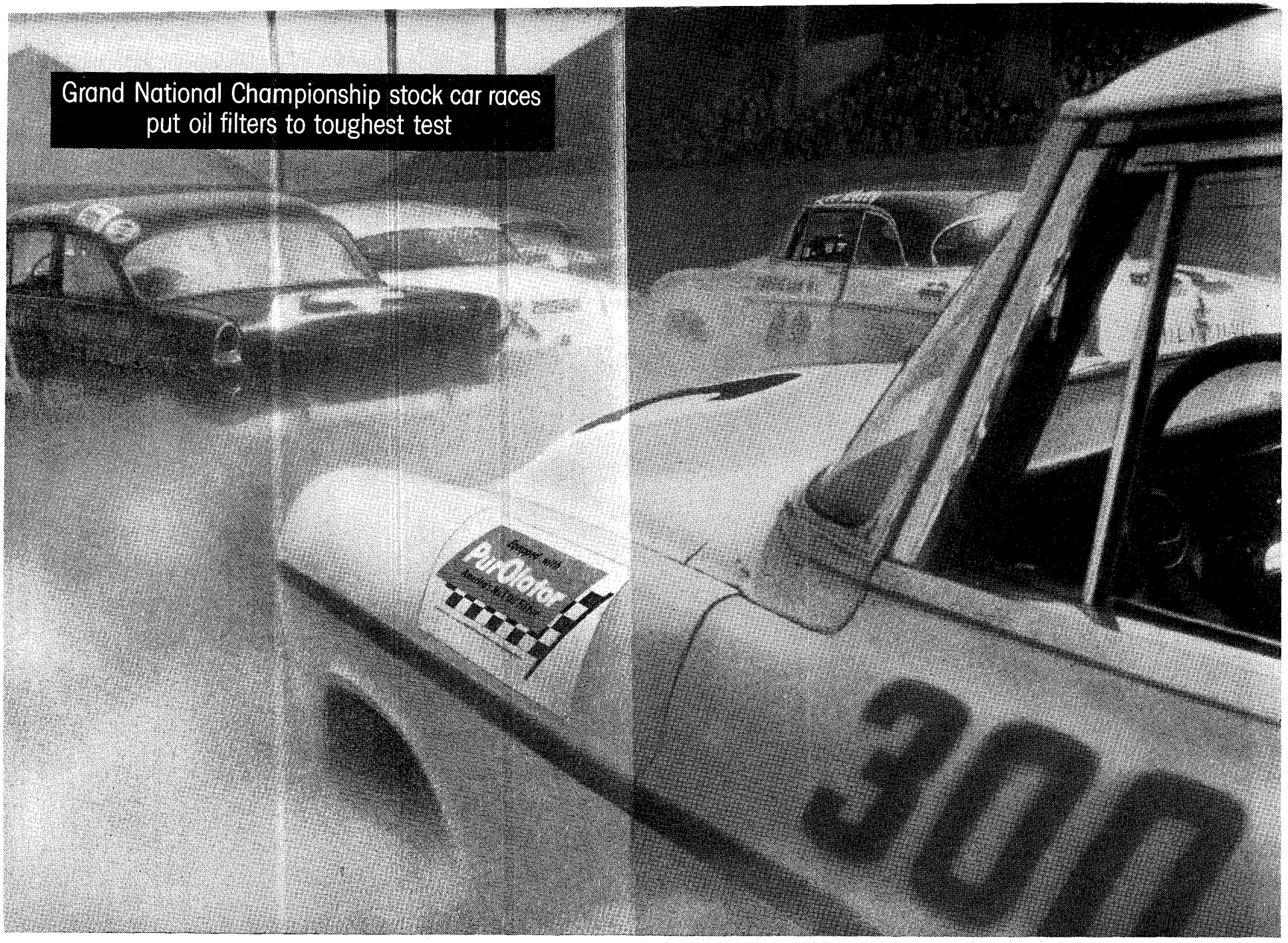

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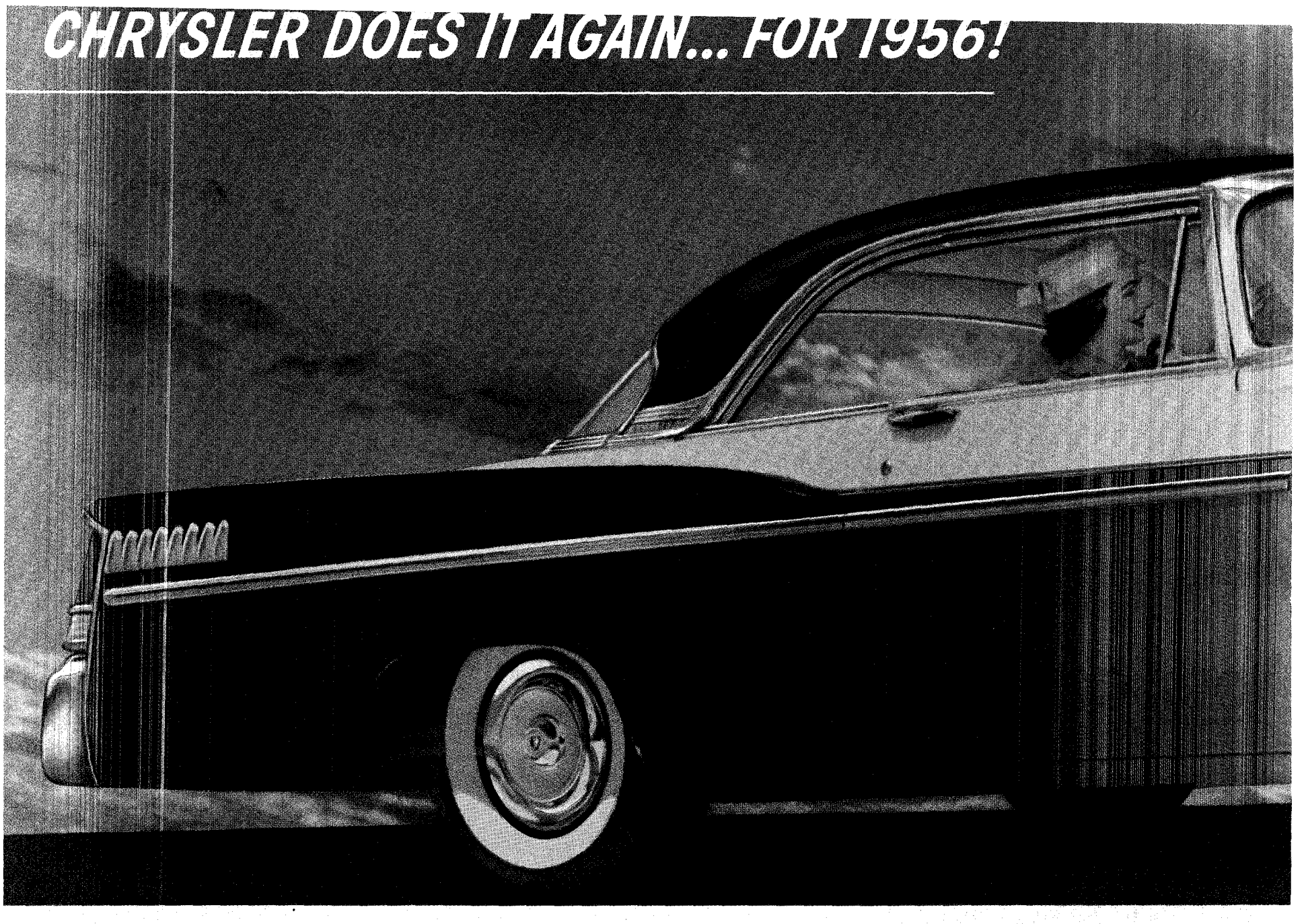

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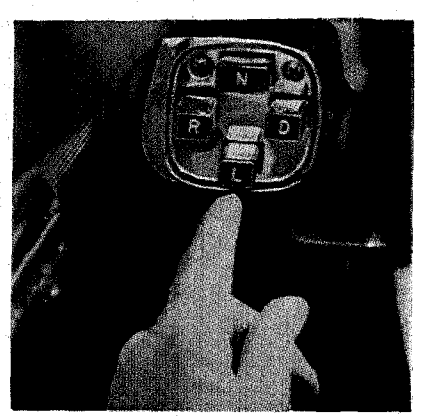

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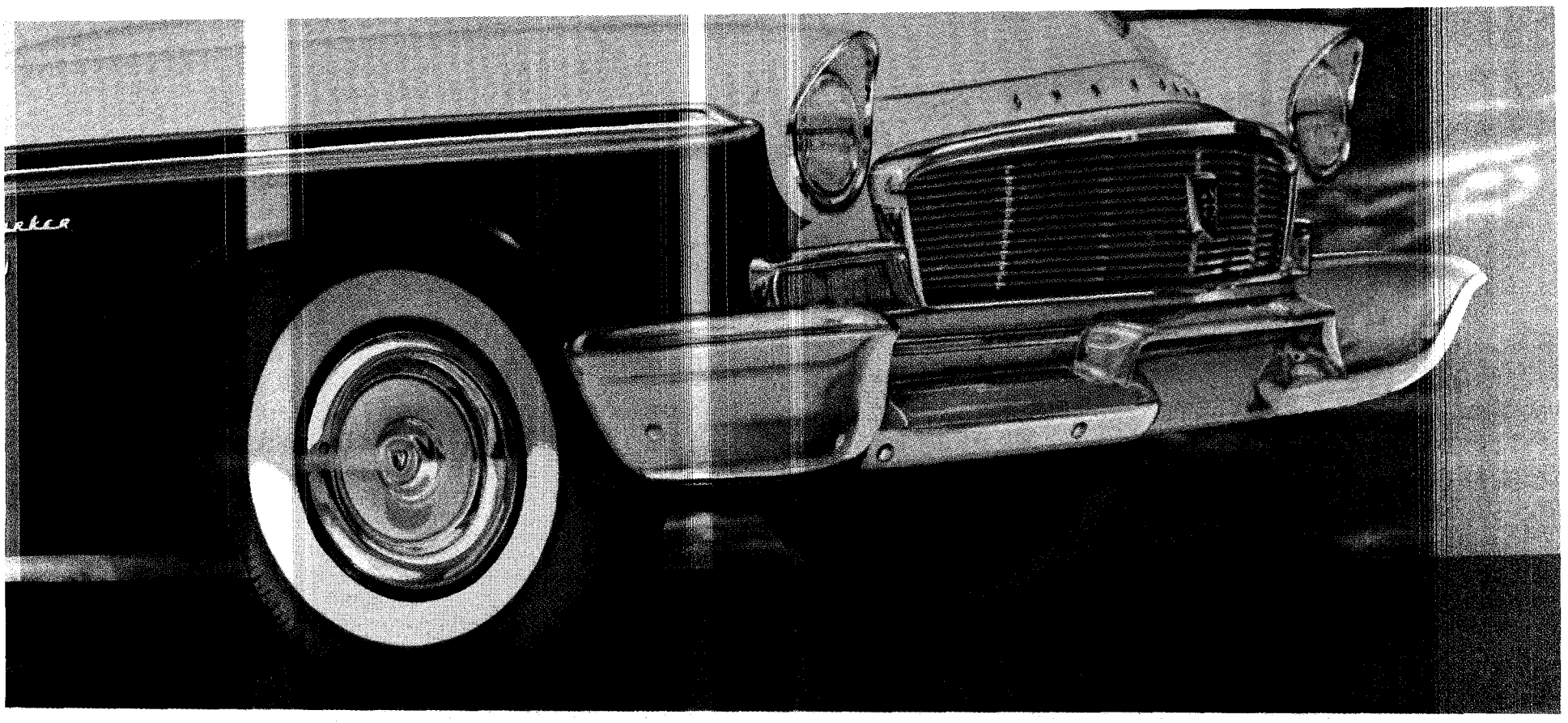

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Savage Killers of Africa

(Continued from Page 45)

unnoticed to within a few feet of a grazing antelope.

Although they are not ferocious toward humans, they are difficult to tame. In British East Africa, I heard of a Mr. C. Cade, a trapper and exporter of wild animals, who had four "tame" wild dogs. According to the reports, the dogs were gentle, and would come on command. One afternoon I drove out from Nairobi to see them. Mr. Cade had a pet lion cub, an African lynx and a half-grown aardvark wandering around his grounds when I arrived. But he laughed at the idea that his wild dogs were tame.

"You can't really tame them," he told me. "But I can let them run loose and bring them back. I'll show you how it's done."

The dogs were in a wire pen, covered on the top and bottom, for they can climb and dig. There were four of them, about two-thirds grown. As we came up, they wagged their long tails and whined to be let out, exactly like ordinary dogs. Cade opened the door, and the four animals came bounding over to greet us, leaping up on our trousers with their dirty paws, and crouching down humbly when scolded. Then they went racing off through the garden, returning at intervals to be patted and encouraged.

"What do you mean, they aren't tame?" I asked.

Cade shrugged. "I should have said 'trained.' I can't do a thing with the blokes. They won't come when called."

"How do you get them back, then?"

"That's simple." Cade shouted, and one of his native boys brought a chunk of horse meat wired to the end of a long pole. Cade swung the meat around his head, and in a flash all four dogs were jumping for it. They could bound six feet off the ground. When one of them got the meat, he locked his jaws in it, and Cade lifted him into the air and swung him around his head. Then the other dogs got their holds, and all four tugged the chunk until it was torn from the wire bindings.

"They have powerful jaws," Cade told me. "Except for the hyena, which can crack the leg bone of an ox to get the marrow, I believe they have the most powerful jaws of any animal their size."

Cade held up a large piece of meat in his hand, so that the dogs could jump for it. One of them missed, and his snapping teeth raked Cade's forearm. A strip of skin was sheared off. Cade paid no attention to his wound, and neither did the dog, which kept jumping for the meat.

"With those jaws," Cade said, "they can't or won't eat small pieces of meat. I have to throw them a big section. Two dogs get on either end and pull against each other until they've torn off mouthfuls. If I have to feed a single dog, I hold the other end of the meat and let the dog pull against me."

Cade's animals delighted in human companionship, and were eager to play. They seemed so friendly that I found it hard to believe that they couldn't be trained.

Cade shook his head. "For one thing, they're very nervous. You'll be walking along with your dog, and a car in the distance may honk its horn. The dog has a fit. Still, you can fire a gun over them and they pay no attention. Very curious. You can smack them when they get too rough, but real discipline is out of the question."

Cade believes that no animal has keener senses of smell and hearing than the wild dogs. A rancher trained one as a bird dog, and he showed amazing ability in locating coveys and finding wounded birds. But he usually ate his find.

No animal has a stronger feeling of loyalty to his group. In a wild-dog pack, each dog depends on the others for support. The so-called "wolf packs" in other lands are merely a pair of wolves with their half-grown offspring, although in times of famine large numbers of wolves may congregate. But an African dog pack averages twenty dogs, and some packs include 100.

In thick bush, the dogs operate like foxhounds. In open country they use varying techniques, depending on the nature of the quarry. When they approach a patch of cover, the pack swings downwind and tests the breeze. If their noses detect game hiding in the thicket, the pack prepares to draw the cover.

They take into consideration the lay of the land, the nature of the quarry, and the wind. If the game is apt to bolt easily, a few dogs wait in hiding downwind while the rest of the pack trot around to give the game their scent. As soon as the quarry bolts, the hounds waiting in ambush grab him. But if the game sits tight, then the dogs spread through the cover, uttering signal cries—they sound like bird calls—to keep from getting too far apart and leaving gaps in their line.

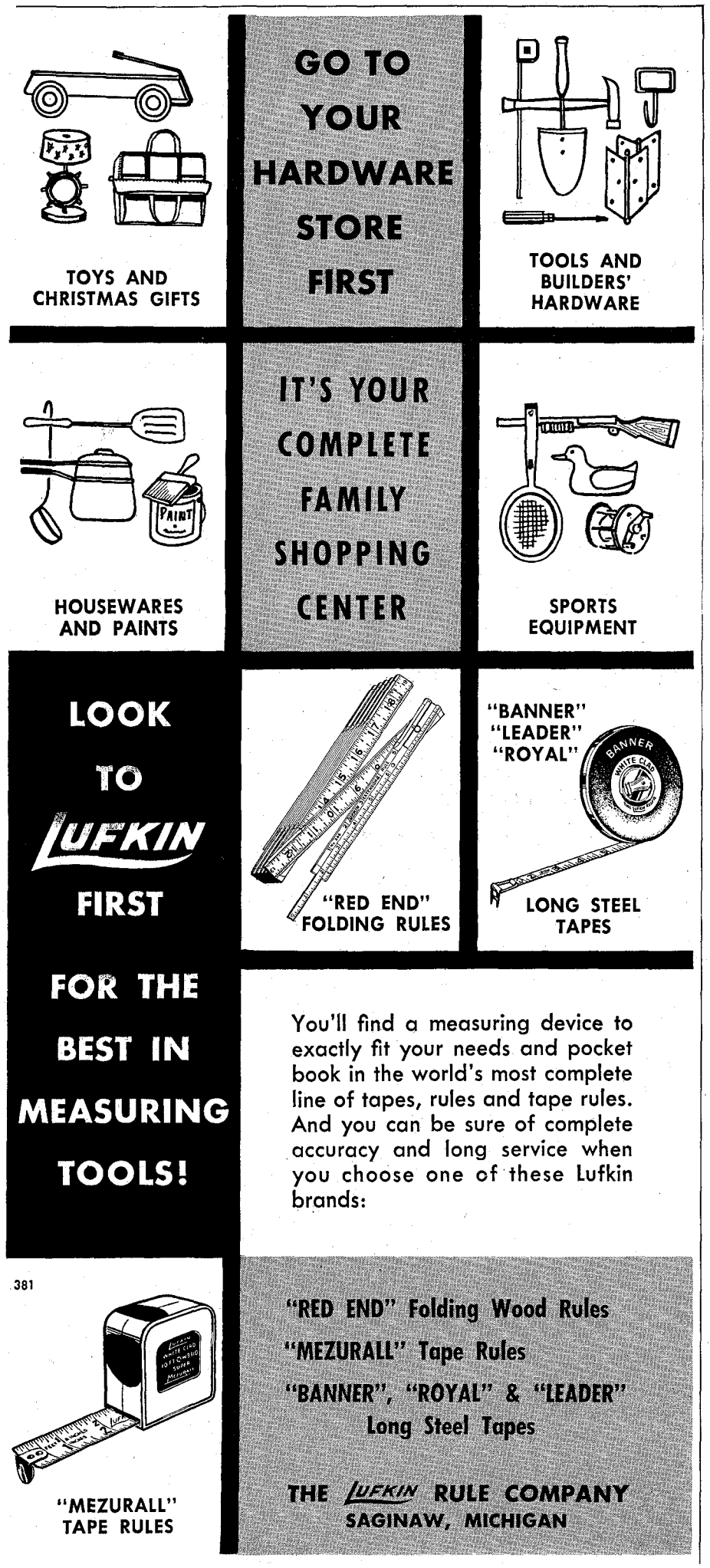
When the game is jumped, the nearest dogs give tongue—a canine "view halloo" that brings their comrades on the run. Meanwhile, the fastest dogs in the pack wait outside the thicket to intercept the fleeing game. If these sprinters miss, the pack sets out to run the quarry down. If it's a fast antelope, he soon outdistances the pack and brings them to their noses. Then the dogs settle down for a long hunt.

Although wild dogs are not as fast as most game animals, they can eventually run down anything. But they don't rely on stamina alone. At first, they run at their typical loping gait. When the quarry comes in sight, a single dog will break away from the pack and put on a burst of speed to make the tiring antelope spurt. As soon as the dog is winded he drops back, and another rushes forward. In this manner the game is constantly pressed to the limit while the dogs, working in relays, save themselves for the final rush.

As the quarry weakens, the pack opens out into a half-moon formation. Dogs on one side of the semicircle lag back, while those on the other side run faster to turn the quarry toward their friends. Eventually the antelope is forced to swerve and run past the rest of the pack. Then the dogs that have been holding back rush forward for the kill.

Sometimes an antelope tries to double back around the flanking dogs. To prevent this maneuver, a single dog, the pack's best runner, stays with the flankers to swing the quarry back. If the antelope does get around the flankers he may escape, for the dogs at the other end of the crescent are left far behind.

(Continued on Page 56)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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"John . . . daddy asked you if he ever told you what Teddy Roosevelt said to him when he was working on the Panama Canal."

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(Continued from Page 54)

The dogs don't always have to run down their game in a straightaway chase. In the early morning they may come across a fresh trail. If one of the younger dogs hits the scent, he speaks on it. The leader and some of the older dogs run over and check. The pack waits until the leader gives tongue. Then they fan out and start trailing, running silently to avoid alarming the game. When the scent becomes hot, the older dogs will give an occasional leap into the air, hoping to spy the game ahead. If the wind is right, the quarry has no idea he is being trailed, and will be found peacefully grazing.

Wild dogs don't stage a long chase unnecessarily. They quietly surround their unsuspecting victim on three sides, avoiding the downwind quarter. Then, one after another, they crawl forward on their bellies. If the antelope raises his head, all the dogs remain motionless until he resumes feeding. Eventually the antelope notices one of the dogs. Not sure what the motionless object may be, he stands staring at it. Instantly, two or three dogs behind him steal forward. When the antelope sees them, he bolts, often lunging into the thick of the waiting dogs.

If several antelopes are grazing together, the dogs cripple as many as they can and race off after the rest. The fastest dogs try to turn the herd in a circle, making the antelope mill about like cattle at a roundup. If the dog pack can surround a milling herd, all may be slaughtered.

But the dogs are not always successful. Oryxes will often form a circle, with the helpless young in the center, while the older animals stand guard around them. The dogs make rushes at the ring of long, black horns, trying to break up the formation. Sometimes a dog gets too close, and the horns go through him like rapiers.

Zebra stallions attack wild dogs on sight, rearing up and striking with their forefeet. Bushbuck fight on their knees to give their horns better play. Waterbuck will wade into a shallow river and take a stand there. An impala will occasionally throw off a pack of dogs by swimming a crocodile-infested stream. The dogs seem to know which rivers are inhabited by crocs, and refuse to follow. If the impala escapes the crocodiles, he is safe.

The dogs know that a male antelope can be crippled most quickly by an attack on the genitals. An experienced old wildebeest, attacked by dogs, will race for the nearest thornbush and shove his hindquarters into the prickly cover. Then he holds off the pack with his sweeping horns. Leopards are fond of dog meat, and will sometimes catch a puppy that has strayed too far. If the pup is heard to cry out, the pack will charge in and pull the kidnaper to pieces, even though several dogs are killed in the fight.

The best-known cry of the wild dog is the rallying call. This is not the long howl of a wolf, but a peculiar twittering note that carries a long distance. When a member of the pack sees an approaching enemy, he gives a single bark in warning. A dog striking a fresh track gives a short yelp to call others. Dogs around a fresh kill keep up a chattering noise, rather like monkeys, apparently to express satisfaction.

The amount a dog pack eats daily must be enormous. At Mr. Cade's ranch, his four dogs devoured three gazelles completely at one meal—about seventy-five pounds of meat. Ranchers have told me that dogs will cut a cow out of a herd, drive her into the bush, and eat her before the herdsmen can come up. Natives, who sometimes get meat by driving lions off fresh kills, have never been able to reach quarry killed by wild dogs before the carcass was picked clean.

At one time, farmers in Southern Rhodesia had to give up cattle ranching because of the dogs. The Kaffir tribes banded together to wipe out packs that were killing their cows, but the dogs were too cunning. In recent years, the British game commission has tried to reduce the number of dogs, without success.

The packs move all over Africa, from the Cape to Abyssinia. They can't be trapped, because they don't settle down in one place. They can travel 100 miles in twenty-four hours, and they are continually on the move. Game animals which pay little attention to lions are in terror of dogs, and will scatter as soon as a pack appears in the neighborhood. So the dogs must constantly seek new hunting grounds.

They can't be wiped out by poisoned bait. In the hot African sun, bait spoils quickly, and wild dogs won't touch anything except fresh meat. When game is plentiful, they eat only what they have killed themselves.

The most effective way of controlling the dogs is to shoot them from an automobile.

Halloween Visitor

By Betty Jane Balch

Tonight when the moon is
soaring high,
And the broomstick set
invades the sky,
I'm expecting, as the wee
ghosts moan,
The only witch I've ever
known.
She will be small, but fierce
and hissing,
Complete with broom, and
front teeth missing,
(The latter quite
appropriate
For witches who are under
eight).
Though I suspect her bored
black cat
Is local, I'll not mention
that.
Tonight I'll be convinced
that soon
They'll rise and sweep
across the moon.

They are fascinated by cars, and the people in them. My wife and I were driving near Narok when a pack of wild dogs came from the bush and ran alongside our vehicle. When we stopped the car, the dogs stood around, wagging their tails. David Sheldrick, a white hunter, told me that he once shot nineteen out of a pack of twenty-two dogs from a car. They seemed unable to believe that he was an enemy.

Many naturalists believe that the dogs do more good than harm. Mr. Mervyn Cowie, director of the Royal National Parks of Kenya, does not allow his rangers to kill dogs. He believes that by scattering the herds of game the dogs prevent inbreeding and keep diseases from spreading. The packs themselves are held down by tick fever and distemper.

Wild dogs have been bred to domestic types several times, but the crossings have been sterile. Fanciers still hope to produce an animal with the steady temperament of the domestic dog, plus the strength and intelligence of the wild variety. If they ever succeed, they will create one of the finest breeds in Kennel Club history.

THE END

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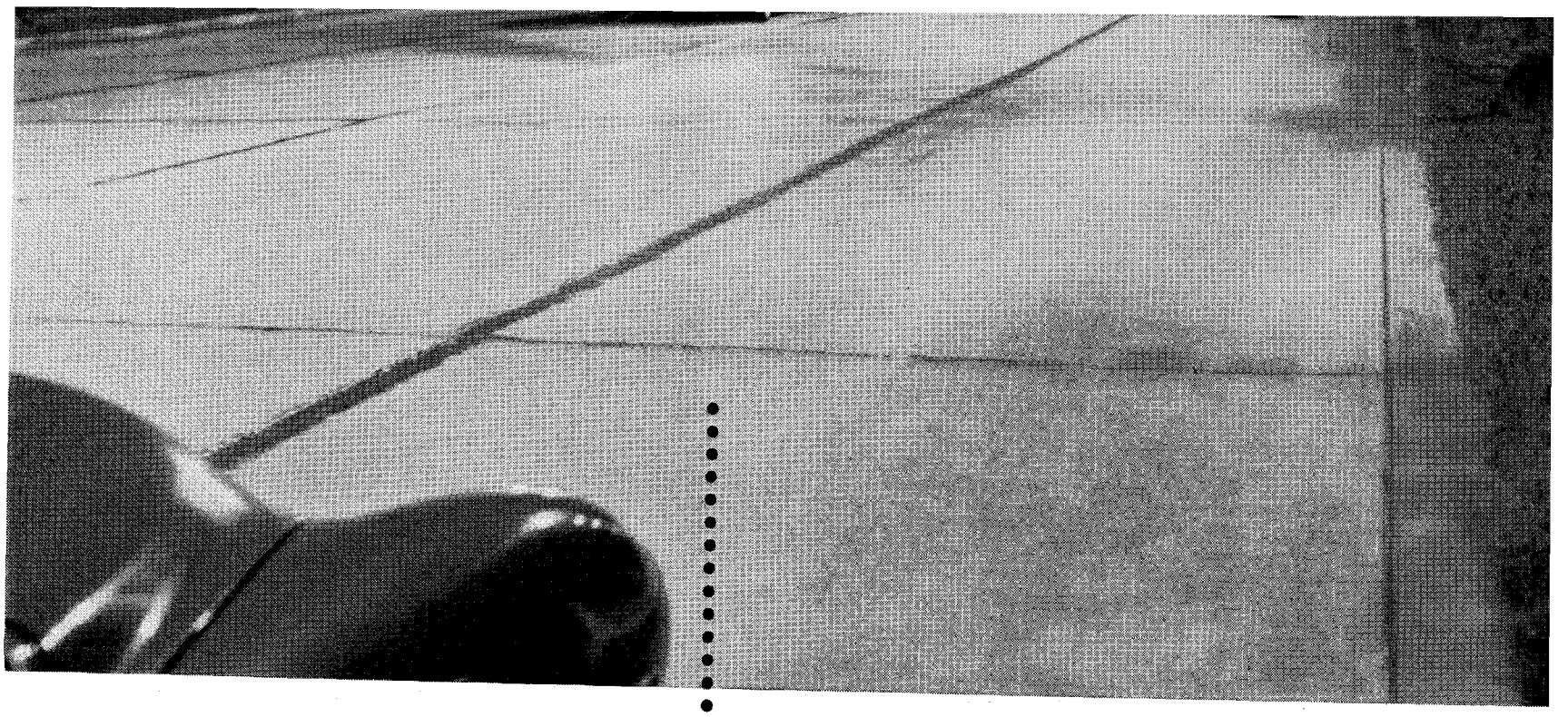
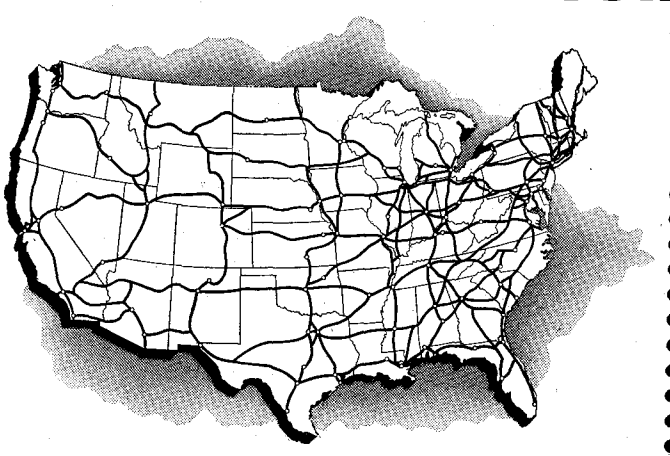


There's no **blackout** at night on concrete



The National System of Interstate Highways (above) is a 40,000-mile network of main roads reaching every state, 42 state capitals and connecting 182 of the 199 cities with more than 50,000 population. Comprising about 1% of the nation's road mileage, it carries 20% of the rural traffic. Important roads like these should be paved with concrete for safer, easier nighttime driving.

Confidence. Freedom from tension. These are yours when you drive at night on light-colored, high light-reflecting concrete. *You can't be safe when you can't see.* Not only is there no blackout at night on concrete, but there is greater safety in concrete's gritty, skid-resistant surface that grips your tires when you apply the brakes, making it easy to slow down or stop even in the rain.

Concrete is not only the safest pavement, but the most economical. It usually costs less to build than other pavements designed for the same traffic, costs less to maintain and lasts much longer. Low first cost, low maintenance cost and long life combine to make concrete the ***low-annual-cost*** pavement. Support your highway department to get long-service, low-annual-cost roads. Send for free book, "*Save Lives, Save Dollars with Concrete*," distributed only in U. S. and Canada.

PORTLAND CEMENT ASSOCIATION
Dept. A10e-91, 33 West Grand Avenue, Chicago 10, Illinois
A national organization to improve and extend the uses of *portland cement* and concrete . . . through scientific research and engineering field work.

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Out of This New and Exclusive
The World's Most Modern Tire

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Precision-Bladed Mold Comes . . . Firestone

De Luxe Champion Tubeless

STANDARD EQUIPMENT ON 1956 CARS

YOU get tomorrow's advanced style, tomorrow's greater safety, tomorrow's improved silence and tomorrow's longer mileage when you put new Firestone De Luxe Champion Tubeless Tires on your car, because this tire of tomorrow is completely new in concept as well as in design and construction. It is the only non-premium tire on the market today that was created and built from tread to bead as a tubeless tire, not merely as an adaptation of a conventional tire with tube. And America's greatest automobile manufacturers have adopted it to match the other safety features of their 1956 models.

A completely new concept in tread design was necessary to meet the needs of increasingly higher-powered cars. Squealing on turns and hum and whine on the road had to be designed out of this tread. At the same time, it had to give superior traction, the ultimate in non-skid safety, and mileage better than tires formerly used on lower-powered cars. Firestone created the exclusive new Silent-Ride Safety-Grip Tread, and experimental models proved it to be the answer to the tire-manufacturer's dreams.

Precision-Bladed Tire Mold Is Exclusive Firestone Development

Some of America's greatest and most experienced makers of tire molds told us this tread pattern was so intricate that it would be impossible to build a mold which would reproduce this tread design. However, the performance of this tread was so superior that Firestone production technicians refused to take "no" for an answer. They tackled the problem themselves, and improved the art of precision casting which made possible a mold that reproduces the Silent-Ride Safety-Grip Tread with pin-point accuracy.

New Factory Built to Make Safety-Tensioned Gum-Dipped Cord Body

A new and different kind of cord body had to be made through which no air could escape. A whole new factory had to be built, which is occupied by just one huge machine, to make the exclusive Safety-Tensioned Gum-Dipped Tire Cord for Firestone Tubeless Tires. This process has proved so successful that Firestone also has adopted it for use in its premium-priced tires.

A wholly new type of bead had to be invented to form an air-tight seal with the wheel. Firestone research men solved that problem by designing a bead so strong and fitted to the rim with such safety precision that it cannot be distorted even under the most severe driving conditions.

Backed by Firestone's 55 years of leadership in experience and know-how, the new Firestone De Luxe Champion Tubeless Tire is the world's most modern tire. You can put a set of them on your present car without changing wheels or rims and at the same price as a conventional tire and tube. Or, when you buy a new car, you can specify that you want it delivered equipped with Firestone De Luxe Champion Tubeless Tires.

YOUR FIRESTONE DEALER OR STORE GUARANTEES SATISFACTION

Whenever you buy tires, be sure to buy them from a Firestone Dealer or Store. There you will find experienced men whose business is tires, tire experts who know how to mount tires correctly; make permanent, precision repairs when necessary and help you get out of your tires all of the safety and mileage that Firestone builds into them. When you need tire service, get *expert* tire service at your nearby Firestone Dealer or Store.

Enjoy the Voice of Firestone on radio or television every Monday evening over ABC

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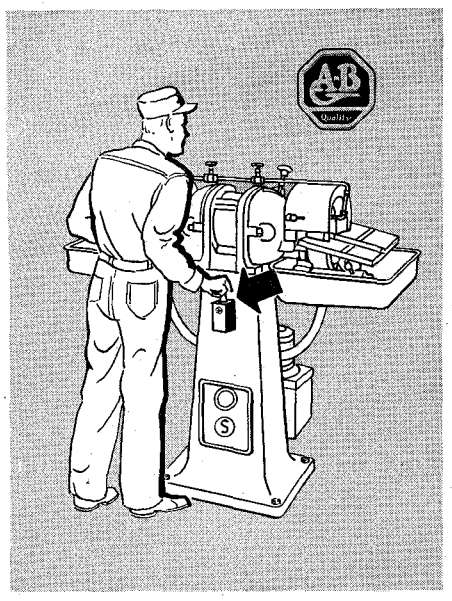
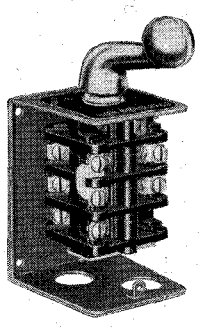


DRUM SWITCHES

FOR

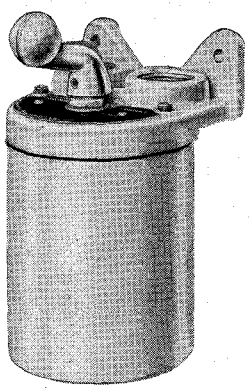
MOTOR STARTING,
REVERSING,
SPEED CHANGE,
AND PILOT CONTROL



Drum switches are often used for manual reversing or speed control duty. Allen-Bradley has a big line of drum controls up to 300 hp, 220 v; 500 hp, 440-550 v, listed in the A-B Handy Catalog.

Drum switch in general purpose enclosure with enclosing cover removed.

Bulletin 806 drum switch shown above is popular for instrument switching, for circuit transfer service, and for master control of magnetic starters. Write for complete data, today.



Allen-Bradley small drum switch in watertight NEMA Type 4 enclosure.

Allen-Bradley Co.
138 W. Greenfield Ave., Milwaukee 4, Wis.

In Canada—
Allen-Bradley Canada Ltd., Galt, Ont.

A-B Quality

ALLEN-BRADLEY

QUALITY
MANUAL MOTOR CONTROLS

They Made Their Own Country Club

(Continued from Page 39)

depreciated buildings, was only $130,000. The course is eighteen holes, more than 6000 yards long, par 70. It is a pretty links, and when the young trees which members planted have matured to match the remaining trees from an old woods, the course could be classically beautiful. A sizable stream crosses six fairways. The terrain is rolling. This year for the first time the fairways are carpeted with reasonably lush, solid turf. The greens are still spotted with a dwarf meadow grass, but they are smooth and the basic bent grass is well established. The National Open may not be played here in the foreseeable future, but Conestoga is a good-playing course with a full share of the traps and hazards that suffering golfers always arrange to induce their own headaches. It is a country-club course, considerably above the average flat and easy-to-play public course.

Since April of this year Conestoga has been a closed club. With something more than 300 members, it is taking no new applications. Aside from the playing course, the club facilities are concededly crowded by this full membership. But the new clubhouse will replace the existing makeshift which the amateur builders contrived very nicely out of a farmhouse. The pro shop is the former farm slaughtering shed and smokehouse, extended and partitioned by the pro himself, with the help of members. A men's-locker annex and an implement building are new, but they also were partly built by member labor, and contain materials which were shaped by members, begged, borrowed, liberated or closely dickered for. One of them, for example, does not have orthodox I-beams. Old railroad rails were used instead.

A basic part of club golf is a nineteenth hole, a place where members can relax and relive their heroic battles with par, exchange atrocious lies and exaggerations and by shrewd poor-mouthing make sly attempts to arrange soft matches for the next time out. The installation of lockers drove Conestoga's nineteenth hole out of the main building and posed a need for space. But the club has an unbroken record of meeting any need with an expedient. They bought a carnival tent. They bought it at a deep discount. They also bought it with the provision that the seller would buy it back at half price when their new clubhouse was ready. So they have a nineteenth hole, cheaper than rent.

The club members who built Conestoga with scanty resources and their own hands had to give up golf for two years in order to achieve the golf they wanted. They took no formal vows. Whenever they had time for a golf game they simply renounced the pleasure and instead went out to work on the farmland they were turning into a country club. For a brief time, when the work was most pressing, they agreed to fine themselves five dollars for any relapse into golf instead of work. According to the minimum known hours recorded, 125 members thus exchanged 18,340 hours of fun for that much voluntary labor.

But golf addicts can lay off the stuff only so long, and the Conestogans eventually broke down and opened their course as soon as it remotely resembled a finished links. On June 1, 1948, four devoted members and laborers hit the first official balls from the first official tee as a crowd of their fellows roared. Clair Alexander, one of the better golfers, hit a respectable shot well over the creek 100 yards in front of the tee. So did Harold Frey. Wilmer Gingrich also carried the creek, but hooked into it farther out where the watercourse curled to parallel the fairway. Howard Seitz, alas, dumped one directly into the water. Conestoga was open—four shots, two penalties, but who cared?

There was then no sod, so the players carried wooden tees and teed up every fairway shot lest they damage a single incipient sprout of bluegrass. The rough was equally infant so they also teed up in the rough with wooden tees, and since the sand traps were merely holes without sand, they teed up in the traps too. Many of them wish they could still do so. But even at this raw stage Conestoga was already a miraculous success, and as a club it was not even very young.

The ancestral rootlets go back beyond 1933 to a public golf course just north of town on the Lititz Road. This was, and still is, the Overlook daily-fee public course, and what happened there at first was something that occurs at many public courses. Some players play often and play well, and when they do they tend to seek out one another, forming a clubby inner circle of regular foursomes. This occurred at Overlook. About thirty regular golfers not only enjoyed beating one another but began to believe that the best among them could do well against other public-course teams and perhaps even country-club teams.

Ambitions like this require an entity, so the Overlook regulars acquired one. They obtained a charter as a nonprofit corporation with the name Overlook Country

GIVE NOW
TO YOUR COMMUNITY CHEST

Club, which was much later changed to the present Conestoga. This was partly a gag, partly window-dressing so the Overlook teams could enter state-wide events with the prestige, if hollow, of a country-club name. But it was practical, too, because the group had rented an upstairs room from the owner of Overlook and it was necessary to collect dues to finance the rent.

The minutes of club meetings at this period—the big dream had not yet been born—record some weighty transactions. Dues were a dollar a year, and at the end of one good year the treasury reported a clear seven dollars. A hot-dog and corn-roast party was held and a profit of $1.52 was earned. A four-man golf team was voted two dollars' worth of golf balls to play a match.

They had fun. They played golf, played cards, gave small dances, held family picnics, and gradually increased their small membership. The prospect of one day owning their own quarter-million-dollar club would have appalled them. Several years passed, and then the owner of Overlook said he planned to sell the course and was willing to give the Overlook C. C. an option on it. It was a pretty vague option and it was never taken up, but it did raise a vision.

The club members, still numbering fewer than 100, took this vision seriously. It was clear that out of their own pockets they could not raise the price of even the modest Overlook course, whatever it might be—the option did not say. They could hardly borrow the money, and they could think of only one alternative—to earn it. So they set about canvassing Lancaster for business opportunities susceptible of ownership and management by and profits for a group of people associated in a little club. They discovered that Lancaster was short of bowling alleys.

Could they, as a club and consequently loosely functioning by committees, operate a bowling center? They decided they could, and by scratching deep they raised almost $100 each, for which they were issued notes. In this way a little less than $10,000 was raised. Twenty-two first-class bowling alleys would cost $45,000, far cheaper than a country club, but a mighty investment for a handful of golfers. They plunged, using their $10,000 as a down payment and renting the third floor of a downtown building. The Overlook Country Club, with its misfit name—they never overlooked anything—now operated the Overlook Recreation Center. Managed by a nonprofit corporation, the object was profits—to buy a golf course. It was successful. By 1947 the alleys had been paid for, the notes had been paid off and it looked as if the venture would produce a dependable income of about $10,000 a year.

Perhaps the biggest profit at the time was self-confidence. The golfers had succeeded in business, and nothing now looked too difficult. But the weak option on the Overlook golf course exploded when the property was sold to another buyer. Thus, in 1946, with their new prosperity taking shape, the Overlookers changed their shining goal. They would not buy a golf course, they would build one. Clair Alexander, a soap salesman who was then president, was assigned to find a site. He donned his shabbiest clothes, rehearsed himself in sounding poor, and looked about. After weeks of quiet scouting he found and obtained a ninety-seven-acre farm, to which were added two smaller parcels, the present site of Conestoga.

The Conestogans—they changed their name after the Overlook option was voided—now owned land. This was an enormous advance for a little social club that a few years earlier had lived on dollar dues, but it was a mere preliminary and a precarious one. The property cost $34,000 altogether, and the club possessed only a third of that. So a new issue of notes was offered to members and friends and, in fact, anyone who could buy. Meanwhile members chopped away at the gross cost of their land. They borrowed equipment to harvest and sell the standing crops. They sold one of the two farmhouses on the property and a few building lots to insulate the course against a public road that bordered one corner. They held an auction and disposed of a barn and tobacco shed. When these deals were all turned, they had 118 acres at a net cost of $11,000, an excellent bargain.

The sale of notes was disappointing. It eventually produced only $44,000, and golf architects were making offers to lay out and build the golf course alone at $100,000 and up, a frightening prospect. Conestogan self-confidence quivered a little. The foundations of a new clubhouse that was blithely launched were quietly bulldozed out of sight and the project abandoned. The remains lie somewhere under the sod near the present ninth tee.

A worried delegation called on a well-known golf architect, William Gordon, and explained that if he would lay out the course they would build it themselves. He told them flatly they couldn't do it. He said it was ridiculous, but in the end he admitted, with some wonderment, "I really believe you mean it." Gordon agreed to produce the plans and recommended a supervisor, who became the only paid employee connected with the project.

The Conestogans did mean it, and Gordon later described the effort as incredible. It was. It started with a truck, a tractor and a supply of axes. The truck was so ancient a dealer gave it to the earnest club members. The tractor was a venerable iron-wheeled model. It cost fifty dollars at a junkyard and two years later they sold it to another junkyard for fifty dollars. The axes were (Continued on Page 64)

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THE CHILLIER PART OF CHILE is where the hardiest of windswept sheep produce sturdy and resilient Punta wool. It gives enduring strength to the exclusive blend in smart Pan-American Tweeds.

MORE LEISURELY AND LANGUID SHEEP from the warmer plains of Argentina are equally serious about *their* job of growing silky Corriente wool for the softness of Pan-American Tweeds.

Wonderful softness and Spartan hardiness in

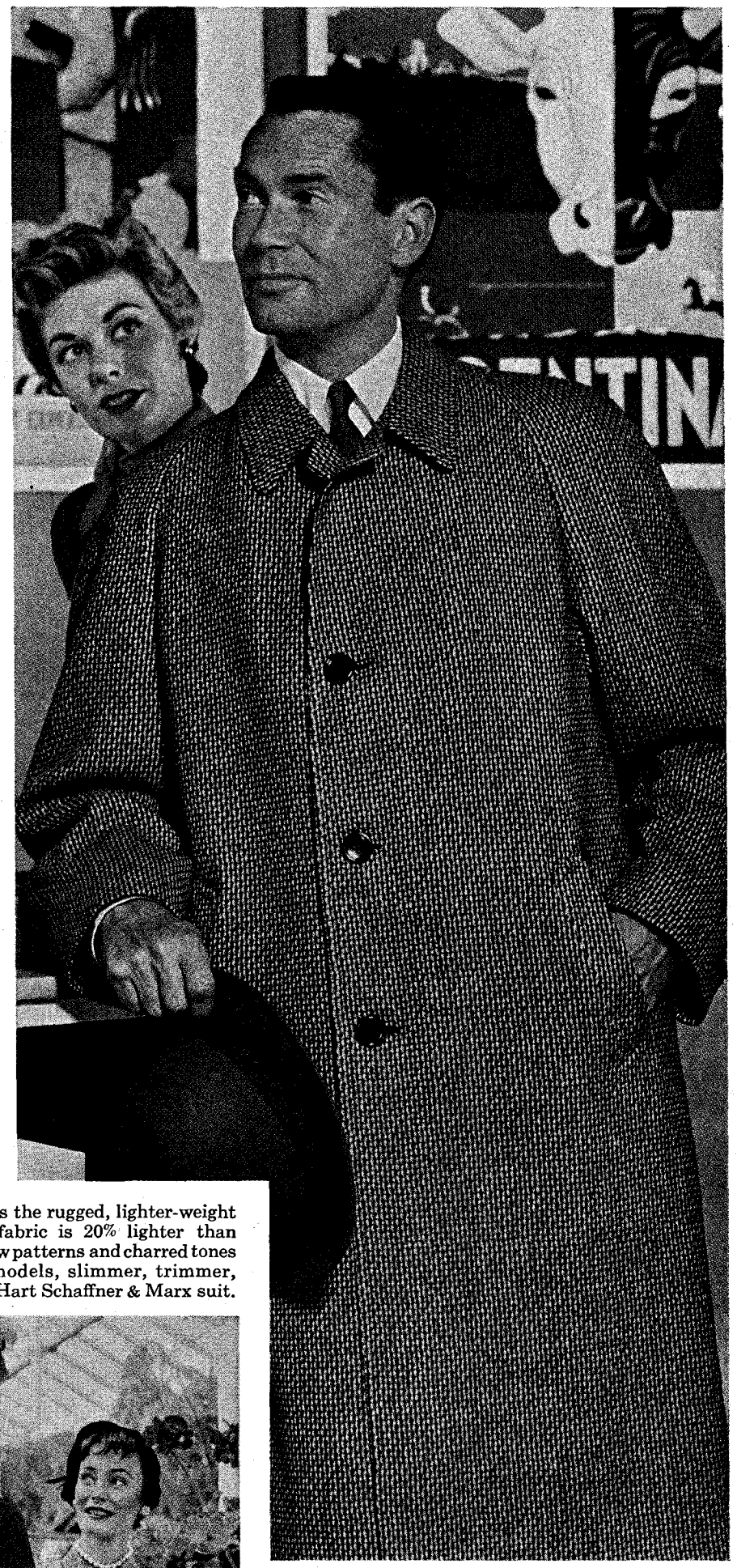
PAN-AMERICAN TWEEDS

Soft Argentinean fleece and sturdy Chilean wool combine in nation's top-favorite tweeds

AMERICANS are certainly choosy about their tweeds, and nobody knows it better than Hart Schaffner & Marx who are pretty choosy, themselves. They'll tell you there are only two breeds of sheep in the world talented enough to produce the wools for Pan-American Tweed suits and topcoats.

One breed chose to settle down in the southernmost tip of Chile, the Punta region's cold and windy plains. Their wool is rugged as all get out, and resilient as a mainspring. The *other* breed leads a less hardy life but is no less special. They mosey around the more temperate Corriente district of the Argentine, and their fleece is luxuriously soft and silky. When these two wools are blended and woven together, you get the wonderful softness and Spartan hardiness of Pan-American tweeds, and their beauty is legendary.

And now, the season's *new* news is Pan-American tweeds in a lighter weight than ever...actually 20% lighter than our standard weight...and in new, rich and livelier charred tones. There's wizardry in this season's tailoring of new and taller lines, and it all adds up to a natural look of straight-up-and-down trimness. So get into your choosiest mood, because you've never had a wider choice of Pan-American tweeds to choose from!



LOSS OF WEIGHT IS MOST BECOMING, and the proof is in lighter-than-ever Pan-American Tweeds for "naturally" styled Trend-model sport coats. This one features a new, mid-tone idea in a gray-brown dot-check design.

LIGHTWEIGHT AMERICAN CHAMPION is the rugged, lighter-weight Pan-American Tweed suit. The fabric is 20% lighter than standard Pan-American. See the new patterns and charred tones in 3-button, center-vent Trend models, slimmer, trimmer, straighter. And don't overlook *her* Hart Schaffner & Marx suit.

NOW IN TOWN OFTENER THAN EVER are Pan-American Tweed topcoats by Hart Schaffner & Marx, preferred above any other tweed by American men. Rugged and casual, Pan-American Tweeds are at their handsome best in raglan-sleeve styles. New patterns and colors are perfect with your charred tone suits.

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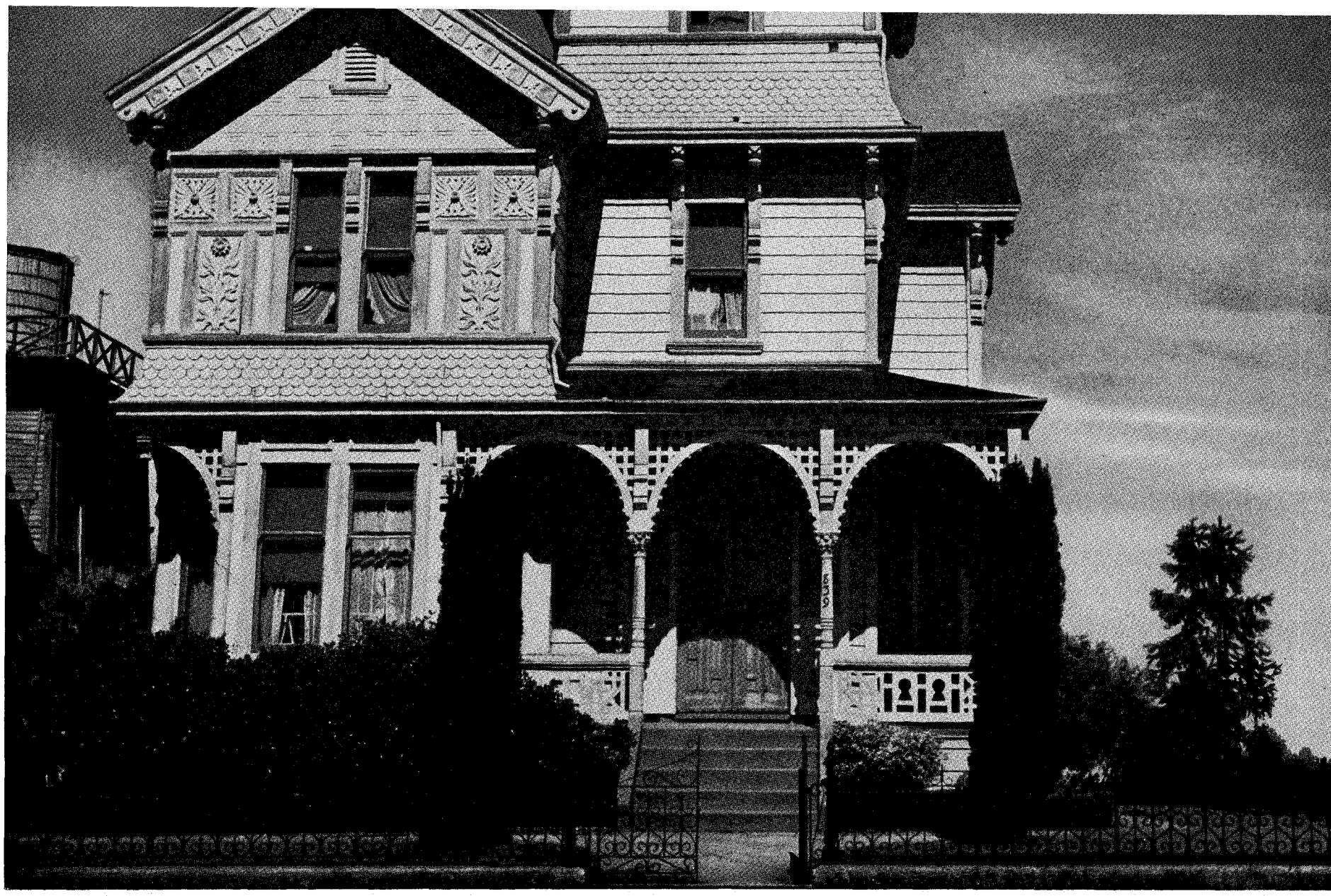

How Equitable's Living Insurance has

Back in the old days, the average owner of a mortgaged home had reason to be fearful.

If he lost his job or met with financial reverses, he was in immediate danger of a forced sale. And if he died before his mortgage was paid, his widow and children might have to move to smaller quarters.

In either event, there just wasn't any kind of plan which guaranteed real protection for homeowners by combining a mortgage loan with insurance coverage.

The lack of such a plan was first recognized by The Equitable. For it has always been The Equitable's guiding philosophy that the major responsibility of an insurance company is to offer services that fulfill the needs of the living, and the needs of ever-changing times.

A MODERN CONCEPT

In 1910, Equitable introduced a plan that marked a great forward step in home financing. Today it still remains the most dynamic concept ever developed in its field.

It is called the Assured Home Ownership Plan (or AHO). This plan can give a man the assurance that his house will remain the property of his family as long as they wish.

AHO lends the money to finance a home. Regular payments guarantee that the mortgage will be paid in full whether the owner lives or dies. And *if* he should die before

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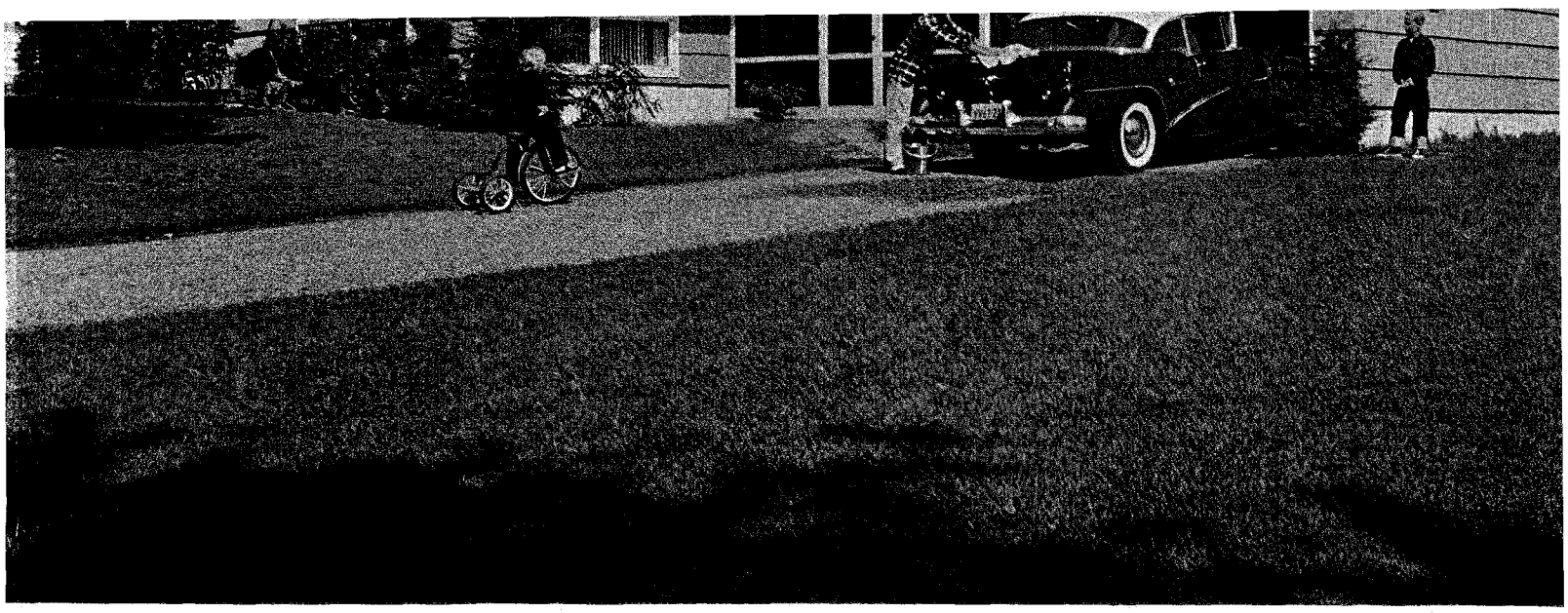

›rightened the picture for homeowners

ompleting payments, not only will his family own their ome outright, but all money paid to reduce the mortgage ‹ill then be returned to them.

PROVED BY 45 YEARS SERVICE

n the 45 years since its inception, AHO has brought benefit fter benefit to 250,000 American homeowners who have ualified for the plan. Through AHO, they have discovered –for themselves and their families—a unique type of secu- ity in homeownership.

Here is a service typical of so many brought to the public ›r the first time by The Equitable. *Here is Living Insurance ı action!*

LIVING INSURANCE *by* EQUITABLE

The Equitable Life Assurance Society of the United States.
Home address: 393 Seventh Avenue, New York 1, N. Y.

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(Continued from Page 60) provided by members who used them, and one member became an ax-sharpening specialist. Ropes and chains simply appeared, and no one asked how or whence, and perhaps it was a good thing. A plow and a disk were borrowed from neighboring farmers.

The upland parts of the main farm were open fields and not too forbidding. But along the stream where six nonexistent fairways were to cross, the land was solid woodland, perhaps 200 yards wide. Trees had to be felled, uprooted, carted and burned or sold as lumber. A minimum estimate of the number taken out is 2000, not counting saplings. Club members were not woodsmen or farmers or manual laborers. They were white-collar workers, factory-shift workers, salesmen, agents, and doctors. They had to learn about calluses.

They made a ludicrous start. Since the stream was not bridged, the first chore was to build a bridge out of the first trees to go down. The very first was cut so that it stretched from bank to bank, and out along the trunk in celebration raced member Charlie Moffett. Midway across, he fell in. But this was no bad omen. In the thousands of hours of amateur labor expended on the club there were few mishaps. There were subsequently only one sprained ankle, a few nonserious gashes, a couple of dozen rope burns and innumerable blisters and bruises.

The first bridge was good enough to carry a fifteen-ton bulldozer. Four more were built and rebuilt—with discarded poles from a utility company. A pig trough was salvaged as a water basin. At two places on the course where iced drinking water is now available the water is remarkably sweet—the barrels were scrounged from a sirup manufacturer. An old two-burner kitchen stove that was left behind was used by wives and women members to prepare hundreds of meals for the laboring men. Everyone worked when he could and would. Men arrived at the changing farm scene from factory day shifts, night shifts, before intermediate shifts, or from offices or sales trips. Family picnics were held on weekends, and children and guests were impressed into labor. On a single day there were as many as eighty people felling trees, clearing and burning brush, weeding, cooking, laying water pipes or whatever was current and pressing. Groups advanced slowly up embryo fairways stretched in thin lines like native bushbeaters, picking and piling stones to be hauled away in the dilapidated truck.

There was a mild effort to keep track of who worked how long, but the chart for the purpose which hung on the farmhouse wall was not meaningful. Everyone was working for free, for golf and club. Charles Dyer and Harold Frey, at about 600 hours each, doubtless put in the most time, but there were some who refused to record their efforts.

There were contributions besides work. A case or two of beer was kept in a tub at the farmhouse, with a money box alongside for purchases on the honor system. Frequently more money was left in the box than beer was taken. Someone—often John Martin or Wilmer Gingrich—regularly delivered free ice on a car bumper, and sometimes the beer itself was a gift from a temporarily flush member. Mrs. Phyllina Harnish, a member who has since died, was a heroine of the kitchen. She marshaled the food that was brought ready to serve or prepared there and usually freely given by the sender, and she saw to it that the fairway laborers had meals. They were simple, perhaps only heavy soups and coffee, but they were hot. All that was required was word that someone was working on a given day, and a volunteer kitchen staff would be there.

The work was real. Harold Frey, a bank vice-president and not accustomed to chopping trees or digging ditches, found his hands so enlarged by toil that he could not get his fingers into his favorite bowling ball. Some of the members, after working in loose moccasins or sneakers, had the same experience with their street-shoe sizes. They had worked themselves into bigger feet.

There were no inviolable commitments to work, only promises that members made to themselves and to one another, and, on the whole, these were faithfully kept. There were, for example, the three temporary bachelors who had dinner together one night and did not end a convivial evening until two A.M. They were afraid to go home to bed because they might not then wake up in time to arrive at seven A.M. at the golf course, which they had agreed to do. So they went to the farmhouse, slept on the floor for an hour and started clearing trees shortly after three A.M. They were still there at seven P.M.

If some of the members appeared indestructible, the doubtful equipment they used also held up remarkably well. Iron Mike, the fifty-dollar tractor, worked every open inch of the acreage with borrowed disk, harrow and roller. A member who was a mechanic was always able to get the elderly machine running. Only two things were hired for money. A chain saw was finally rented and a bulldozer was hired from a contractor, complete with operator.

But the operator was Dick Funk, a Conestoga member, and when his regular day as the contractor's employee was served out, he kept going for hours as a gift to the club.

Lancaster industries made a great many contributions to the construction job. When a special problem called for special tools or materials they would soon show up from Armstrong Cork, Hamilton Watch, the Pennsy Railroad, Sperry Corporation or other Lancaster plants—on loan. And there were members to deal with the special problems. Members who were Pennsylvania Railroad maintenance men were expert at organizing gangs. Angelo Mengali took care of all the welding. Fred Walker and John Good were experienced electricians who whipped the pumping station into shape.

Under the persistent beaverish attack the golf course gradually took shape until the major work lay in conditioning and beautifying. This was by no means the least chore. The Conestogans had already cut out 2000 to 4000 trees. Now they set about planting at least an equal number. Scouts reported sources, and groups of members, on the scent of a bargain or a donation, went out swiftly to exploit the chance. A new section of the Pennsylvania Turnpike was cutting through a farmer's land and he advised a member that the right of way contained a lot of young dogwood trees. Conestoga members rushed in ahead of the turnpike bulldozers and dug up hundreds of dogwoods and other trees, returned and planted them where they were needed.

Another farmer was found who would sell conifers from a hillside very cheaply. The Conestogans shouldered spades and obtained 800. It was agreed that good-sized, desirable hardwoods were needed to landscape several bare tees, and it would be painful for the club treasury to buy them at the best deal available, $16.50 each. So members who could each donated a pin oak or paired up with a fellow member to donate half a tree apiece.

By the middle of 1953 Conestoga looked very much as if it had it made. Golf was under way on fair turf, and a heavy fertilizer program was in sight for the following year. Financially the prospect was equally happy. Although the sale of notes had been disappointing—the largest individual purchase was $3000—there had been money coming in from expansion of the membership, even though dues are moderate and there is no initiation fee. Most important, the bowling alleys, their one big asset, were yielding the income on which a new clubhouse would depend.

As the autumn season opened in 1953 the recreation center got off to a good start. Alley time was, as it had been from the beginning, so taken up with industrial-league commitments that the Conestoga members who bowled had long since had to form their own league to get on their own alleys. Conestoga luck up to this time had been reasonably good. But on a September day in 1953 the fire sirens sang in downtown Lancaster and, by the time their wail had ended, the strong financial arm of the Conestoga club, the bowling center which they had conceived and fashioned and managed, was completely destroyed.

There was a finality about the disaster. The club membership never seriously considered replacing the little business which had nourished them throughout their struggle to attain their own country club. There was, however, the insurance. If the recovery was substantial enough they could pay off their notes and perhaps still build the new clubhouse they needed. It was, just about. If the fire had occurred before Clair Alexander made the deal for the farmland, the chances are good that the public-links golfers would never have owned their own country club. The disaster held off just long enough. The investment in the alleys was recovered, but a policy against loss of use or occupancy paid less than a single year's income on the property they had hoped would feed them for another twenty years. Total recovery was $70,000, a life-giving amount. But even this bundle was less than the estimated worth of the work which Conestoga members voluntarily donated to their club.

Some of the members of Conestoga, particularly the old-timers, like to refer to it as a workingman's country club. It is and it isn't. There are retired members, corporation officials, store owners, sales managers as well as men in trades. There are two older and wealthier clubs in Lancaster. But the differences are not huge. One is the fact that at Conestoga there are no caddies—the bane of Joe Kelec, the pro. Conestoga is a cart-and-carry club and the unusual number of golf-bag carts to be stored has about driven Kelec's repair corner through the wall—the one the members helped him build. A member has a simple explanation for the cart saturation. "A good many of us," he said, "can't afford caddies and we like carts. We built the whole course, so I guess we can pull a little cart once in a while."

The quality of the golf played by the men at Conestoga, led by alternate champions Mickey Draude and Lawson Wilson, would suggest that the members are rich idlers who have nothing to do but play golf. Conestoga can put a twenty-man team into the field without using more than a man or two with a higher handicap than six. Nevertheless Mickey Draude is a salesman and Lawson Wilson operates a typesetting machine. The handicap ratings of the Conestoga women, however, suggest that the girls have other things to do than practice their golf. They do. About one in every three has a job, which explains why on Wednesdays, Ladies' Day, a large number of women players will not appear for the weekly events until after five o'clock.

There has been, of course, a change in the character of the whole membership compared with the days when the Overlookers had few assets besides a couple of packs of playing cards and a dollar or two of unspent club dues. There has been a healthy influx of young ex-GI's. Many of them joined a little late to share the construction labor, but a group of them have caught the spirit nevertheless. They formed a team to take over current jobs. Recently they finished a double fireplace for the neat picnic area which is capable of broiling 100 hamburgers at once.

There have been casualties among the old-timers, of course. The women often wish that Phyllina Harnish were still alive to see what a fine thing was accomplished by the men she cheerfully fed. Angelo Mengali has dropped his membership. Only one member who signed the charter in 1933—although this did not include all the small group at that time—remains a regular player. He is Eugene Dougherty, a diamond-tool maker at Hamilton Watch, who plays in a regular Sunday-morning foursome.

However, there is a large core of members who were not present in the very early days of association, but who joined before 1940 and before the great goal was first glimpsed. They are mighty happy with their finished course and the new clubhouse rising alongside the old farm buildings. They say they are glad the hard work is over, but they like to look back on it now. And one of them not long ago paid the toil they undertook the highest compliment that a real golf addict can put into words. "You know," he said, "I sometimes think building this club was more fun than playing golf."

THE END

"Now try not to wake him—he works nights."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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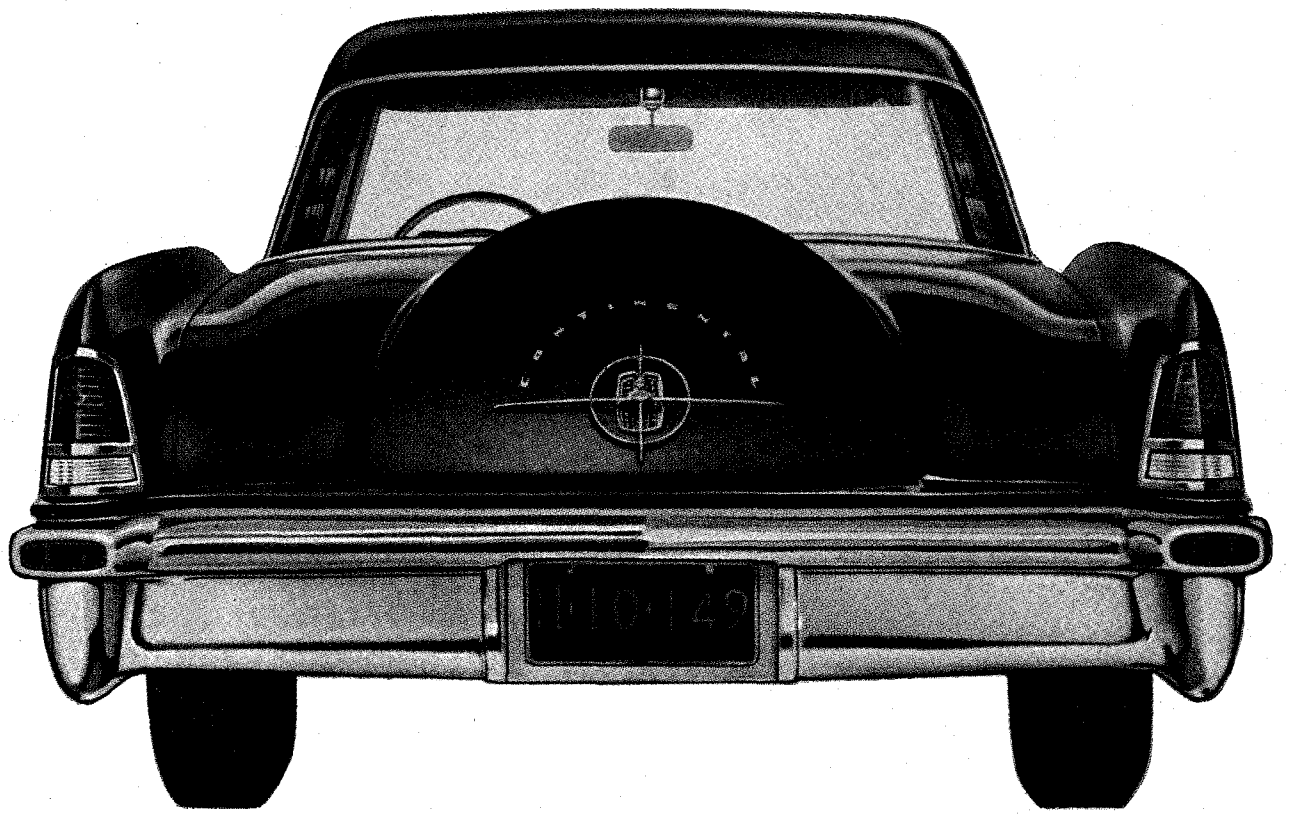

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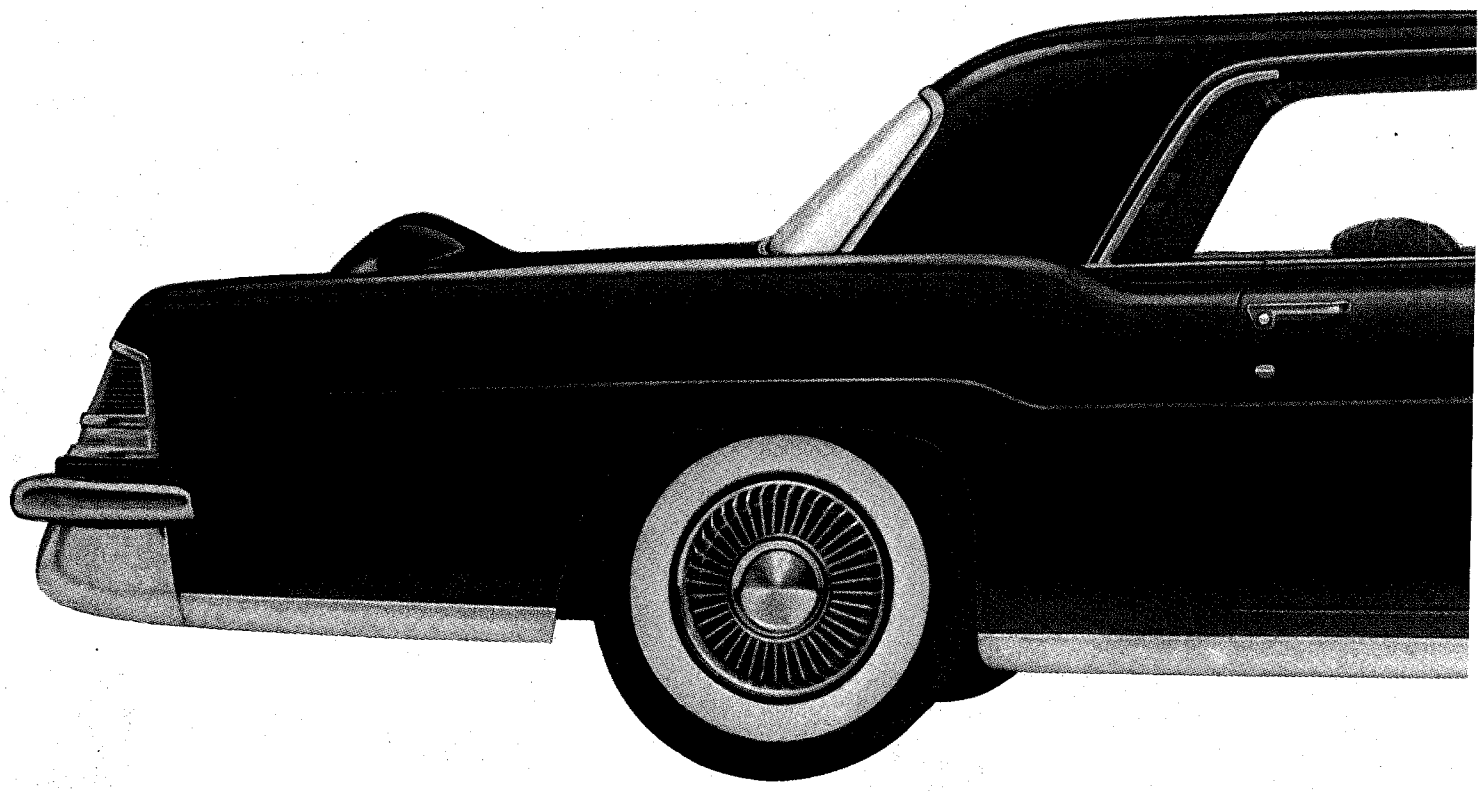

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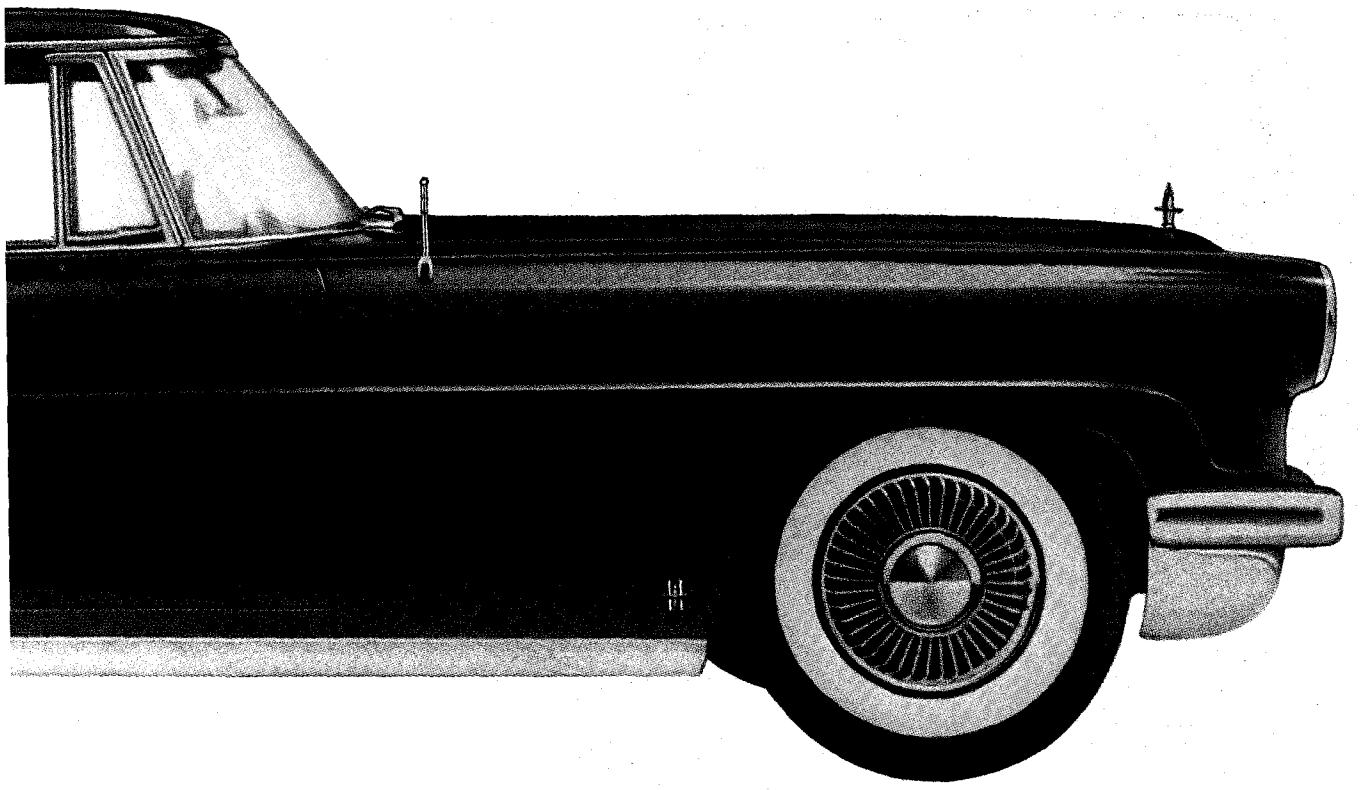

the Continental —— *mark II*

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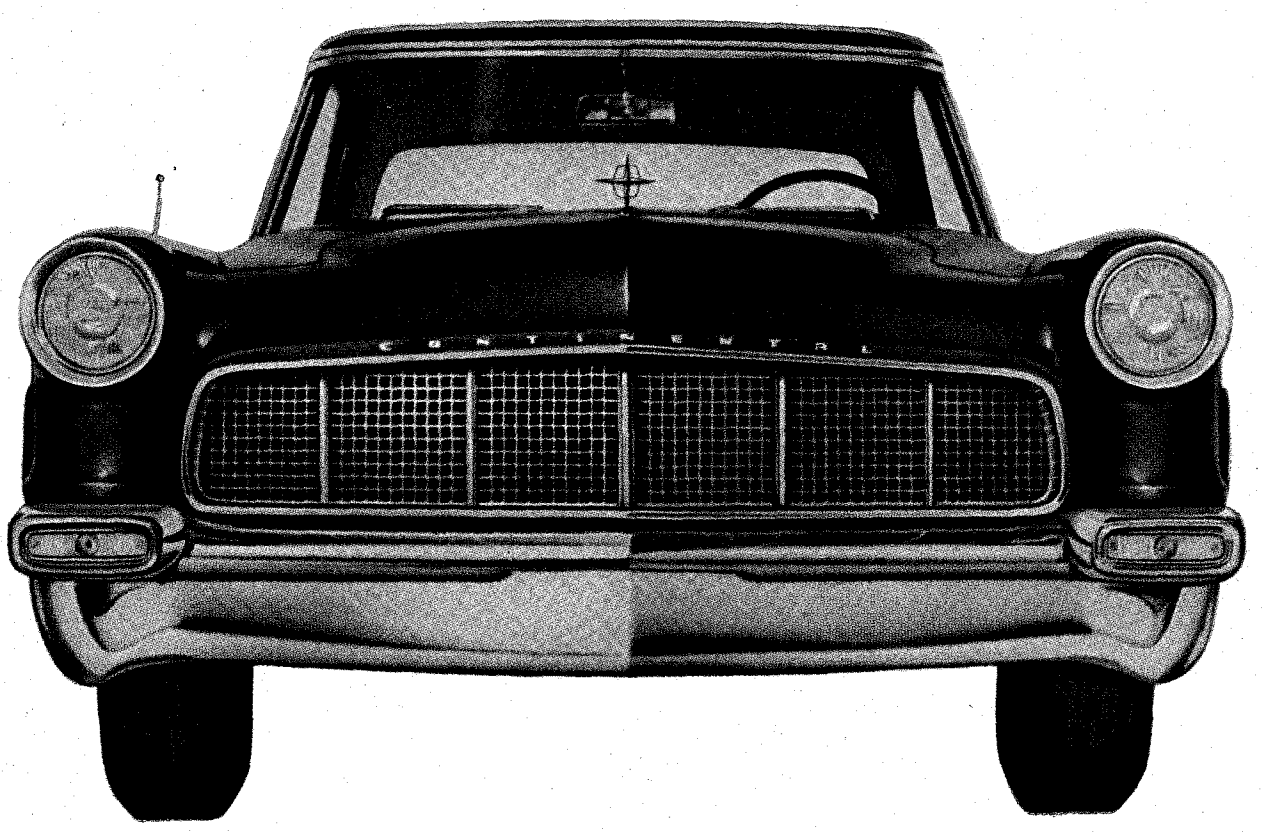

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Continental Division • Ford Motor Company

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We Licked the Veteran Problem

(Continued from Page 21)

dependents of deceased Civil War veterans still are receiving pensions. The original cost of the Spanish-American War has increased sixfold and the time rapidly is approaching when outlays since 1918 will top the amount spent in waging World War I.

Benefits for World War II veterans total $48,000,000,000 to date. The third largest item in the 1955 Federal budget is $4,000,000,000 for veterans' pensions, disability compensation and medical care. Again, that is merely a ripple in the tidal wave of expenditures yet to come. Veterans' costs reach a peak forty years after the end of a war, when the infirmities of old age begin to crowd hospitals and multiply pension applications.

Under present regulations, any veteran who is more than sixty-five years old and is supporting a wife or minor children on an income of less than $2700 a year is eligible for a monthly pension of $78.75. If he has no dependents and earns less than $1400 he gets $66.15 a month. Only 580,000 veterans are more than sixty-five today, but there will be 7,000,000 by the end of the twentieth century. If the law is not changed and all 7,000,000 should turn out to need assistance, the cost could run into six billion dollars a year.

Every President from Coolidge to Eisenhower, alarmed by the mounting strain of the veteran program on the national economy, has tried to reduce the burden. President Eisenhower, who certainly cannot be accused of callousness toward veterans, stopped the educational features of the GI Bill for men inducted into the armed forces after February 1, 1955. In March the President appointed a committee headed by General Bradley to reappraise the program "so that future generations will inherit an economic and social structure which is fundamentally sound." That statement was made, significantly, a few days after the Hoover Commission recommended deep slashes in disability and medical benefits, which we will examine in a second article next week.

Straws in the wind indicate that Bradley's report will endorse some of the Hoover Commission's drastic reductions. Such proposals are certain to stir up a furious controversy. It is equally certain that Congress will not touch the hot potato in an election year. And when the showdown comes it is an odds-on bet that the cuts will be rejected or limited to a few superficial nicks. All precedent is against economizing on veterans. Franklin D. Roosevelt was beaten soundly on this issue even in the depths of the depression, and the veterans' lobby played a negligible part in the fight. Then, as now, public opinion subscribed to Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes' famous remark, "Freedom is worth more to society than it costs."

You must remember the grim predictions that filled newspapers, magazines and the radio a decade ago. We were warned that the GI was coming back bitter against civilians who had prospered in his absence; that the peacetime economy would be severely dislocated in the process of absorbing millions of kids who knew no trade other than war; that the GI rebelling against restraint and regimentation after years of military discipline would discard conventional patterns of behavior; that there would be a crime wave; that hospitals would be crowded with psychoneurotics; that there would be raids on the Treasury; that communists and reactionaries would fan the GI's burning resentment against profiteers and striking defense workers—that the country, in short, would be in an awful mess.

Those predictions sound preposterous today, but they were not utter hogwash. They were based on the traditional attitudes of the returning soldier. Further, they served a valuable purpose in alerting the country to the urgent need for planning before mass demobilization began.

The GI's hostility toward civilians was not wildly exaggerated. In 1945, after returning from Europe as a war correspondent, I interviewed scores of men at the Percy Jones General Hospital in Battle Creek, Michigan. A patient who had shown unusual public spirit was Sgt. John O'Connor, twenty-three, of Boston, who lost his left arm at St.-Lo with the 79th Division. O'Connor had volunteered to round up forty blood donors, all amputees, to stimulate a Red Cross drive in Detroit.

He was telling me he did it in gratitude for the plasma that had saved his life in Normandy when he suddenly blurted: "Nobody's going to push me around when I get my artificial arm. The hook will keep in line those lousy strikers who made a hundred and fifty bucks a week while I was getting crippled. That hook is better than a hand in a fight. What a job you can do with it on a guy's face!"

After he calmed down, O'Connor admitted no one had tried to push him around when he went home on furloughs. When I asked him where he got the idea that war workers made $150 a week and pulled strikes all over the place, he began to fume again. "Don't con me. Everybody knows those draft dodgers never had it so good."

Everybody in the armed forces, it seemed, was convinced that all war workers earned $150 a week, every week. In the hospital there was a stack of pamphlets issued by the Disabled American Veterans informing the men of labor's contribution to the war effort. According to the War Labor Board, defense workers averaged seventy cents an hour in 1944. Department of Labor statistics showed that one tenth of 1 per cent of production time in defense plants was lost due to strikes. None of the guys in the hospital had looked at the pamphlet. When I offered a copy to O'Connor, he refused to take it.

"My ulcers bleed for those assembly-line commandos," he snapped.

A recurring theme in the literature of war is the soldier's feeling that he has more in common with the enemy sharing his misery than he has with civilians at home. In Laurence Stallings' and Maxwell Anderson's memorable World War I play What Price Glory?, a tortured soldier in the trenches cursed everyone in the world who wasn't there. Disgruntled veterans who thought they had been betrayed by their countrymen were the backbone of the communist revolution in Russia, Fascism in Italy, Nazism in Germany and the collaborationist movement in France.

The United States never was threatened by violent reactions from her veterans after World War II because they had confidence in the future, but the promise had to be fulfilled. The American in combat was obsessed by a single thought—to get out of it alive—and he was willing to settle for almost any price.

A story repeated throughout the armed forces told of the infantryman who was taken back to an aid station with his leg blown off. A replacement moving up to the front looked at him and said: "Lucky stiff. You're going home." The wounded man smiled. He was out of it, at the cost of only a leg. The story probably was apocryphal, but the soldiers believed it because they could identify themselves with the guy on the litter.

The soldier was making history, but his perspective was limited to the next hill to be taken or the next truckload of supplies to be moved. He had little interest in anything that did not promote his immediate welfare, even the things that once were and would again be of vital concern to him. Less than 2.5 per cent of the 4,900,000 servicemen of voting age overseas bothered to cast ballots in the 1944 presidential election. When they referred to conditions at home, their letters were filled with gripes.

The serviceman had legitimate grievances. He and his family bore a heavier share of hardship and responsibility than civilians. His family was hit hardest by inflation. Military discipline required the surrender of the civil liberties he was fighting to protect. Conscription is the most democratic method of raising an army, but we couldn't prove it when one third of the nation's single and childless men in the draft were deferred for reasons that seemed trivial and discriminatory to fathers who were taken.

The serviceman's attitude changed when he was demobilized. He didn't ask for much. All he wanted, as General Bradley has said, was a return to normalcy. That was the crucial period in the postwar crisis, the time when undue delays and difficulties in the veteran's readjustment could have aggravated his latent bitterness.

The veteran program was a success because of one essential element—community co-operation on an unprecedented scale. Every fair-sized town in America set up a veterans' center where volunteers helped discharged servicemen find jobs and homes, processed (Continued on Page 73)

"Oh, it's just something Edith made out of an old fifty-dollar bill."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

DID YOU KNOW THAT YOU CAN COLLECT FOR TEMPORARY REPAIRS . . .

made to your home after a fire or other insured disaster . . . when necessary to prevent further damage before permanent repairs can be made? Your Phoenix Fire and Extended Coverage Insurance policy covers the cost of both labor and materials for such stop-gap measures.

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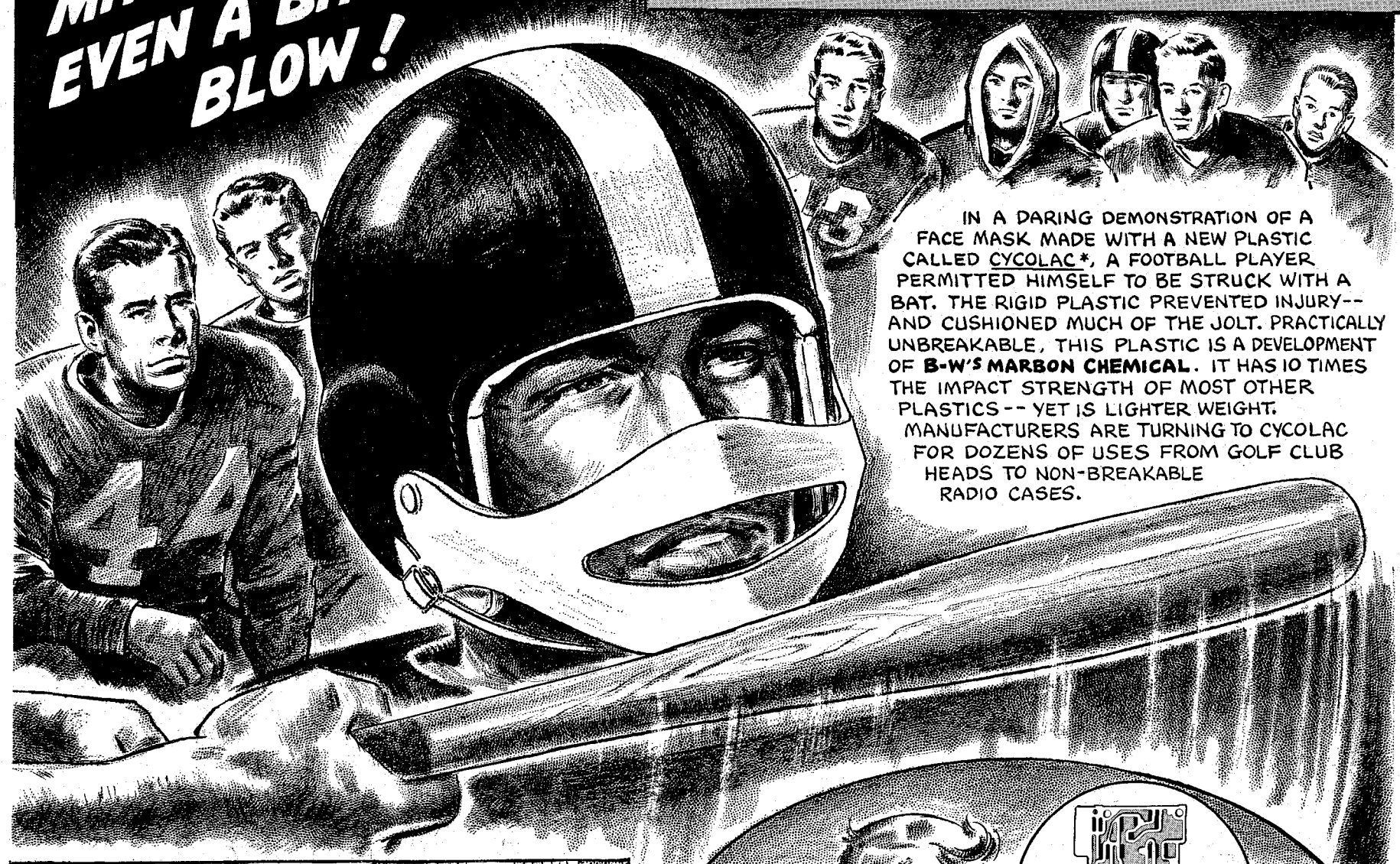
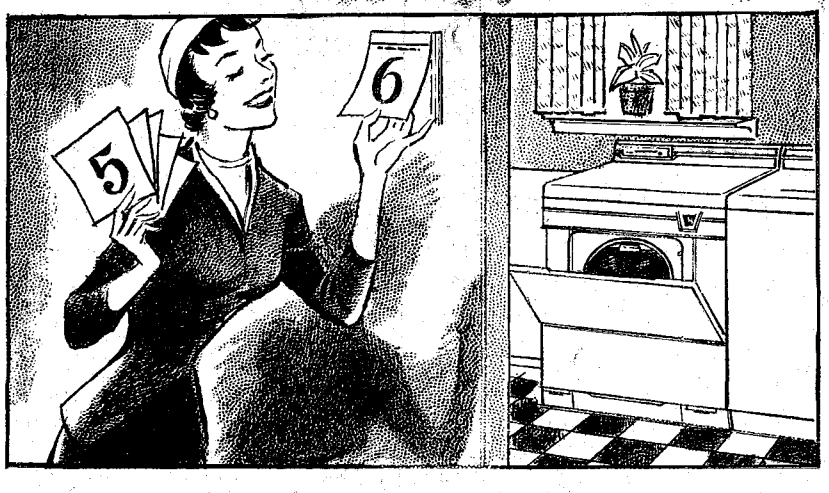
NEW PLASTIC FOOTBALL MASK ABSORBS EVEN A BALL BAT BLOW!

Ripley's

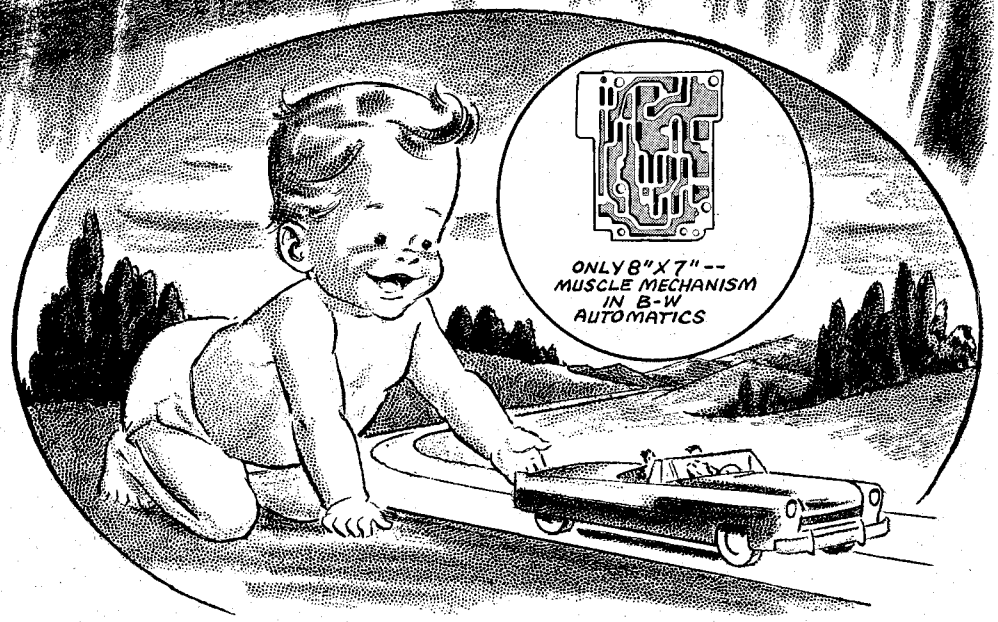


IN A DARING DEMONSTRATION OF A FACE MASK MADE WITH A NEW PLASTIC CALLED CYCOLAC*, A FOOTBALL PLAYER PERMITTED HIMSELF TO BE STRUCK WITH A BAT. THE RIGID PLASTIC PREVENTED INJURY--AND CUSHIONED MUCH OF THE JOLT. PRACTICALLY UNBREAKABLE, THIS PLASTIC IS A DEVELOPMENT OF **B-W'S MARBON CHEMICAL**. IT HAS 10 TIMES THE IMPACT STRENGTH OF MOST OTHER PLASTICS -- YET IS LIGHTER WEIGHT. MANUFACTURERS ARE TURNING TO CYCOLAC FOR DOZENS OF USES FROM GOLF CLUB HEADS TO NON-BREAKABLE RADIO CASES.



NEW DRYER GIVES WOMEN 6 EXTRA DAYS OFF EACH YEAR!

THE TIME A HOMEMAKER SPENDS YEARLY JUST IN LUGGING WASH TO THE CLOTHESLINE AND BACK EQUALS 6 EIGHT-HOUR DAYS. (AND 40 MILES OF WALKING!) NOW THIS TIME IS TURNED TO HAPPIER USE BY THE TIMELINE* AUTOMATIC DRYER, MADE BY **B-W'S NORGE**. UNUSUALLY VERSATILE, IT DRIES EVERY WASHABLE FABRIC. TREMENDOUS AIR VOLUME WITH LOW HEAT ASSURES FAST, NO-SCORCH DRYING.



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A ¼-INCH STREAM OF OIL IS THE POWERFUL MUSCLE THAT DOES THE SHIFTING IN B-W AUTOMATIC TRANSMISSIONS. FLOWING THROUGH NARROW CHANNELS IN THE INGENIOUS CONTROL UNIT, IT OPENS AND CLOSES VALVES TO CHANGE SPEED RANGES ON THE SPLIT SECOND. THIS PRECISE ACTION HELPS ACHIEVE THE INSTANT RESPONSE AND HUSHED SMOOTHNESS SO PRIZED BY OWNERS OF B-W AUTOMATICS.

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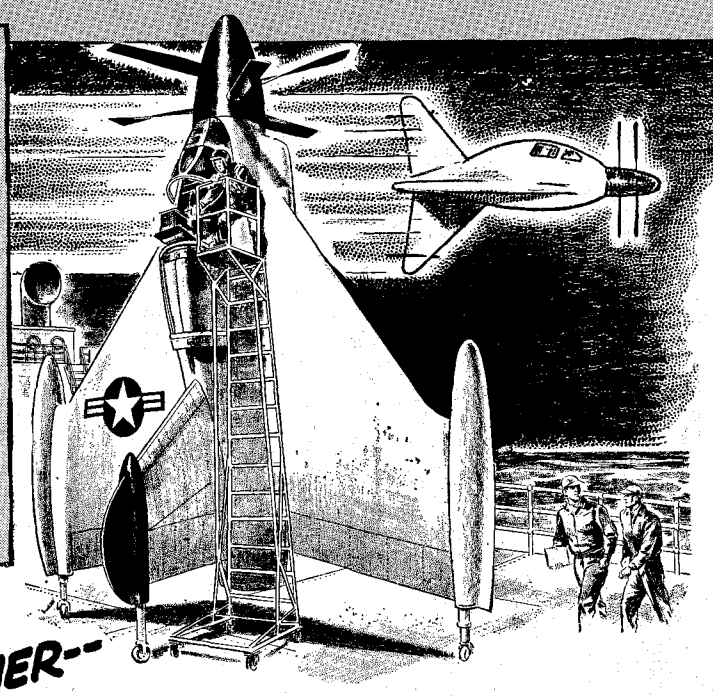
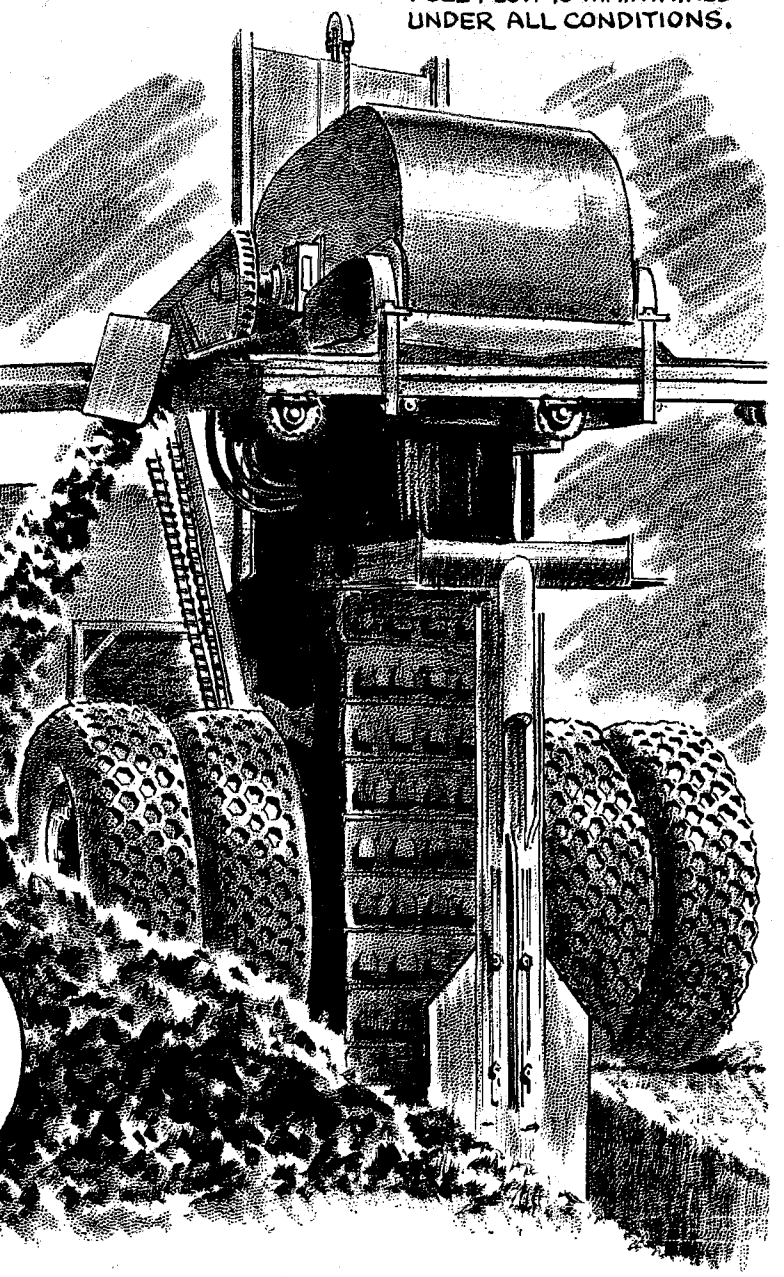


TAKES OFF STRAIGHT UP... LANDS FLYING BACKWARDS!

NAVY'S XFY-1 FIGHTER LEAPS VERTICALLY FROM A DECK ...THEN GOES INTO LEVEL FLIGHT. TO LAND, IT BACKS DOWN, TAIL FIRST. THIS REQUIRES TREMENDOUS POWER FROM THE TURBOPROP ENGINE. SO 4 PRECISION PUMPS FROM **B-W'S PESCO** ARE USED TO DELIVER THE FUEL THAT KEEPS THE 16-FOOT PROPELLERS WHIRLING. UNFALTERING FUEL FLOW IS MAINTAINED UNDER ALL CONDITIONS.

WREN'S FEATHER-- PROTECTION AGAINST SHIPWRECK!

ISLE OF MAN FISHERMEN FELT A SENSE OF WELL-BEING WHEN THEY HAD A SPECIAL WREN'S FEATHER. THEY BELIEVED IT WOULD PREVENT SHIPWRECK FOR A YEAR. TODAY, AMERICANS, TOO, GET A YEAR-LONG SENSE OF WELL-BEING FROM HAVING A FEATHER-- THE FAMOUS **RED FEATHER** THAT SHOWS THEY'VE CONTRIBUTED TO THEIR COMMUNITY CHEST. MAKE YOUR FEATHER MEAN MORE TO YOU--GIVE GENEROUSLY.



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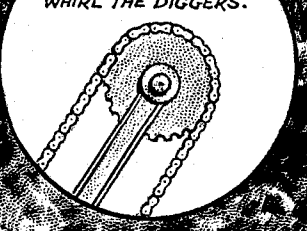
CLAWING THE EARTH 1000 TIMES A MINUTE, THE REVOLVING DIGGERS OF THIS MACHINE CAN SLASH OPEN 44 FEET OF HIP-DEEP DITCH EVERY 60 SECONDS. TO WHIRL THE DIGGERS AT SUCH HIGH SPEEDS UNDER CONSTANT LOAD, SPECIAL HEAVY-DUTY CHAIN DRIVES ARE USED. MADE EXTRA-RUGGED BY **B-W'S MORSE CHAIN**, THESE DRIVES ASSURE POWER NEEDED FOR STEADY, CLEAN DIGGING EVEN IN STUBBORN CLAY 8 FEET DOWN.

B-W MORSE ROLLER CHAINS AND SPROCKETS WHIRL THE DIGGERS.



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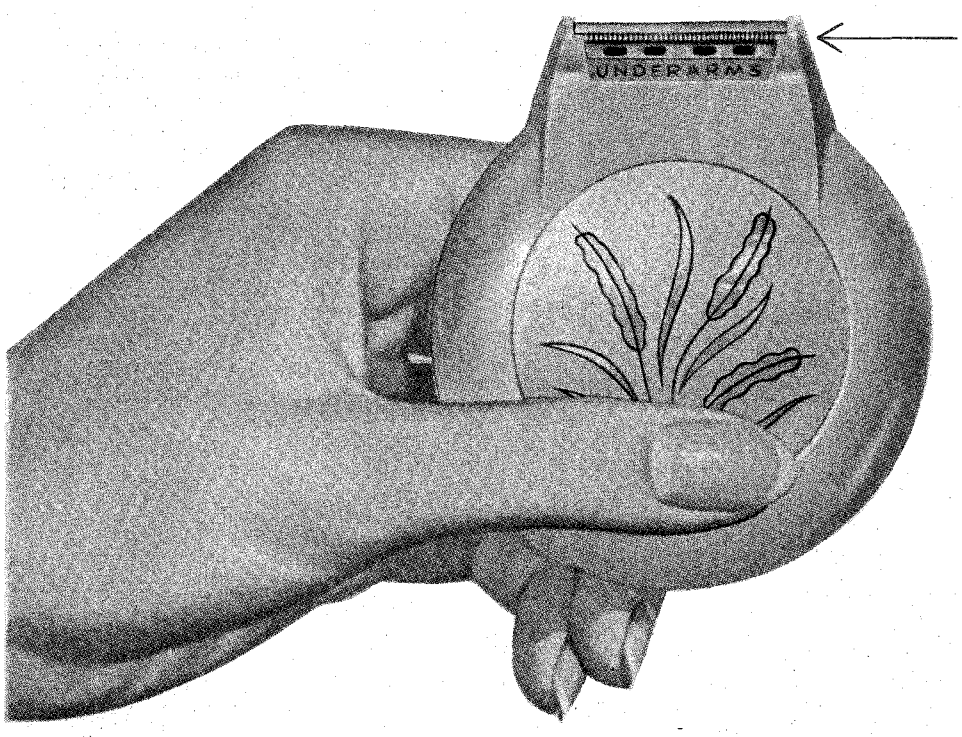
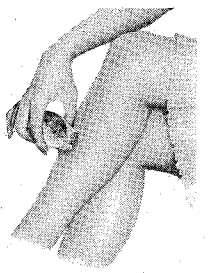
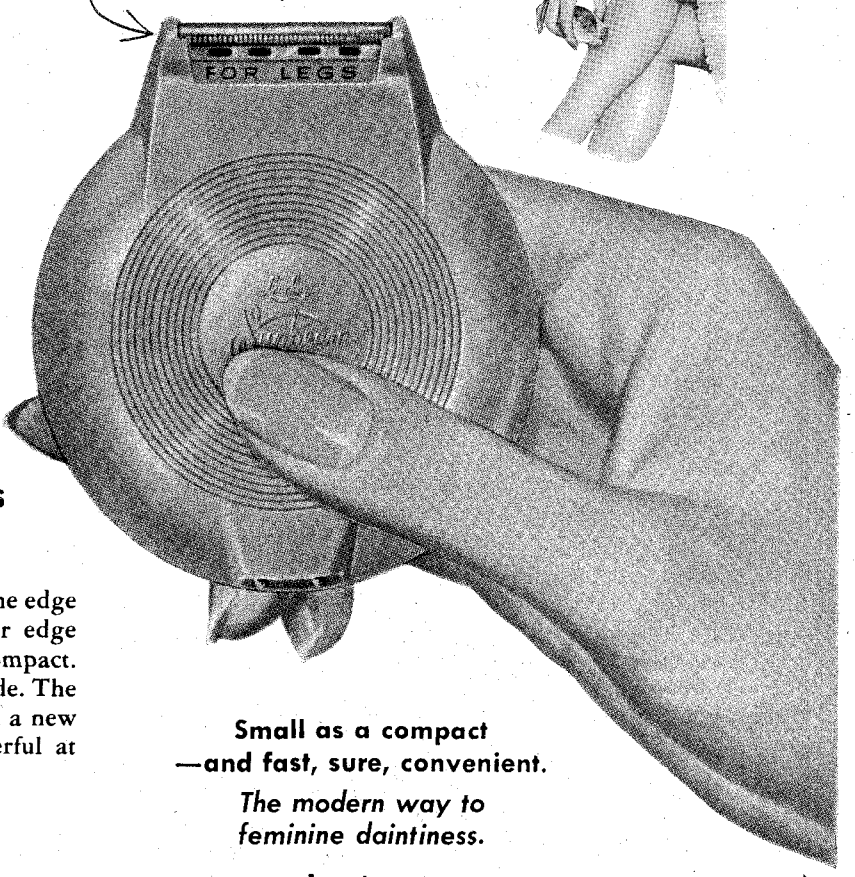
with the exclusive MICRO-TWIN Head



This side for shaving underarms

The other side for shaving legs close, clean and oh, so smooth





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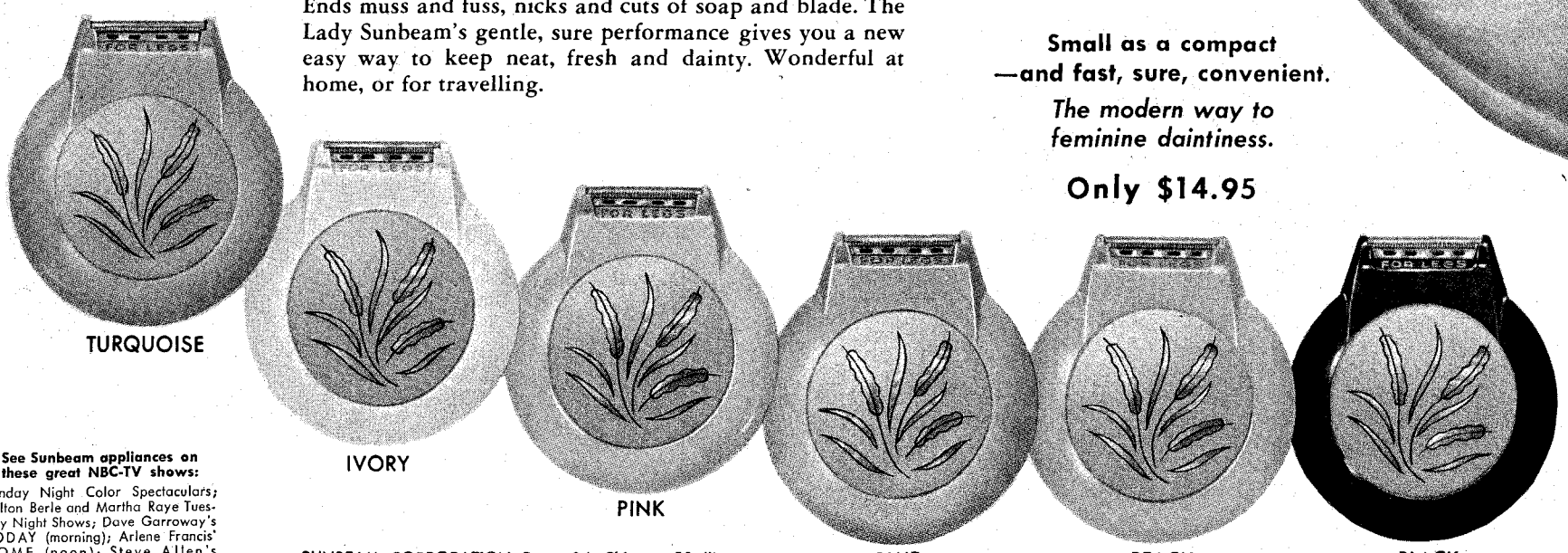

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(Continued from Page 69) applications for benefits and gave them counseling on personal problems. The centers filled the needs of veterans wanting to be treated as individuals after years of anonymity among masses of men identified by serial numbers on dog tags. What that personalized treatment meant to Kenneth A. Class cannot be measured by any yardstick yet invented.

The first and last time I saw Class, then a twenty-three-year-old aerial gunner out of Sioux City, Iowa, was at Halloran General Hospital on Staten Island the day before Christmas in 1943. It was the bleakest day of his life. He had just come home to his wife a helpless cripple. He lost both legs in the crash of a B-26 in England.

I had gone to the hospital with Billy Gibson, an old song-and-dance man, who had been a vaudeville star with an imitation of George M. Cohan before he lost his right leg at Belleau Wood with the marines in 1918. He returned to the stage with a special act written for him by Cohan and was a headliner until vaudeville folded up. Then he went to work for a prosthetics firm and helped to perfect a plastic that made possible for the first time the mass production of artificial limbs. During World War II Gibson toured hospitals showing amputees that their handicaps were not insurmountable.

Gibson would walk into a ward and announce, "I lost a leg the same way you did." Then he'd go into an adroit tap dance and challenge the patients to guess which leg was artificial. It was a tough audience. The guys were in no mood for jokes, but when Gibson rolled up his right trousers leg, you could feel the surge of hope that swept through the men.

That day at Halloran, Gibson beamed his act to Class, a frail, blond boy who seemed to be the cutup of the ward. "I'll bet this kid was in show business," Gibson said out of the corner of his mouth. "Only a trouper can put up a front like that."

After Gibson finished his routine, Class called out, "Left leg." I suspected he did it deliberately to make Gibson's pitch more effective.

"How is it going?" Gibson asked him.

"All right—now," Class said, staring at Gibson's right leg.

"What did you do before you went into the Army?"

"I was a drummer in a dance band. We had a good little combo."

"I knew it!" Gibson said triumphantly. "Say, with the new legs you're getting you'll run Gene Krupa out of the business."

Class frowned. "One thing worries me. Does your shoe pinch the toes on your peg leg?"

Gibson laughed uproariously, as though he never had heard the old gag. "That kid's going to make it," he said as we walked away. "He's got the spirit to lick this thing and live a normal life."

Through the years, I wondered whether Gibson's prophecy had come true. The Veterans' Administration helped me trace Kenneth Class to North Hollywood, California. Gibson was right. Class has made it solidly for the long haul.

Class has three sons. He owns a home bought with a GI loan and he has a special car partly financed by the Government. With the help of a disability compensation of $321 a month, he supports his family comfortably as a piano tuner and technician, a trade he learned under the GI Bill. He also took a business course in preparation for operating a piano-repair shop, which he plans to open soon with a GI business loan.

In my letter, I asked Class whether he thought his disability compensation was adequate. "Who doesn't want more?" he replied. "But in all honesty, Uncle Sam has an eye out for us boys, and here is one who is grateful for all he has done and is doing. Maybe I'd be better off financially if there hadn't been a war, but I'm proud I served my country. There are things that are more important to me than money and I have quite a few of them. It's a great country—no kidding. I'm confident of the future for me and my three boys."

Community co-operation lifted Kenneth Class out of a wheel chair and helped him get started with solid supports. Someone took the time to explore his background. A panel discussed his case until it came up with the happy inspiration to apply his interest in music to piano tuning, an undermanned field offering a fellow with his handicap a decent income. He was given aptitude tests to make sure his talents were suited to the field. At least a dozen people devoted thought to Class' future.

Multiply Kenneth Class by 1,676,948 other disabled servicemen who received personal counseling, add the guidance given 10,000,000 more men who went to school, got job training and applied for loans, and you begin to appreciate the degree of civic participation in licking the veteran problem.

The public had more confidence in the stability of the men in service than Congress and, for that matter, than most veterans' organizations. Now that it's all over, it can be told that there was strenuous opposition behind the scenes to three important features of the GI Bill—free education, guaranteed loans and unemployment pay. The fight in Congress was along economic rather than political lines.

People on Capitol Hill who remembered World War I abuses said the GI Bill was a gravy train that would break the country. Veterans' groups, with the exception of the American Legion, feared the enormous cost of the program would backfire and result in drastic reductions in benefits for disabled men, their primary concern.

One controversial issue held up passage of the GI Bill for six months. It was the provision giving unemployed veterans twenty dollars a week for a maximum of fifty-two weeks. There were outraged howls that it was an open invitation to goldbricking, playing Uncle Sam for a sucker.

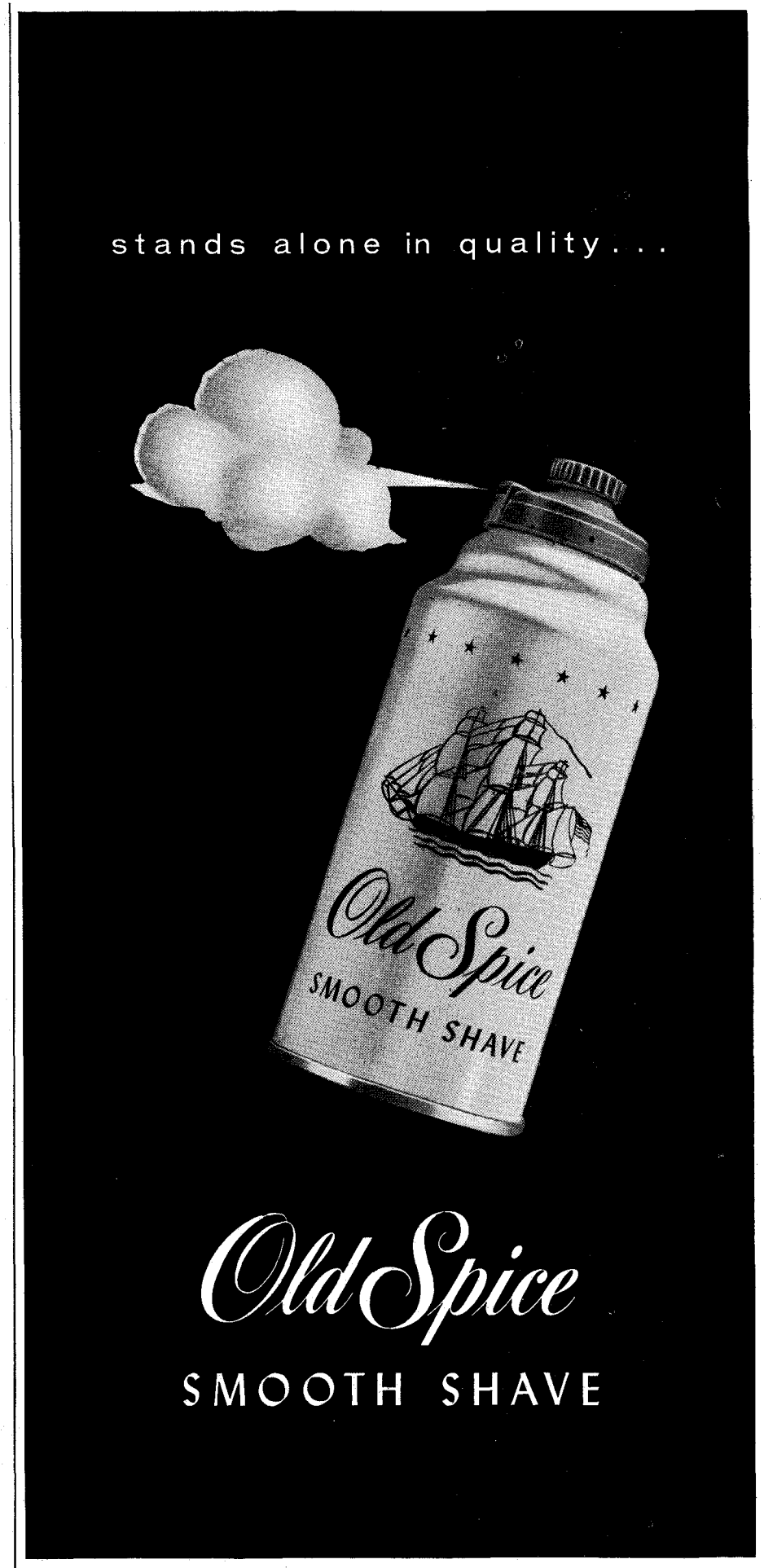
Six million men never applied for a thin dime. Nine million were in the "52-20 Club," as it was called, for an average of only nineteen weeks. In most cases, the payments were spread over periods when recent dischargees, trying to pick up the broken threads of civilian contacts, were changing jobs. Only 10 per cent exhausted full membership rights in the 52-20 Club.

The most impressive reflection of the veteran's reliability is the figures on GI home, business and farm loans. The normal default rate on similar types of loans to mature, well-established borrowers runs 2 per cent a year. The VA anticipated a 10 per cent default rate on the loans advanced to young, inexperienced veterans by lending institutions. The default rate to date on 4,200,000 GI loans has been an astonishingly low nine tenths of 1 per cent. The veteran is such a good risk that the VA

Conversational Hazard

By Ivy Collins

I really love to reminisce,
But now have reached the stage
Where I cannot indulge in this
And not divulge my age.



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. . . and many other "Festival" savings

since 1950 has been making direct home loans up to $10,000 to veterans living in rural areas where private lending facilities are limited.

The one facet of the GI Bill that exceeded anticipated costs was the educational program. Academic and vocational training held little appeal for restless veterans at first, but eventually more than half settled down in the classrooms. The cost was $14,500,000,000—subsistence allowances ranging from $65 to $120 a month accounted for 80 per cent of it, but the country will be deriving advantages from the investment for years to come.

We always thought our system of free popular education was the finest in the world until the war exposed shocking flaws in it. Five million men in the armed forces had not graduated from grammar school. The illiterates rejected in the draft would have manned twenty Army divisions. The GI Bill spruced up the cultural face of America by raising the average educational level of veterans three grades, from the second year of high school to the freshman year of college.

Nothing is so contagious as education. In 1947, when 1,158,000 veterans were enrolled under the GI Bill, 17 per cent of the population between the ages of eighteen and twenty-four was attending college. In 1954, veteran registration had dropped to 368,000, but 22 per cent of the same age group was in college.

Although several factors have accelerated the trend to higher education, the most important was underscored in a survey of sixteen institutions made by Princeton University at the peak of the veteran rush. Forty per cent of the students said they could not have gone to college without the GI Bill. The education-seeking veterans influenced today's record undergraduate registration—and the stampede hasn't started yet. In five years the first wave of war babies will be following 2,200,000 fathers and uncles who were given free tuition by the Government. The University of Michigan, with a magnificent plant accommodating 22,000 students, is building a new campus to prepare for an even larger enrollment. It's Michigan's guess that enrollment will increase at the rate of a thousand per year between now and 1960.

Among other handsome dividends, the GI Bill refilled the country's dangerously depleted pool of professional and skilled manpower. It trained 180,000 doctors and nurses, 113,000 physical and research scientists, 36,000 ministers, 450,000 engineers, 83,000 policemen and firemen and 711,000 mechanics.

The sharp contrast in the effectiveness of veterans' programs after both World Wars has prompted romanticists to give the GI of 1945 a better character reference than the doughboy of 1918. It's nonsense, of course. The difference in their readjustments can be traced to the differences in their wars and the treatment each received afterward.

The doughboy did all that was asked of him with high distinction. He, too, knew misery and fear and boredom—but the GI's war was tougher and grimmer. The A.E.F. fought one summer campaign in France; then came home through oo-la-lah Paris. World War II lasted nearly three times longer, brought three times as many casualties.

The GI's war was stripped of glamour and exhilaration. Fewer monuments commemorating victory were erected. Every schoolboy knows Armistice Day celebrated the end of World War I on November 11, 1918, at eleven A.M., but V-E and V-J days slip by virtually unnoticed.

Men still wear bronze-star discharge buttons from World War I, but when did you last see a "ruptured duck?" The GI made a more abrupt break with everything smacking of military service because he was more fed up with it, more impatient to make up for lost time. He had a lower boiling point in his dealings with the Veterans' Administration, and that was when the crucial differences in postwar attitudes were fixed.

The VA after World War II was headed by General Bradley, affectionately known as the "GI General" by the men who served under him. Veterans' affairs after World War I were run as a racket by Col. Charles R. Forbes, onetime Army deserter and an all-time scoundrel. Graft and waste in his brief tenure were estimated at $225,000,000. He got kickbacks on the sale of hospital sites, but never got around to building facilities for sick veterans authorized by Congress. He bought enough floor wax to supply the VA for 100 years; then had it destroyed to reduce fire risks in storage. He bought 85,000 bed sheets for $1.25 each and sold them unused for twenty cents. He peddled Government liquor and narcotics to gangsters. He sold 98,000 suits of pajamas donated by the Red Cross for thirty cents apiece. Forbes, accused of getting one third the profits on illicit transactions, was sentenced to Leavenworth and served twenty months.

Forbes was so busy collecting graft that only 5393 disabled veterans had completed vocational training three years after the end of the war. Under Bradley, some 5,000,000 applications for benefits were processed by the VA in a similar period. Fly-by-night diploma mills gave phony courses in personality development, social dancing, bartending and flight training to grab the $500 tuition fees paid by the Government. Some chiseling employers used on-the-job trainees as menials and made no attempt to teach them trades. Bradley and his successors, Carl R. Gray, Jr., and Harvey V. Higley, cracked down vigorously on such abuses as fast as they were exposed.

Bradley's worst headaches were overhauling the VA's obsolete medical program and setting up the vast machinery of an agency besieged by customers demanding immediate service. "We were slow at the start getting into high gear," Bradley admits. "The trouble was that we were swamped by paper work. Four hundred thousand applications a month for disability compensation were coming in, and each one had to be investigated. At one time we owed N.Y.U. several million dollars in long-overdue tuition fees. We looked bad when GI students in foreign countries had to wait months for checks because we didn't know they were registered in schools abroad. I thought my Army experience made me an expert in cutting red tape, but I was just a babe in the woods of Washington."

By 1947 Bradley had led the country out of the woods—and we still are in the clear with the overwhelming majority of veterans. In preparation for these articles, the VA sent out a questionnaire to ten regional offices around the country asking how veterans' attitudes have changed in the last decade. The answers follow a uniform pattern.

Ten years ago veterans were bitter against civilians and their branches of the armed forces. They demanded better jobs than they were qualified to fill, thought they were entitled to more benefits and expected the VA to solve their personal problems. Today, only 1 to 3 per cent are critical of nonveterans and the military. On the whole, they are far more appreciative of all that was done for them and are confident of taking care of themselves without further help. The one seed of future trouble is the feeling that free hospitalization for nonservice-connected ailments is a right rather than a privilege.

One phrase runs through the ten reports: "The veteran today has the same concerns that would have bothered him had he never gone to war." With few dissenting voices, 15,000,000 men have adopted the American Veterans Committee's slogan of 1945: "Citizens First, Veterans Second."

If you listen closely, though, you can hear echoes of the old soldier's timeless complaint against his country's short memory. One of the men I looked up after a lapse of ten years was Sam Fede. He said he was managing to get by O.K., although the last couple of years have been rough. He lost two jobs and once was laid off for six months. I asked him whether he still had any gripes.

He shrugged. "It's more of a discouragement than a gripe, but I guess I'll have to get used to it. I get turned down for jobs without a chance to prove I can do the work. I never touch liquor, but people look at the way I walk and they think I'm drunk."

Fede lost both legs in Normandy.

Editors' Note: This is the first of two articles by Mr. Frank. The second will appear next week.

"I thought we'd have a quick bite before going to the party."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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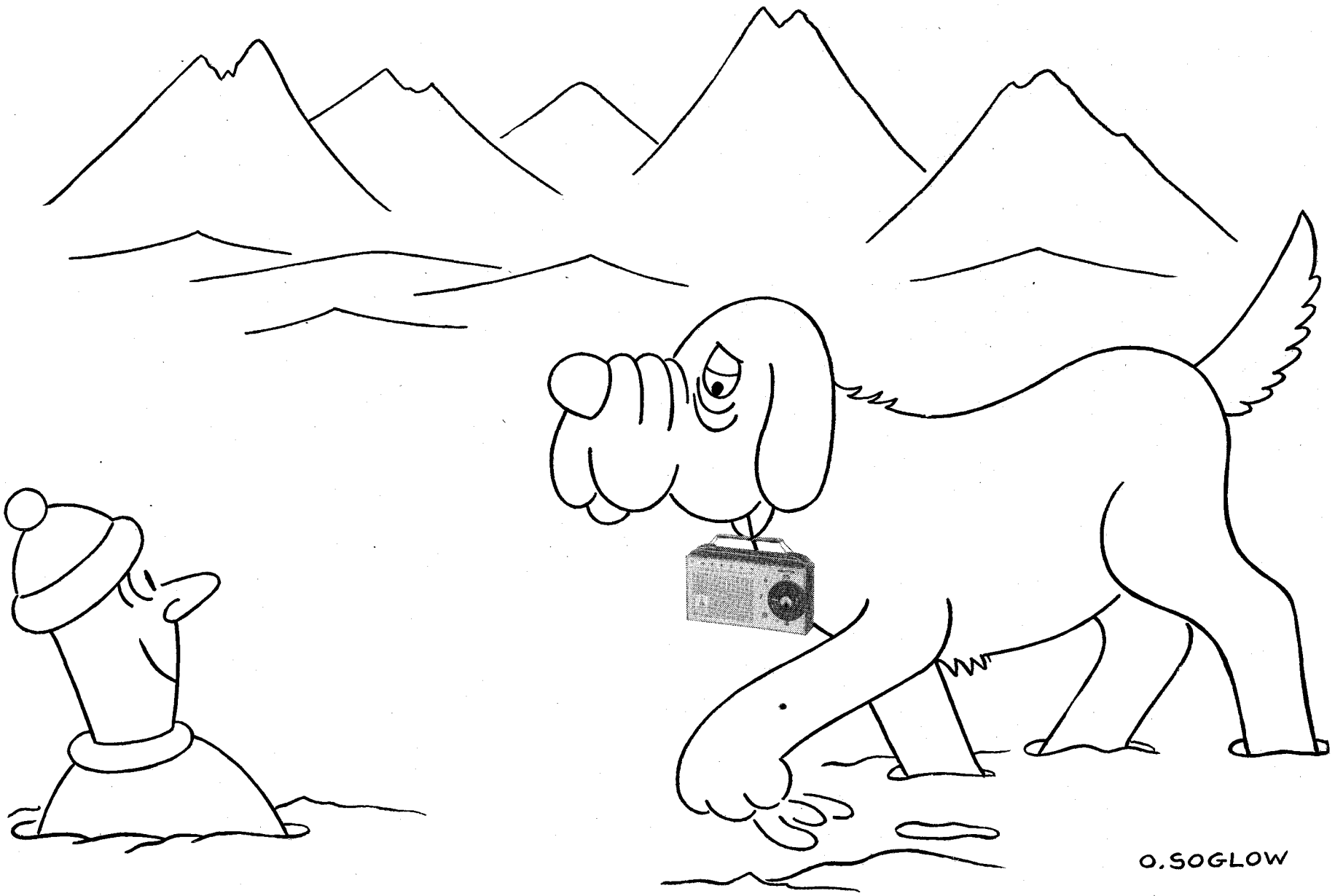

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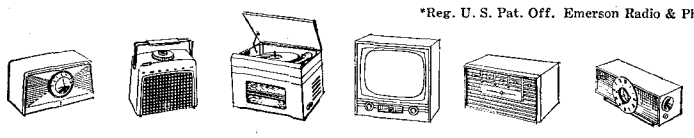

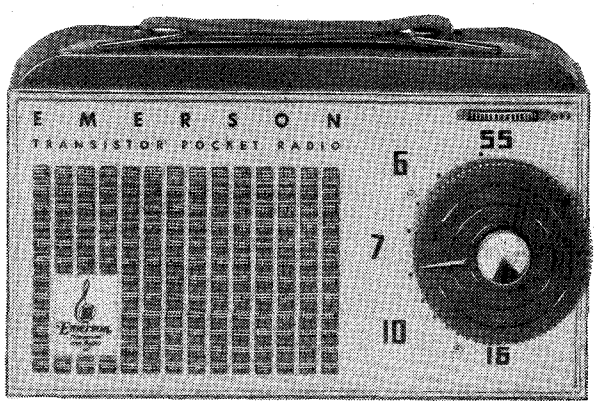

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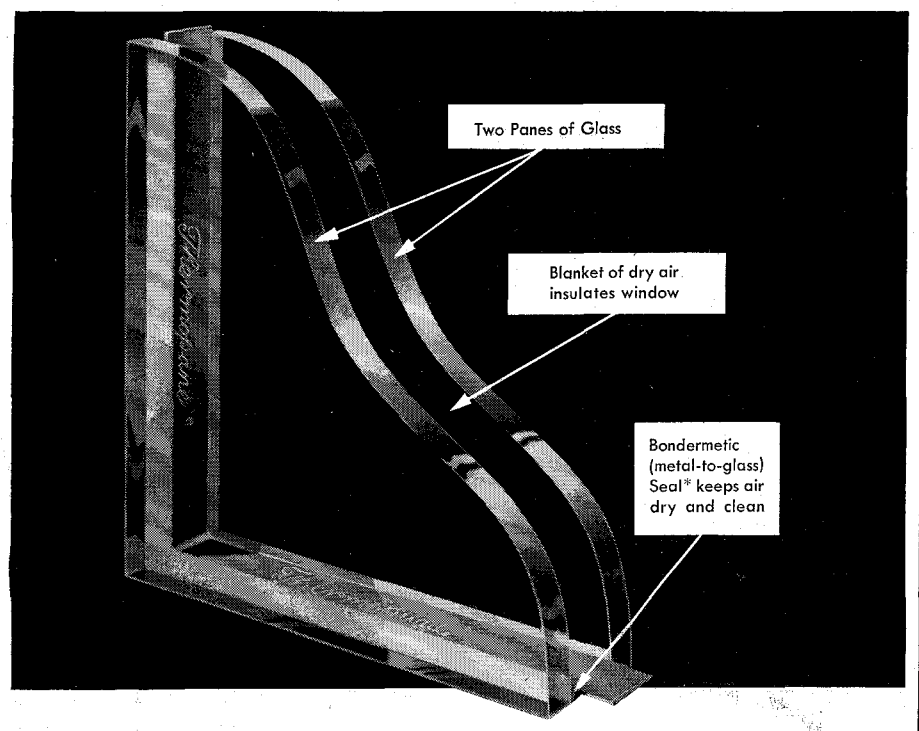

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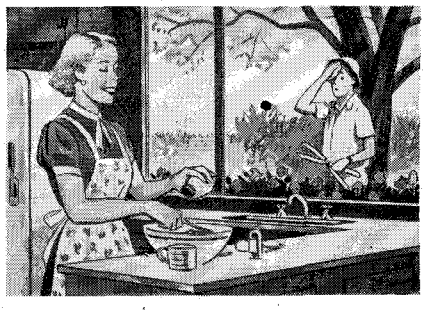

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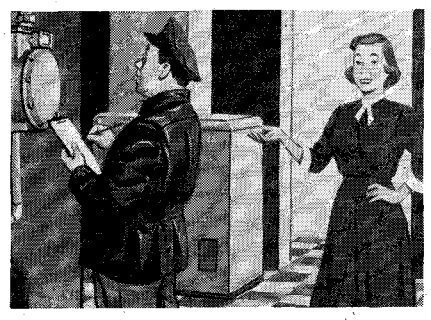

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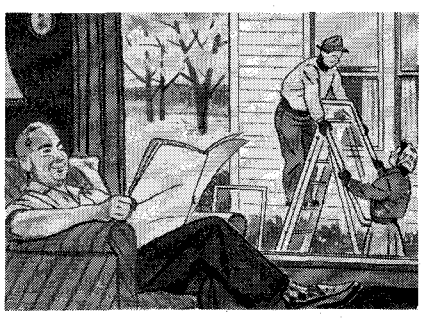

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How to Run for Office

(Continued from Page 35)

vitality, just as the United States was vigorous, largely because it was a mingling of the genes of Elsewhereians from everywhere.

By this time, Knight had the audience in his hand. He dwelt upon the beauty of the scene, the stars above, the brilliance of the audience, the unflinching courage and leadership of the guest of honor, who stood listening admiringly from the wings.

"Golly," exclaimed Eisenhower, "what will he think of to say next?"

At the stroke of nine, Knight concluded with a flourish, "Now, I give you the President of the United States." Just before he stepped out, the President remarked to an aide, "This is like sending the bat boy in after Babe Ruth."

Knight's career could be a primer for any young politico who hankers to make himself the people's choice. He has doggedly followed maxims and precepts which he chose for himself four decades ago after picking his goal when he was still a freshman at Stanford University.

In the spring of 1915, Knight and a friend went to see the state capitol at Sacramento. They were fascinated with the legislative and supreme-court chambers. They hung around the entrance of the offices of crotchety Governor Hiram Johnson, for whom Knight had campaigned in 1910, while still in Manual Arts High School in Los Angeles. Nobody invited them in. Knight vowed that someday he'd be governor, and more hospitable. (One of his first acts after being sworn in was to order a conspicuous sign posted in the rotunda beneath the lofty gold-topped dome. It reads, "Governor Knight invites you to visit the executive office at one o'clock Monday through Friday.")

Having settled on his goal, Candidate Knight decided that his first requisite was to make himself a silvery-tongued orator, like Bryan, whom he had heard a dozen times. He enrolled in public-speaking courses. His voice was high-pitched at the time. A professor told him to tone it down and develop oomph. "Goodie" hit on a novel way to do it. Going out for baseball, he insisted on playing outfielder. He played so far outfield that sometimes it was hard to see him from the home plate, but everybody knew he was there. Knight's incessant and booming banter enveloped the diamond like a fog.

The sonorous, voluminous basso he developed eventually helped him become governor. The baseball comes in handy too. Last spring when the season opened in Sacramento, he was given the choice of throwing the first ball or swinging on it. He chose to bat and slugged the first pitch for a two-bagger. One of the players ran it out, and the voters roared.

Knight has probably made more speeches on more subjects on shorter notice than any other figure on the political horizon. In dull times, between campaigns, he averages more than one a day. During campaigns he ups the pace to two dozen a day.

He concluded long ago that the fried-chicken-mashed-potatoes-French-roll diet would knock him out of the arena faster than political rivals. Whenever he is scheduled to be the eloquent guest at a luncheon or dinner, he bolts a roast-beef sandwich and a glass of milk before the meal, eats nothing at the table, listens and sizes up his audience.

He likes to pick out a typical guest in the middle of the room and talk directly to him. Abhorring "talks" that are read, he skims through the texts of speeches over which his research man has beaten his brains, pockets the script, fixes his steel-blue eyes on Joe Doaks, his unsuspecting listener, and lets him have it off the cuff.

He uses a variation of the Joe Doaks gimmick whenever he appears on TV. Glaring into

(Continued on Page 80)

The Perfect Squelch

Nearly everyone in the crowded tavern knew that the boastful youngster with the crew haircut had served only one short, uneventful hitch in the Marine Corps between World War II and Korea. They listened indulgently to his vaunting stories of marine prowess and his vague references to his personal heroism. Finally, however, his audience thinned or turned away.

Seemingly affronted, the ex-marine cornered a quiet young fellow and proceeded to pound home his message that the marines were the roughest, toughest, fightingest outfit imaginable—and that he was, above all, a marine.

Putting down his glass, the young fellow said mildly, "The marines? Oh, yeah, that's the outfit my sister used to belong to."

Stanley Falk

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Jetaway! . . . rocketing your way in the dazzling new Oldsmobiles for 1956! *Jetaway!* . . . powerfully new, powerfully smooth—an entirely new idea in automatic transmissions! *Jetaway!* . . . just one of the *many* major advancements you can count on in Olds for '56! Oldsmobile's new Jetaway Hydra-Matic Drive will bring you the smoothest, most wonderful driving you've ever known! And with this amazing new smoothness, Jetaway has all the get-away and positive power—the economy and dependability that millions of Hydra-Matic owners know so well. *Just wait for Jetaway* . . . another "new Olds idea" . . . on its way in the magnificent '56 models!

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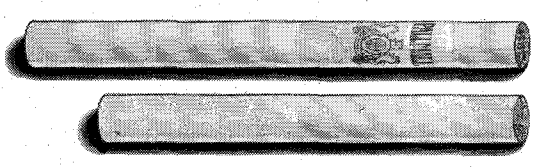
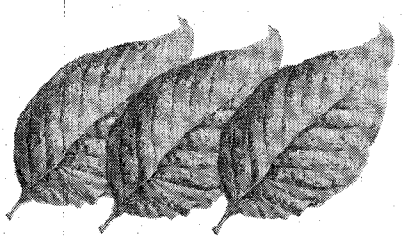


(1) *Longer* Fine tobacco is its own best filter. PALL MALL's greater length of fine tobaccos travels the smoke further — filters the smoke, makes it mild. Get smoothness, mildness, satisfaction no other cigarette can offer.



(2) *Finer* PALL MALL's greate length of traditionally fine, mellow tobaccos give you extra self-filtering action. PALL MALL fi ters the smoke so it's never bitter, always swee —never strong, always mild.

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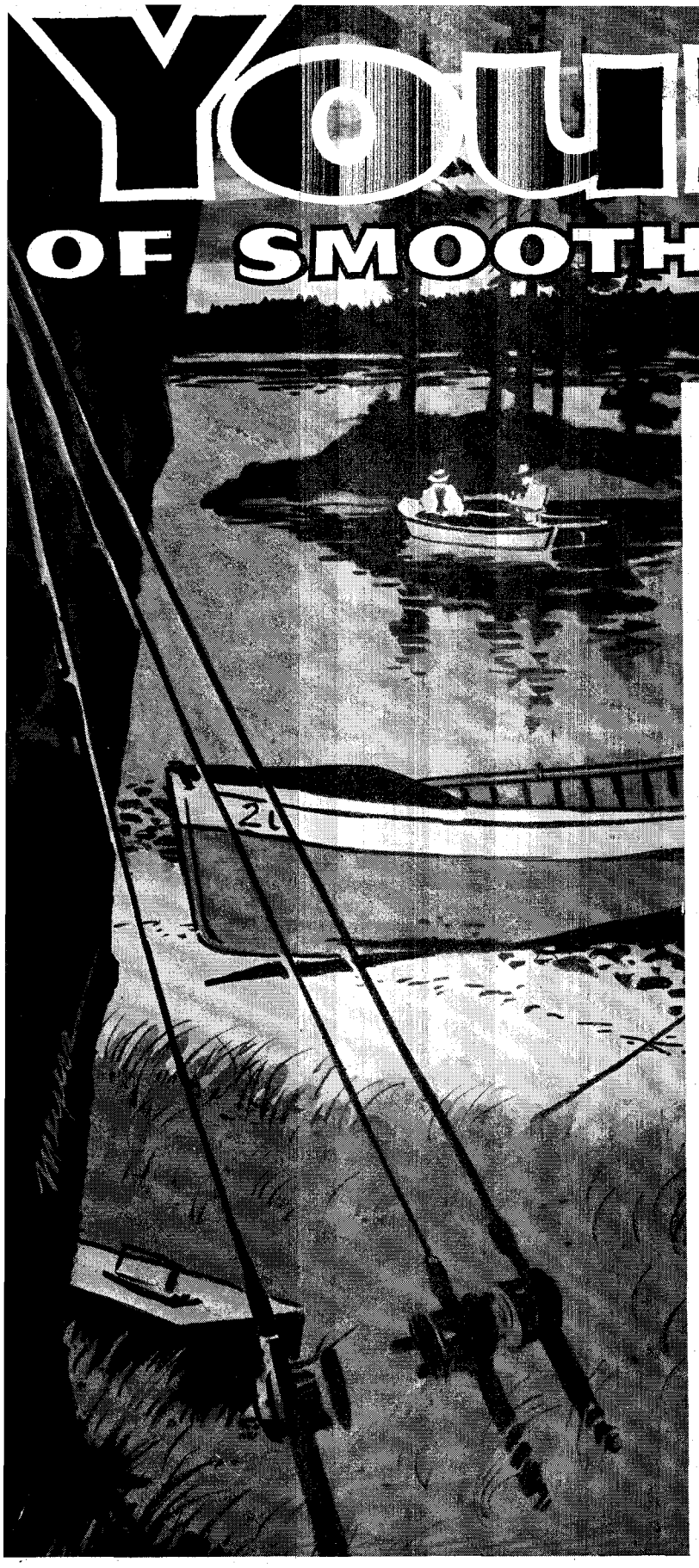

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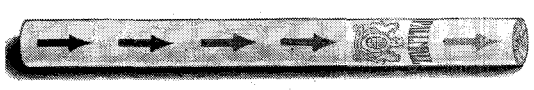

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FOR CLEANER SCALP, dandruff-free hair, always use Fitch! Guaranteed to remove ugly loose dandruff... or your money back!

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Nearly everyone has dandruff. That's why men and women everywhere use amazing new Fitch Dandruff Remover Shampoo *regularly*. It's the only shampoo specially made and *guaranteed* to remove every trace of flaky dandruff with one shampooing... or money back!

And remember... when Fitch removes dulling dandruff flakes, your hair looks up to 35% brighter too! What's more, new Fitch is so mild, so gentle, you can use it *every* time you wash your hair... not just to remove ugly dandruff.

Get the new, milder Fitch Dandruff Remover Shampoo at retail counters. *First* shampoo removes flaky dandruff—brightens hair up to 35% at the same time—or you get a full refund from Fitch. Ask for professional Fitch Shampoos, too, at Barber and Beauty shops.

Also available in Canada!

(Continued from Page 76) the camera and poking an ominous forefinger into the lens, he explodes into a wrinkled smile and says, "Now, Mr. Doaks, you've asked me an honest question and I'm giving you an honest answer." Knight is right there in the TV listener's lap.

One of Knight's assets is his face. With three deep furrows above his eyebrows, two more in his cheeks, his is one of the best-wrinkled, most expressive faces in public life. His build is heavy but athletic, his hips narrow, his energy boundless. When seated at a desk, he is forever squirming, massaging his chin or forehead, tickling an ear, waving horn-rimmed glasses. Sooner or later, his feet find a drawer or a desk blotter on which to rest.

Members of his staff insist he can nap sitting up with his eyes open, and that he often does just that when delegations call to make dull presentations.

"When his eyes get that glazed look, you know he's turned off his mind," one of them explained. "When the talk stops, the silence wakes him up."

Now that he is in his heaven, the gubernatorial chair, Knight delights above all in telling students, before whom he speaks at every opportunity, how they ought to be preparing right now to be governor in 1985. His office is staffed with eager young beavers whom he expects to ripen into gubernatorial timber by about 1970.

He feels that aspiring youngsters have to keep in training like an athlete. He doesn't drink, gave up smoking years ago for gum-chewing, wastes no time at cards or other sedentary games. Every morning he does fifteen minutes of push-ups and shadow-boxing.

His No. 1 theme is to make politics a serious profession, not a side line. Knight allows nothing to take precedence over politics, not even a honeymoon. In 1954, for example, the governor, whose first wife, Arvilla, died two years previously, courted and won Mrs. Virginia Carlson, a chic, slim, blue-eyed, brunet war widow. The campaign for Mrs. Carlson's hand coincided with Knight's first campaign for election as governor. He was already the incumbent, having inherited the office when Earl Warren resigned to become Chief Justice of the U. S. Supreme Court. But he had not yet won a gubernatorial election on his own, and his role as head of the California Republican organization was seriously challenged by the backers of Vice-President Nixon.

In the middle of the ruckus, Knight and Mrs. Carlson decided to get married on August second, a week before the Republican Central Committee was to meet in Sacramento to decide who was Mr. Big in the loose California G. O. P. organization. Knight made a compromise agreement with the Nixon leaders, and, thinking all was serene, he and his bride boarded the yacht of a friend to spend six days cruising around Catalina Island. They had barely reached Catalina when they received a frantic ship-shore radio call from Ronald Button, a loyal Knight Republican.

"Are we in trouble!" wailed Button. "The Nixon crowd are all over the state, lining up proxies. We're sunk."

Knight thrives on political scraps. Figuring that to come ashore and abandon the honeymoon would be an admission of defeat, he asked the yacht's skipper to slip quietly into Newport Harbor, where his staff hurriedly arranged a dockside telephone hookup which could be quickly shifted to the yacht's deck.

Sitting there in his swim trunks, Knight called key Republicans all over the state. While he talked with one, his staff was lining up another. The calls all began with the same words:

"This is Goodie. I have been double-crossed and I need your proxy."

At night the yacht put out to sea. The next morning it slipped back to the dock. In four days Knight made six hundred telephone calls, while his bride poured lemonade and coffee and made sandwiches. When the calls were complete, the newlyweds sailed out for an uninterrupted one-day honeymoon. The day before the convention, the yacht hove into port with flags flying. The Knights caught a plane to Sacramento, where the Knight faction made a clean sweep of the Republican State Committee offices. This left the governor the undisputed boss of the party in California.

The honeymoon proxy battle took on a new significance a few months later when the Republican National Committee chose San Francisco as the convention city for 1956. As host governor, Knight will make the speech of welcome, and in the unlikely event that Eisenhower is a candidate, he is all set to kick off the stampede with the seventy votes of his delegation. Whether or not he would deliver them for Nixon is anybody's guess.

Another Knight precept is, "Have a hero for your guiding star." Knight's is Theodore Roosevelt. Though he copied Bryan on the rostrum, Knight holds T. R. as his ideal. Whenever Knight is up against a tough decision, he looks for guidance in his thumbed copy of the Autobiography of Theodore Roosevelt.

A dilemma confronted Knight when he was catapulted suddenly into the governorship in 1953. During his two terms as lieutenant governor, Knight had pinch-hit as acting governor for 420 days, while Warren was outside the state. Thus Knight was about as familiar with the feel of his new duties as any man could be. The big question was, should he keep the Warren staff or should he replace it with his own team?

T. R.'s autobiography gave him the answer. In it, Roosevelt told how, after McKinley's death, the White House staff and the Cabinet expected to be replaced. When they were not, their surprise and delight led to a loyalty to T. R. he never could have obtained from a new, inexperienced group. When Knight read that passage, he slapped the book back on the shelf and kept the Warren appointees. It was a good decision. He inherited a topflight team.

Knight's insatiable appetite for Rooseveltiana dates from college days. After a year and a half aboard a subchaser in World War I, he returned to Stanford, graduated in 1919, winning a $2000 scholarship to Cornell, where he hoped to get a law degree. Instead, he became absorbed in a study of T. R.'s years in the New York legislature and as governor of the Empire State. When the scholarship money was gone, Knight had to return home without his law degree. He still doesn't have one. But after two years as clerk in a Los Angeles law office, he passed the bar examination and joined another young lawyer, Tom Reynolds, in what grew into a prosperous partnership. Fascinated by politics, Knight kept telling his partner, "As soon as I get a break, I'm going to quit law practice and run for office."

The break came in the early '30's. The Knight-Reynolds firm handled a lawsuit involving an accident in a mine on the Mojave Desert. Knight, who had worked as a mucker in gold mines during college vacations, drove up to see Eagle Mountain, an upthrust into which the mine was burrowed. His practiced eye could see that the mountain was loaded with minerals. He talked with an old-timer named Bert Fisher, who had a hole he called The Elephant-Eagle Mine.

Back home, Knight described Eagle Mountain to his father, who had once made a fortune at gold mining, only to lose it in the contracting business in Southern California. To his amazement, Jess Knight knew all about not only Eagle Mountain but the Elephant-Eagle Mine and Bert Fisher as well. In fact, he had once planned to join Fisher in developing the mine, back in 1896. What changed his mind was a telegram from his wife in Provo, Utah, announcing that she had given birth to a son, Goodwin Jess, on December 9, 1896. Jess Knight had hustled back to Utah to move his family to Los Angeles.

To Goodie Knight, who believes in acting on hunches, this was a sure-fire omen that he should buy the Elephant-Eagle. Fisher was willing to sell. So, scraping together his savings and all he could borrow, Knight purchased most of Eagle Mountain in 1933.

His hunch was right. Almost immediately F. D. R. called in the country's gold coinage. Gold doubled in dollar value. Mining boomed. Eastern mining interests offered Knight almost $500,000 for his Eagle Mountain holdings. He sold, in a deal calling for payments over several years. Before the new owners paid in full, gold skidded again. They handed Eagle Mountain back to Knight in lieu of final payments. Knight still owns the mine; it's not being worked at this time.

Knight lost no time turning his share of the law partnership over to his partner. Then he journeyed up to Sacramento to talk with his friend, the late Governor Frank F. Merriam, for whom he had campaigned.

"With my luck, I don't need brains," he told Merriam. (Continued on Page 82)

"There's someone to see George and it better be George Junior."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Now...the ARROW CASUAL LOOK for '56

Arrow "Medalist" is the sort of shirt a man reaches for right after he eases into his loafers. It's a soft blend of cotton and rayon. "Medalist" shirts are colorfast-washable, "Sanforized"-labeled (fabric shrinkage not over 1%)...$7.95. Arrow rayon gabardine Slacks, $8.95. Arrow 100% orlon full-fashioned Sweater, $10.95.

ARROW first in fashion
CASUAL WEAR
Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.

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(Continued from Page 80) "But I owe something to California. What have you got for me to do?"

Merriam was looking for a judge to fill an interim vacancy on the Los Angeles County Superior Court. Knight agreed to serve, but with misgivings. As one of eighty judges on the largest bench in the state, he would be lost in anonymity. Nevertheless, he served ten years, during which he was twice re-elected and rendered 7000 decisions, only fourteen of them reversed by higher courts.

Year by year, he grew more desperate for a means of publicizing the Knight name in a way that would not draw criticism from the other judges. Finally he found it. In 1941, he accepted an invitation to participate in an educational radio program, The Open Forum, put on every Sunday evening by KMPC in Los Angeles. The panel debated public questions in a catch-as-catch-can style. After his first Open Forum, Knight buttonholed producer Mel Uhl.

"This program has great possibilities, but it's dull," he said. "You need a moderator to keep the ball bouncing."

"We can't afford a moderator," said Uhl.

"You can afford me," Knight assured him. "I couldn't charge you anything. I'm a judge."

Incredulous, Uhl handed the show to Knight, who staged it every Sunday evening for the next four years. He made a production of it, chose his panel and his questions carefully, kept the controversy bubbling, cut himself into the act frequently. Before long, 300,000 listeners knew witty, hammy Judge Knight.

Seeking a wider audience, Knight tried to persuade San Francisco stations to run recordings of his forum. They turned him down, but KQW offered him a spot for a live show, The Round Table, if he would come to San Francisco to run it. The judge grabbed the opportunity. At his own expense, he rode the night train north every Friday, staged the KQW Round Table Saturday evening, just in time to catch the southbound Lark, so that he could run the KMPC Open Forum in Los Angeles Sunday evening. This grueling schedule, on top of his court duties, soon gave him what he calls "state-wide identity."

By 1944, he concluded that, with Earl Warren entrenched as governor—"a roadblock in California politics," as Knight describes it—the longest way around was the most direct route to the governorship. After rounding up promises of support from Republican leaders and newspapers he announced his candidacy for the United States Senate.

He was the early bird, as usual, but he lost the worm. Four other Republicans decided to run, among them Fred N. Houser, the then lieutenant governor. The Republican organization decided that Houser could capture more votes in predominantly Democratic California than Knight. They pulled the rug out from under Knight and endorsed Houser.

Knight withdrew from the race, one of his maxims being, "Don't run unless you think you can win." He felt better about it after Democrat Sheridan Downey defeated Houser. Knight went back to his bench, Houser to his lieutenant-governor post, which he disliked. Early in 1946, the frustrated politicians were crying on each other's shoulders about their respective jobs.

"All the lieutenant governor can do is wait for the governor to die or resign or be impeached," lamented Houser.

"I wouldn't mind being lieutenant governor," said Knight.

"You'd be buried and forgotten," replied Houser.

"At least I'd be in the main tent," insisted Knight. "Why don't you run for my job and I'll run for yours?"

Houser agreed. Knight took a leave from the bench and, driving his own car, he hit fifty of the state's fifty-eight counties in a razzle-dazzle, whirlwind campaign. Though four rivals ganged up on him, he won by 330,000 votes. Houser bagged Knight's judgeship. An amusing aftermath to this episode is that, after seven years of the Knight treatment, Houser changed his mind about the lieutenant governorship and ran for it again in 1954, only to be defeated. Had he hung onto the post, he might well be California's governor today instead of Knight.

Knight had startling ideas about the lieutenant governorship, then little more than a sinecure. Lieutenant governors withered on the vine for lack of something to do. Unlike his predecessors, Knight made an everyday duty of presiding over the Senate. He listened attentively to debates, asked questions. When spectators were present, he interrupted proceedings, took the microphone to explain to the delighted gallery what the argument was about.

During his seven years as lieutenant governor, Knight bounced all over California,

... ...

Under Certain Conditions

By S. Omar Barker

One of the joys of my
married life
Is window shopping with
my wife,
Provided, of course, we go
at night,
When doors to stores are
locked up tight,
And the town we're in, to
her great sorrow,
Is one we won't be in
tomorrow!

... ...

week after week, speaking at dedications, patriotic and club shindigs, rodeos and picnics, graduations. For Knight it wasn't work; he was having the time of his life. It paid off when he ran for re-election in 1950. He won both the Republican and Democratic nominations in the primaries. In the November election he received 3,089,278 votes, more than any state official had ever polled in any state up to that time.

Overlooking no opportunity to exalt his neglected office, Knight had the dingy lieutenant governor's cubbyhole in the capitol enlarged and refurbished into an impressive suite. He wangled a state car and chauffeur, prodded the legislators into upping the wages thrice. His pay check was $330 a month when he took office, $1000 a month when he left it.

"It wasn't the money I wanted," he explains. "I wanted the office to be something."

To add to his importance, Knight got himself appointed to the State Lands Commission, the State Disaster Council, the University of California Board of Regents, the Toll Bridge Authority, the Commission for Interstate Co-operation.

Knight contends that he knew all the time that he couldn't defeat Earl Warren. Also, that it was a matter of time until Warren would go to Washington, D.C. In 1948, nobody in the land worked harder for the Dewey-Warren ticket than Goodie Knight. When the Republicans lost, the gloom in the usually gay lieutenant governor's suite was so thick that it could be sliced like salami. Nowadays, Knight, who is a devout believer in destiny, properly greased, considers this dark episode a part of "the greater plan."

Knight likes to surround himself with eager young staffers who are bursting with ideals and enthusiasm. He calls himself "a great fellow for picking other people's brains." His kitchen cabinet, if it can be called that, consists of seven young men and one of Knight's vintage, Paul Mason, legislative secretary. The others are Newt Stearns, executive secretary; Tom Bright and Don Barrett, press secretaries; Pat Martin, research and speeches; Richard McKinney, appointments; Joseph Babich, pardons and paroles; Al Calais, travel secretary. All of them work overtime, and without complaints.

One reason for their devotion is the hour of "skull practice," held in the governor's office every afternoon from five to six. Everybody is encouraged to get everything off his chest. Nobody is afraid to talk back to the governor, who keeps the ball bouncing, breaks in when arguments become too heated, with one of his clowning tap dances or a funny story. About half of the staffers are Democrats. Several are former capital newspaper correspondents. Knight's twice-a-week press conferences frequently turn into bull sessions at which he lets the legislative correspondents tell him how to run the state's vast machinery. Old-timers in the legislature and state offices have misgivings about the influence of these exuberant, inexperienced youngsters, some of whom, as one veteran legislator snorted, "need baby sitters."

"These fellows have sharp minds," insists Knight. "I get a lot out of skull practice and they get a lot out of it."

Occasionally, the governor ignores his youthful advisers and relies on his own hunches. During the last campaign, for example, when his Democratic rival was lambasting him as the crony of the oil industrialists, smog settled over the Los Angeles basin, where almost half of the voters live, in a terrifying, eye-smarting blanket. Southern Californians clamored for the governor to step in and do something. Knight was for shutting down the oil refineries temporarily. For two days, his staff tried to talk him out of the idea, fearing the effect on the election if the powerful oil interests took out after him. Disregarding their advice, the governor urged the refineries to shut down voluntarily. The industry refused and blasted him from Hades to breakfast. The smog hung as thick as ever, but the castigation wiped out any suspicion that the oil barons were buying the omnipresent "Knight is Right" campaign slogan.

When back-slapping Goodie Knight succeeded dignified, aloof Earl Warren, many Californians feared he might be a push-over for pressure groups, since he seemed eager to please everybody. They overlooked another Knight precept, which is, "Why make promises when they aren't necessary?"

In his race for lieutenant governor, Knight invented a substitute for campaign money. It consisted of thousands of mats for an identical single-column, six-inch advertisement. The ad had a smiling portrait of him at the top, the words "Knight is Right" underneath, and a space for a sponsor's name below. He mailed up to 30,000 of these to well-wishers in every California community, asking them to get a group of friends to pungle up the few dollars necessary to run an ad in the local paper. The idea was a ten-strike. Sometimes a dozen to twenty of these ads would appear in a single issue, each sponsored by a different group of voters. The ads kept readers from forgetting Knight or his face for a single day.

Neither Knight nor his managers ever knew how much this flood of small ads cost, nor had to account for them. His major financial angels, Howard Ahmansen, Los Angeles building-loan millionaire, and Nate Fairbairn, San Francisco insurance magnate, apparently raised his modest 1954 gubernatorial campaign fund without promising anybody anything but good government.

In spite of his showmanship and clowning, Knight is a studious and thoughtful governor. His policies are the Eisenhower program adapted to the state level. Except for two issues—the loyalty oath, in which Knight believes, and compulsory health legislation, which he opposes—he goes along with the liberal program of his predecessor. He champions development of California's water resources, is determined to keep the state solvent despite its $1,500,000,000 budget, made necessary largely because of the fantastic population growth.

Knight delights in talking his problems over with the people. His idea of a perfect weekend is this: Recently he boarded his National Guard plane, The Grizzly, at Sacramento at seven o'clock on a chilly Friday morning, accompanied by his sleepy-eyed bride. At 10:15 he was speaking before a safety conference in Los Angeles. By noon he was delivering a luncheon talk to the Marines at Camp Pendleton. At 2:15 he spoke at an automobile show in San Diego. One hour later, he addressed the Motor Transport Association at nearby Coronado. That evening, The Grizzly glided into San Francisco Airport, 500 miles north.

Next morning, he gave a breakfast talk at a newspaper publishers convention, then motored fifty miles to Petaluma to dedicate a city hall, drove forty miles more to lay a cornerstone in St. Helena. That afternoon he inspected a veterans' home in Yountville, traveled sixty more miles to Sacramento. He reached the executive mansion after his thousand-mile, two-day tour with enough zip to work on a budget report he was going to make to the people the next day, Sunday, on a TV hookup.

So far, the governor's bride, who is thirty-six, has kept pace with her perambulating spouse. They have much in common. Both are religious Episcopalians, both enjoy politics (she is a Republican State Committee member), both like quiet living. Their idea of an interesting evening is a window-shopping stroll in downtown Sacramento, or a movie. At home, Knight relaxes by playing the piano. They seldom entertain, but when they do it's a whingding, like the reception to which the garrulous governor invited 4000 state employees and their spouses to meet his bride. Everybody came. The Knights stood five hours shaking hands, the governor greeting old friends, his bride gamely keeping on her feet until the last guest had said hello and good-by.

"I didn't mind it," she insisted. "The governor was in a cloud. He even shook hands with me three times."

After six months of listening to her husband's speeches, she still thinks they are good, particularly those he aims at youth, whom he tries to fire with the urge to make politics a goal.

"There's no short cut," he admonishes. "Start now. Find out if you like people. Pick your goal and stay with it. This was my goal. I'd rather be governor than a merchant prince. Now that I've attained my goal, I want to go on being governor."

Just how long, Knight doesn't say. His friends recall one of his sayings, "The thrill is in the chase." If the 1956 Republican convention becomes a wide-open free-for-all, it should provide plenty of opportunities for such thrills. There may be a clue in an article Knight wrote in his Stanford days advocating more careful training for the profession of politics. It was entitled Are You Presidential Timber? Or, in the thesis he wrote about T. R. while he was at Cornell. The title of this one was How to Run for President. THE END

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PHOTOGRAPHED AT BLACK, STARR & GORHAM, INC.

How much does it cost not to own Gorham Sterling?

There are two ways to learn how wonderful Gorham* Sterling is. One way is by owning it. The other way is by owning something else.

To the woman who decides to own something else—and use the money "saved" for other things—Gorham Sterling will always remain a dream. Like sterling silver itself, that dream will never fade. For sterling is a universal symbol of a woman's taste and breeding. It speaks volumes for her every time she sets her table.

In the character of its shape and design, Gorham Sterling reflects so much of its owner's personality. And the Gorham mark stamped forever on the back of every piece instantly reveals its owner's wisdom and foresight. That's why so many people think of "Gorham" and "Sterling" as meaning one and the same thing: the *finest* in solid silver.

How much does it cost *not* to own Gorham Sterling? A lifetime of satisfaction is perhaps not too much to answer. For the longer you have it, the more pleasure you get from it—and the lovelier it grows, too.

You can now buy the Gorham Sterling of your choice the same modern way you buy other fine things: choose your complete service and pay for it while you enjoy its use. Ask your authorized jeweler or department store.

The Gorham Sterling knife handle is made from a single seamless silver tube—not two halves soldered together. It is dent-resistant and rattleproof. Gorham Sterling place settings—including knife, fork, teaspoon, salad fork, soup spoon and flat or hollow-handle butter spreader—start from $29.75 (Federal Tax Incl.) Prices subject to change without notice.

Gorham
STERLING *

AMERICA'S LEADING SILVERSMITHS SINCE 1831

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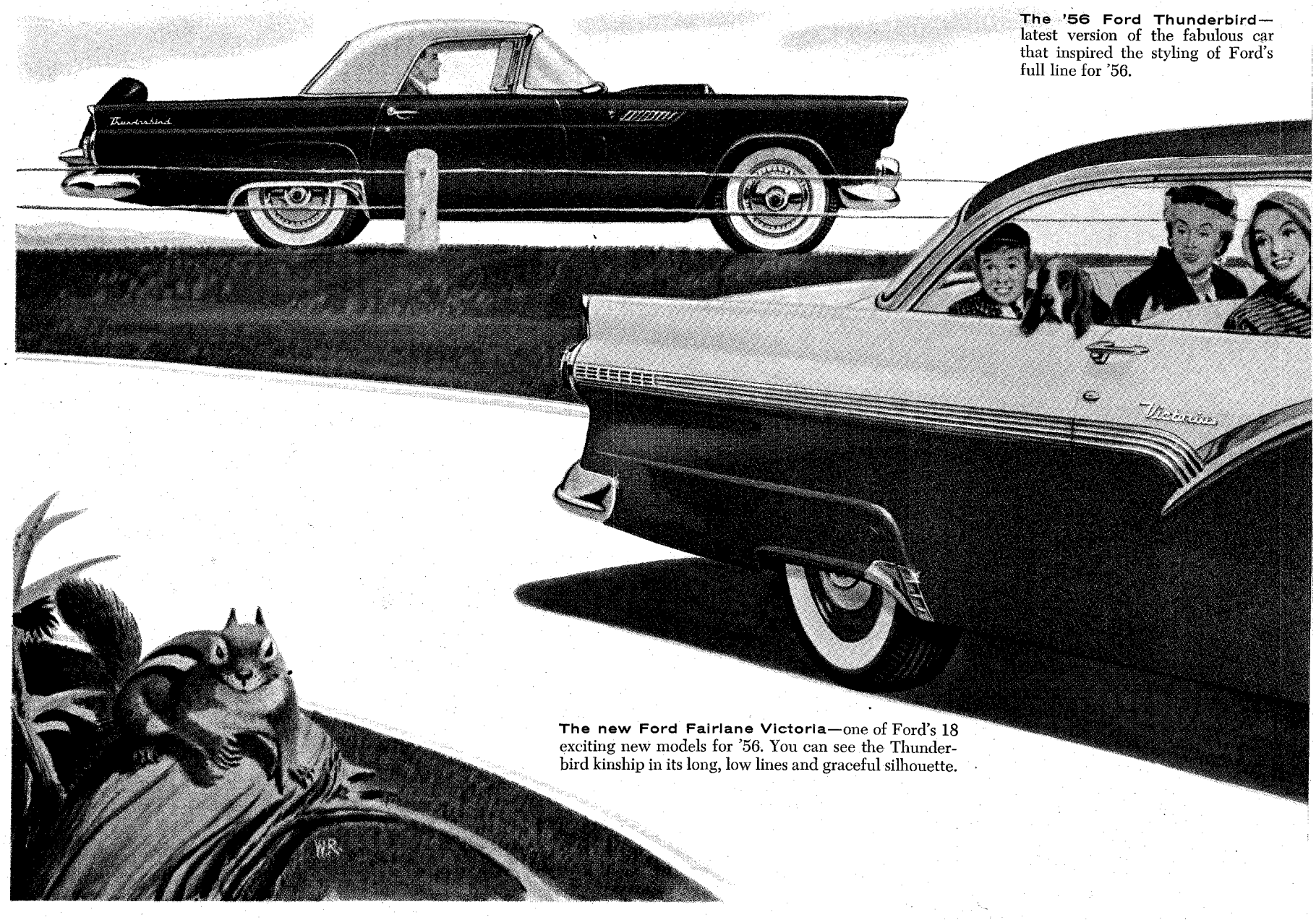

The '56 Ford Thunderbird—latest version of the fabulous car that inspired the styling of Ford's full line for '56.

The new Ford Fairlane Victoria—one of Ford's 18 exciting new models for '56. You can see the Thunderbird kinship in its long, low lines and graceful silhouette.

The NEW '56 FORD...with new and exclusive new LIFEGUARD DESIGN

New Thunderbird styling is your first clue that something new and wonderful has happened to Ford in '56. All 18 of Ford's new models have the long, low lines—the exciting silhouette—made famous by the fabulous Ford Thunderbird.

But, this is only the beginning of Ford's news for '56. Beneath that low, flat hood you may have the same basic engine that made the Thunderbird the performance star of the American road—the new 202-h.p. Thunderbird Y-8. You'll pass with added confidence—you'll go places as you've never gone before.

Exclusive new Lifeguard Design, however, is Ford's most important news for you and your family. It is the first major contribution to driver and passenger safety in accidents . . . the end result of more than two years of Ford testing and research so that a safer car could be built.

With the co-operation of leading universities, medical associations and safety experts, it was found that most serious injuries in accidents were caused by the driver being thrown against the top of the steering post . . . occupants being thrown forward against hard surfaces within the car . . . or occupants being thrown outside of the car.

To give you added protection against these three major areas of danger, Ford developed its new Lifeguard features. These include a new Lifeguard steering wheel with a deep-center structure to act as a cushion in the event of accident . . . Lifeguard double-grip door locks to give added protection from doors springing open under shock . . . optional Lifeguard cushioning for instrument panel and sun visors, to help lessen injuries from impact . . . and there are optional nylon seat belts that help keep occupants securely in their seats for added safety.

But there's more! When you visit your Ford Dealer, you'll discover luxurious new interiors . . . fine exterior finishes . . . quality construction throughout . . . *everything* that makes Ford the *fine* car at half the fine car price.

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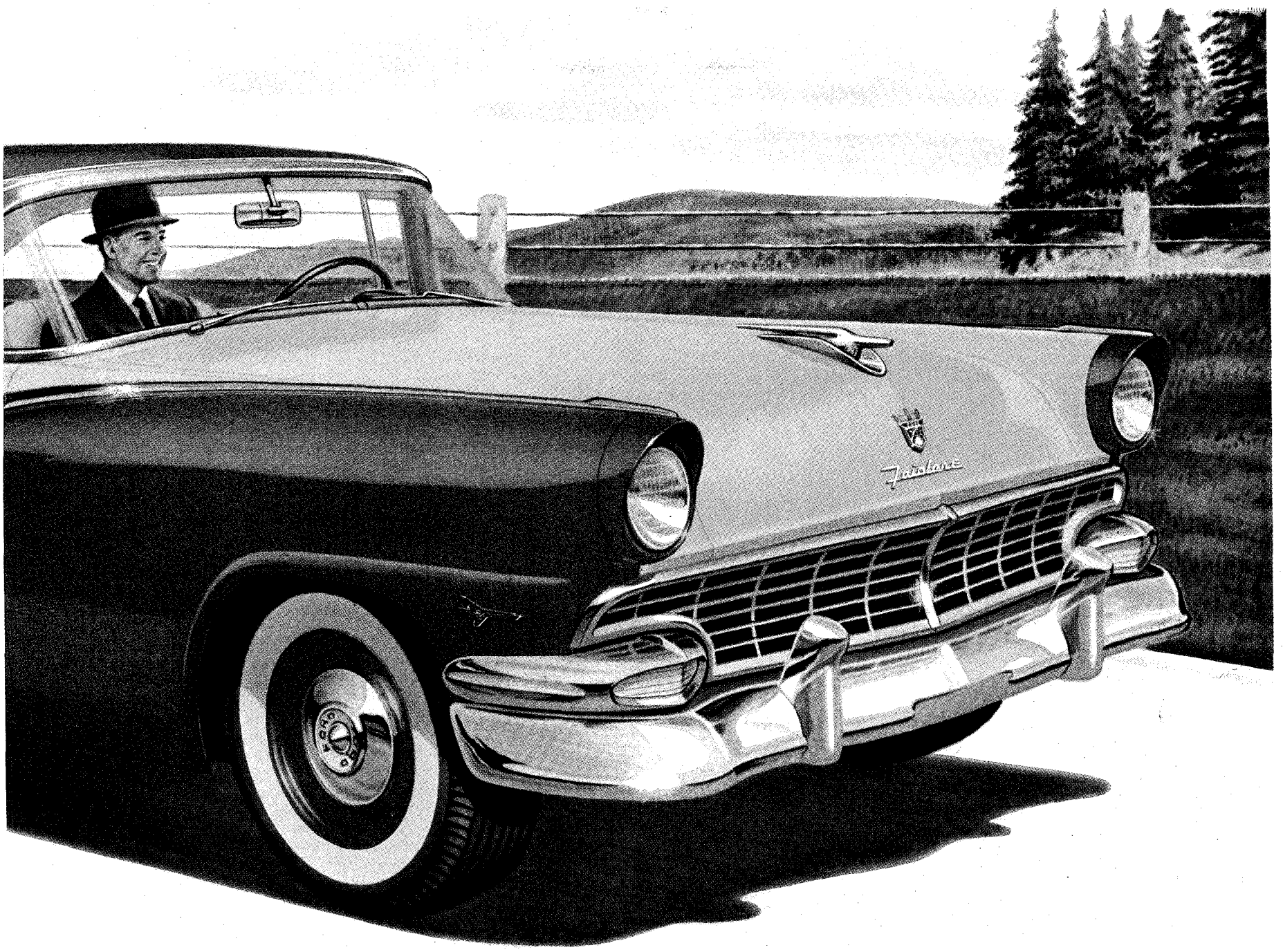
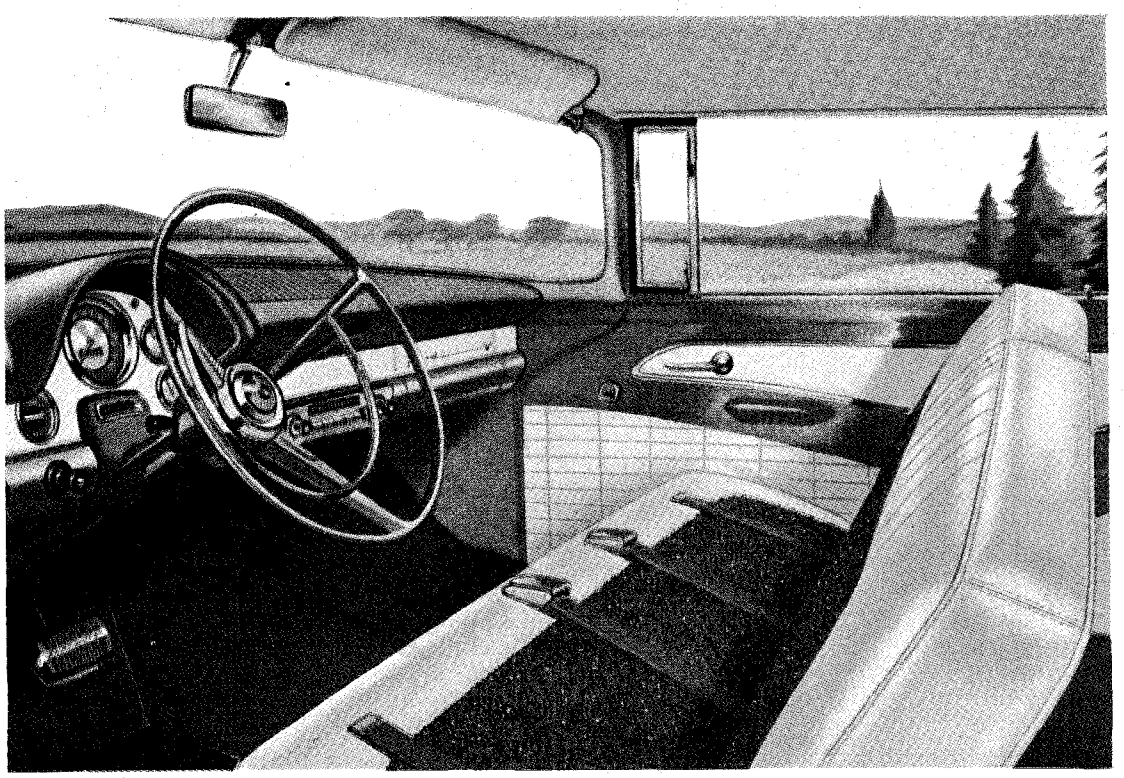
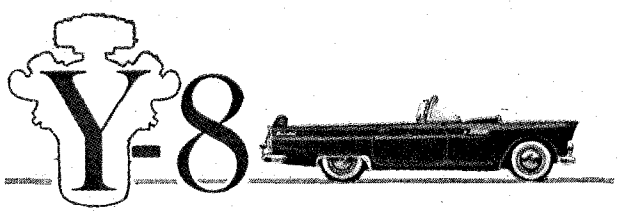


202-h.p. Thunderbird Y-8 engine





Ford 8's are more than V-8's . . . they are Y-8's . . . engines designed to run smoother, last longer.

The confidence and enjoyment you get from the split-second "Go" of all the new Ford engines is only part of the story. They have a rigid, extra-deep block to make them run smoother, quieter, last longer. This deep, Y-like design works its smooth magic in Ford's new 202-h.p. Thunderbird Y-8 (available in Fordomatic Fairlane and Station Wagon models) and the new 176-h.p. Y-8 (available in Fordomatic Customline and Mainline models)! Ford's new 137-h.p. Six also has deep-block build. Any of these brilliant new Ford engines for '56 will freshen your ideas on the joy that responsive power can bring you.

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The Case of the Nine Heroes

(Continued from Page 33)

The story began dramatically in the summer of 1932 as Rorimer, then an associate curator of decorative arts, stepped off H.M.S. Aquitania in New York, after an art-hunting expedition abroad in behalf of the Metropolitan. A somewhat breathless messenger from the museum was waiting for him on the pier. "Please report at once to Mr. Winlock"—Herbert E. Winlock, at that time the director—said he, "and don't talk to a soul."

An hour later Rorimer was sitting behind closed doors in Winlock's office. He heard stirring news. Clarence H. Mackay, the multimillionaire and one of the world's most avid art collectors, wanted to sell some of his treasures. The reason was not hard to guess. The depression was in its third year and Mackay's fortune was shrinking fast. As one of his friends remarked years after, "His art saved him." Mackay had offered the Metropolitan first choice and agreed not to notify, for the moment, the eager and highly competitive New York art dealers. Winlock asked Rorimer to drive immediately, with all speed and secrecy, to Harbor Hill, the princely Mackay estate in Roslyn, Long Island, and cast an expert eye on its contents.

Harbor Hill—since dismantled—was a faithful reproduction of an eighteenth-century French château. There was a stone entrance hall forty feet high, aglitter with suits of armor and medieval tapestries, from which a massive, curving staircase rose to a gallery. Neither then nor afterward, did Rorimer meet the owner. He was received instead by his major-domo, Mercer.

As Rorimer trailed after the major-domo through roomful after roomful of centuries-old furniture, paintings and statuary, he mentally noted a number of objects which he felt the Metropolitan should bid for. But what stopped him dead was a vivid tapestry, roughly ten feet square, hanging beyond a bend of the great staircase. It depicted seven medieval figures separately framed by Gothic architecture. The largest, occupying almost the full height of the tapestry, was King Arthur, enthroned under twin arches. On each side of him, at the level of his crown, stood an archbishop, and below each archbishop, a bishop. At the extreme left were two secular figures, one above the other, whose character Rorimer could not identify. This was not the first time he had seen the King Arthur tapestry, as it was called, and the sight evoked boyhood memories.

Rorimer is a Clevelander, the son of the late Louis Rorimer, a well-to-do art teacher and designer, who exposed him to aesthetics early in life. At the age of thirteen he attended an exhibition at the Cleveland Museum of Art. The star entry was the King Arthur tapestry, lent by Joseph Duveen—later Sir Joseph and ultimately Lord Duveen of Millbank—probably the most formidable art dealer of all time. "I fell in love with it," Rorimer recalls. "It was so bright and simple and unconfused."

In 1921, after he graduated from a private day school in Cleveland, his parents treated him to a classic grand tour of Europe. Ashore in France, they headed for Angers to view the Apocalypse tapestries, designed for the cathedral by Jean de Bruges, court painter to Charles V, and woven on the Paris looms of one Nicolas Bataille between the years 1377 and 1379. Only a portion, however, remained.

"That trip," says Rorimer, "determined the whole course of my career. They were the most stupendous works of art I had ever seen, and right then and there I became covetous of tapestries."

From Angers the Rorimers proceeded to Italy, where the son, now incurably addicted to picture cloths, as they are also sometimes termed, underwent another important formative experience. Browsing together in a Florentine antique gallery, they ran across a sixteenth-century specimen, featuring a red lion against a background of foliage. The future curator precociously recognized it as an excellent example of its school and period. The price was slightly staggering, but Rorimer, Senior, concurred in his son's judgment and, with the approval of his wife, bought it. "My parents," says Rorimer, "were the first people to accept my advice in such matters. The second were the trustees of the Metropolitan." The tapestry hangs today, along with others, in the Park Avenue apartment which Rorimer shares with his wife and two small children.

At the moment of purchase, the Rorimers believed the tapestry to be complete. But later that summer, in a Berlin museum, they spotted a fragment which they realized had once been part of the Red Lion. Without in the least dampening his enthusiasm, the discovery left the younger Rorimer permanently suspicious of claims made by tapestry dealers.

He stayed in Europe two years, studying design, after which he entered Harvard to major in fine arts. In the late '20's he joined the Metropolitan staff. Using calipers and microscope, ultraviolet and infrared rays, he soon distinguished himself as an art sleuth by exposing as fakes several of the objects offered for sale to the museum. One aspiring seller who failed to fob off a spurious sculpture committed suicide.

In 1931, Rorimer beheld the King Arthur tapestry for the second time in his life, while it was on loan to the Metropolitan from Clarence Mackay. Duveen's father, Sir Joseph Joel Duveen, had bought it in France sometime during the preceding century—the records do not indicate from whom—and sold it to a governor of the Bank of France. After J. J.'s death, his son bought it back and imported it to America. Shortly after exhibiting it in the Cleveland museum, Joseph Duveen offered it for sale to the Metropolitan. Presumably the price was not low enough, for the Metropolitan passed it up. It went instead to Mackay for $71,000.

Between his two glimpses of the tapestry, Rorimer had learned a good deal about its history and significance. During the early years of the fourteenth century a troubadour named Jacques de Longuyon popularized a legend of daring and chivalry in an epic poem he composed, titled the Vows of the Peacock. The warrior-hero of this poem, Porus, was pictured as the most valorous paladin who ever championed a damsel in distress or skewered a knave, and for comparison de Longuyon chose nine illustrious heroes of yore—three pagans, Hector, Alexander, Julius Caesar; three Hebrews, David, Joshua, Judas Maccabaeus; three Christians, Arthur, Charlemagne, Godfrey of Bouillon. The theme captivated the public imagination and inspired a flood of music, literature and art. The Nine Heroes were especially popular as the subjects of tapestries. Charles V and his brothers, the Dukes of Anjou, Burgundy and Berry—to list only a few—owned one or more Nine Heroes tapestries.

Mackay's King Arthur, while seemingly complete in itself, Rorimer surmised to be one of a Nine Heroes set, long since destroyed or lost. Moreover, in the colors (shaded reds and blues predominating, golden tan for the stonework), in the weave (twelve and a half warp, or horizontal, threads to the inch, with double weft, or vertical, threads) and in the composition (embodying Gothic vaults, butterflies and foliage) he recognized a style akin to that of the artist Jean de Bruges and the weaver Nicolas Bataille, who had produced the Angers tapestries, beloved by him since boyhood. He observed one curious flaw. The extreme left panel, with the two secular figures, appeared to have been cut away, then woven back on again—for what reason he could not conceive.

A year later, after his tour of Harbor Hill, he wrote in a memorandum to Director Winlock: "If you told me that the Roslyn house was to be set fire to and that I had to go in and salvage half a dozen works of art, I would undoubtedly choose the objects as listed on the attached sheet." The King Arthur headed the list.

The Metropolitan Museum building is owned by the city of New York, but purchases are made out of private endowments and must be approved by a committee of trustees, which, in 1932, included such tycoons as Myron C. Taylor, Marshall Field, Nelson A. Rockefeller and Henry Sturgis Morgan, the son of J. P., Jr. On July twenty-seventh the committee met in the Morgan office on Wall Street, and Rorimer gave his opinion of the King Arthur. "I doubt," said he, "that we will ever have a chance to get anything like it." The committee was sold, and after an agreement had been reached on the terms of purchase—which remain the Metropolitan's and the Mackay estate's secret—King Arthur moved from Harbor Hill.

As soon as the tapestry was unpacked, Rorimer photographed it under ultraviolet light. A vertical line on the inner edge of the extreme left panel, fluorescing in contrast to the surrounding threads, clearly established a join, but he still could find no logical explanation. He assigned the tapestry to a place of honor in the Medieval Tapestry Hall, and neglected no opportunity thereafter to feast his eyes upon it.

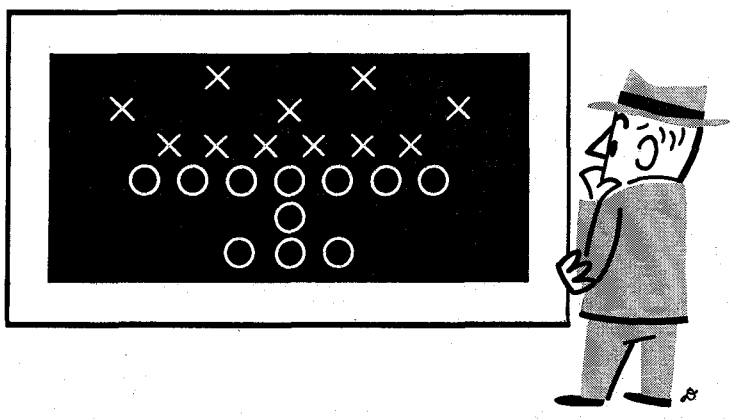
Rorimer's belief that the King Arthur belonged to a Nine Heroes set was somewhat embarrassingly borne out not long afterward, when an art dealer named Abraham M. Adler offered the Metropolitan a panel, three feet by fourteen inches, enclosing a bearded courtier similar to the one on King Arthur's left. Adler had bought it from the Mackay estate following Rorimer's visit to Harbor Hill. "I don't know how I ever missed it," says the curator. But because of its comparative unimportance, the Metropolitan turned it down.

Among the foremost art dealers of the era was a small, bent, irascible recluse of Hungarian origin named Joseph Brummer. At Harvard, Rorimer was advised by his professor of art: "Watch Brummer. He's the coming dealer." The prophecy had been fulfilled. The little man had practically cornered the market in medieval art and built up a clientele that included such insatiable collectors as William Randolph Hearst and the Rockefellers. One of Rorimer's first moves when he came to New York was to drop in at the Brummer Gallery on 57th Street, the center of the city's art and antique trade. The owner took a liking to him, and a warm student-teacher relationship arose.

Brummer was a dealer obsessed by his wares. He seldom read a newspaper, listened to the radio or pursued social activities. Outside of relatives and a few old friends, he received nobody as a guest in the modest apartment above his galleries, where he dwelt with his wife and a chow dog named Berry. Rorimer dined there only twice in his life. When not buying or selling, he was happiest alone with his antiques, some of which he would not part with at any price. Brummer's favorite word for an outstanding rarity was "unicums," meaning unique.

Early in 1936, Rorimer received an excited telephone call from Brummer. "Come quick," he said. "I got here something unicums—the rest of the Angers tapestries!" What the antiquarian showed Rorimer was unicums, all right. Lying half in and half out of huge wooden crates were five pairs of window curtains, each about ten feet long. Whoever fashioned them had cut up tapestries into

(Continued on Page 88)



Let's Play Quarterback

Outguessing the quarterback is half the fun of watching football—especially if you guess right and he doesn't. But let's see what play you would have called in this tight spot from an actual game.

Oklahoma, Big Seven champion, has been held to a 20–20 tie by underdog Colorado in their 1953 game. The Sooner supporters, resigned to a tie, are beginning to leave the stands. When Oklahoma takes the ball on downs on its own forty-nine-yard line, there is time left for just one or two plays. If you were quarterback, would you risk a midfield pass whose interception might cost you the game?

Richard Cohen

See page 88 for answer

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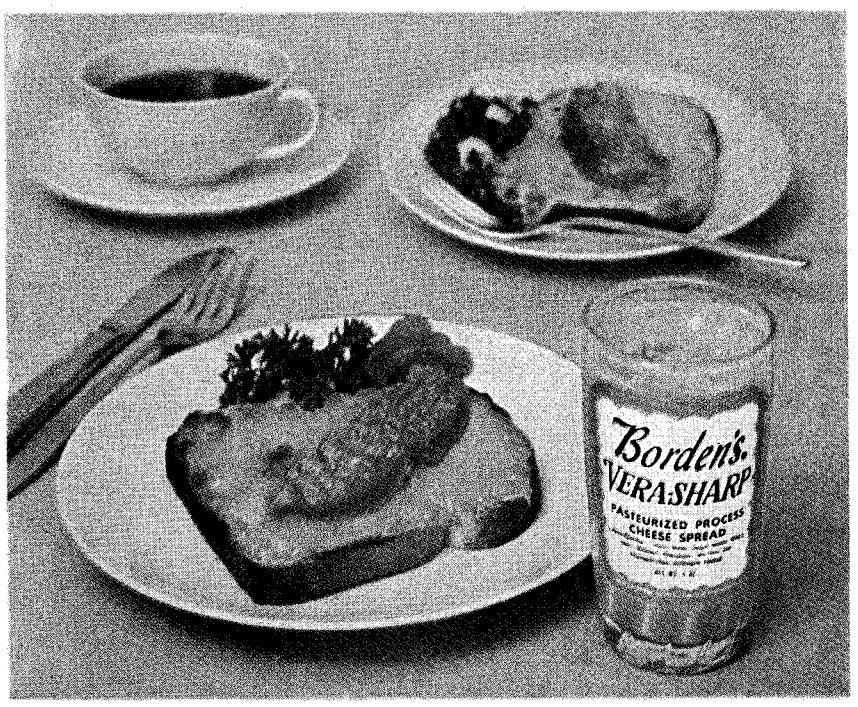

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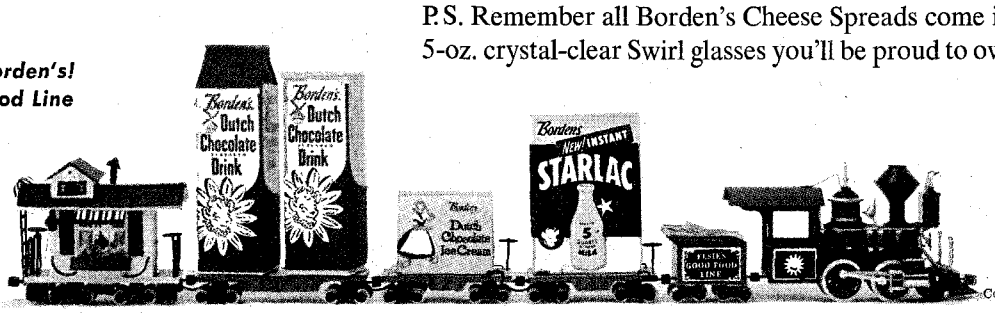

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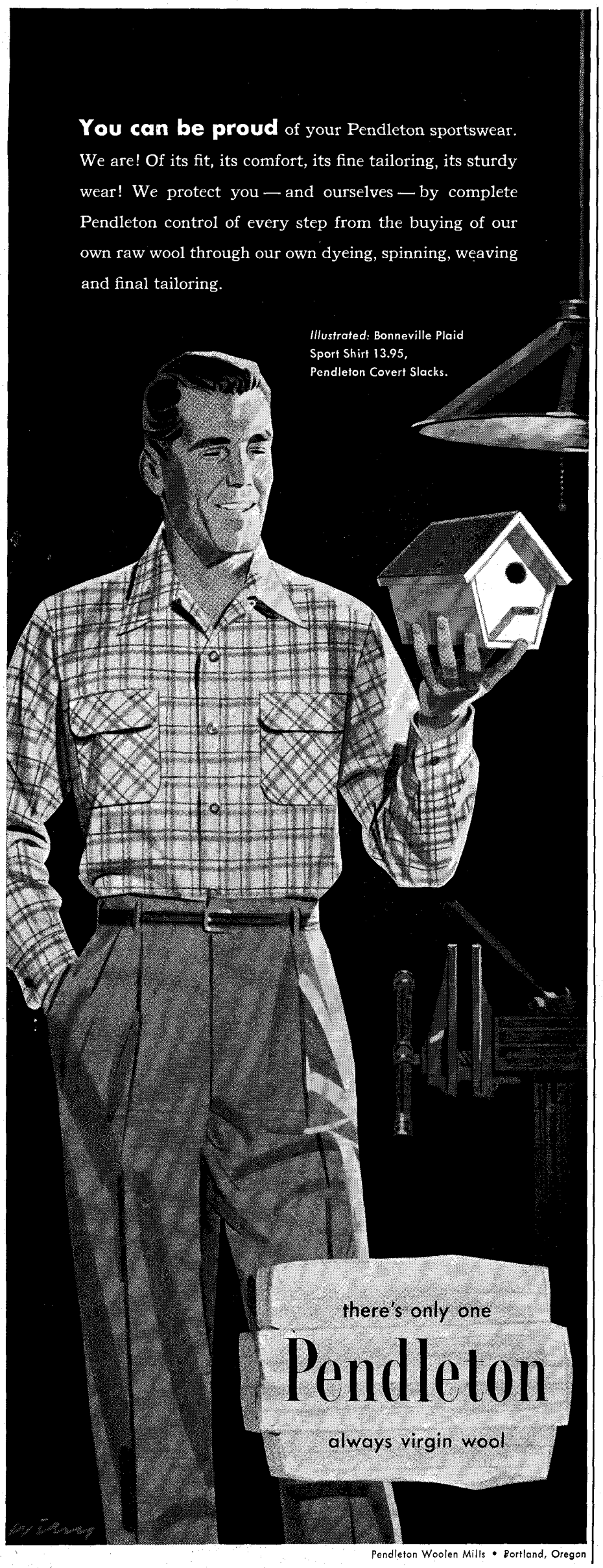
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(Continued from Page 86) many fragments—exactly ninety-one, as it turned out—and sewed them together, without regard to sequence, in order to achieve the desired length. The result was a fricassee of mutilated arms, legs, heads, decorative motifs. But what made Rorimer's head spin with the sudden thrill of discovery was that, although they bore the unmistakable touch of the Bataille atelier and had undoubtedly been woven at about the same time as the Angers tapestries, they belonged to an entirely different set. That set, Rorimer concluded at once from clues, like a lion in a chair—Alexander's coat of arms—David's golden harp, Caesar's double-headed eagle, was a Nine Heroes. Furthermore—and here the curator gasped inwardly—the color scheme and architectural elements, as familiar to him as the back of his hand, indicated that they came from the same Nine Heroes as the Metropolitan's King Arthur.

How had Brummer come by the curtains? The dealer looked demure and mysterious. Rorimer and his colleague were to spend a long time piecing together the story from hints dropped by other dealers and from intensive historical research. Again, the omnipresent Duveens enter the picture. The point of origin of the curtains is unknown. J. J. once owned the curtains and shortly after the Franco-Prussian War sold them to a Viennese banker, Baron Arthur Schickler. The baron settled in France, bought a castle at Martinvast, near Cherbourg, and hung the curtains in the windows of the *grand salon*. He willed the castle to his daughter, who had married a French nobleman, Count Hubert de Pourtalès. From time to time the count and countess would sell—usually anonymously—some object from the castle, but they rejected numerous offers for the curtains from the Duveens, who were among the few dealers in the world aware of their existence.

In 1930, Brummer's younger brother Ernest, no mean art detective himself, was managing the Paris branch of the gallery. One day a colleague left with him a photograph of an ancient Greek figurine, standing on a table in a lofty room, which the owner had authorized him to sell. The owner's name, he explained, could not be revealed. The figurine itself failed to interest Brummer, but in a corner of the photograph he discerned the fold of a curtain, about a square inch of it, that strongly suggested an Angers tapestry.

As he traveled around France during the following months, Ernest Brummer showed the photograph to every dealer and collector he met. At length, one of them recognized the *grand salon* of Martinvast castle. Like many another French historical monument, the castle was open to the public once a week. Next visitors' day Brummer joined the tourists and was able to inspect the curtains in their entirety. He cabled his brother. "Get them," Joseph cabled back. A blunt offer to the de Pourtalès would, Ernest knew, be rebuffed. The approach must be discreet. It took him two years to get an introduction to the family. Three more years elapsed in delicate negotiation. The mighty Joseph Duveen redoubled his efforts to bag the curtains, but the Brummers prevailed. "I took the curtains down myself," says Ernest, who today heads the Brummer Gallery. Although the Brummers never disclosed the price, rumors current in art circles put it at between $50,000 and $60,000.

But the point of origin of the curtains was of secondary importance to the great question: Under what circumstances would the Metropolitan be able to acquire them? Joseph Brummer showed no inclination whatever to relinquish them. Rorimer reasoned with him for weeks. "I want a million dollars," the antiquarian exclaimed at one point, "and I won't sell them!" Would he not, simply as a matter of academic interest, at least lend them to the museum so that they could be unscrambled? Brummer refused to let them out of his hands. The most he would do was to allow Rorimer to photograph them on the premises.

With a pair of nail scissors Rorimer and an assistant curator, Miss Margaret B. Freeman, undertook a task from which the most ardent jigsaw puzzler might quail. Tracing the seams on the photographs, they cut apart the ninety-one components and began rearranging them in experimental paste-ups. Off and on for ten years they matched and fitted, continually taxiing down to Brummer's to consult the originals. "It was maddening," says Rorimer, "to have to work from photographs when the real thing was only thirty blocks away."

The reconstruction called for a lot of educated guesswork. In what order, for example, did the Hebrew heroes stand? Miss Freeman reasoned that the artist probably observed Biblical chronology and, since Joshua antedated David and Judas Maccabaeus, she proceeded on the theory—correct, it developed—that he should come first.

During the war, Miss Freeman had to carry on alone. In 1943, Rorimer went overseas as a second lieutenant, assigned to Monuments, Fine Arts and Archives, in which capacity he helped plan and direct Allied strategy to save historic treasures from war damage. By the time he got back to the Metropolitan in 1946, Miss Freeman had almost completed the jigsaw. The picture, considered together with the King Arthur, produced some walloping surprises. Three tapestries were involved, each devoted to a different trio of Heroes. Of the Hebrews, Joshua and David were present; of the pagans, Alexander and Caesar; of the Christians, only Arthur. Nearly all of the accompanying smaller figures and sizable portions of the ornamentation, however, were intact. Moreover, the mystery of the King Arthur's left panel had been solved. It did not belong to the Christians at all, but to the Hebrews. (Continued on Page 90)

Answer to

Let's Play Quarterback

Page 86

Oklahoma Quarterback Gene Calame figured it was the logical time for a long pass. So, instead, he called a running play. Substitute Halfback Merrill Green (above) cut inside his own end with the ball and went right through the pass-deployed Colorado defense fifty-one yards to a touchdown. Oklahoma won, 27-20.

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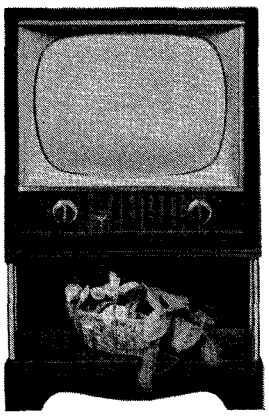

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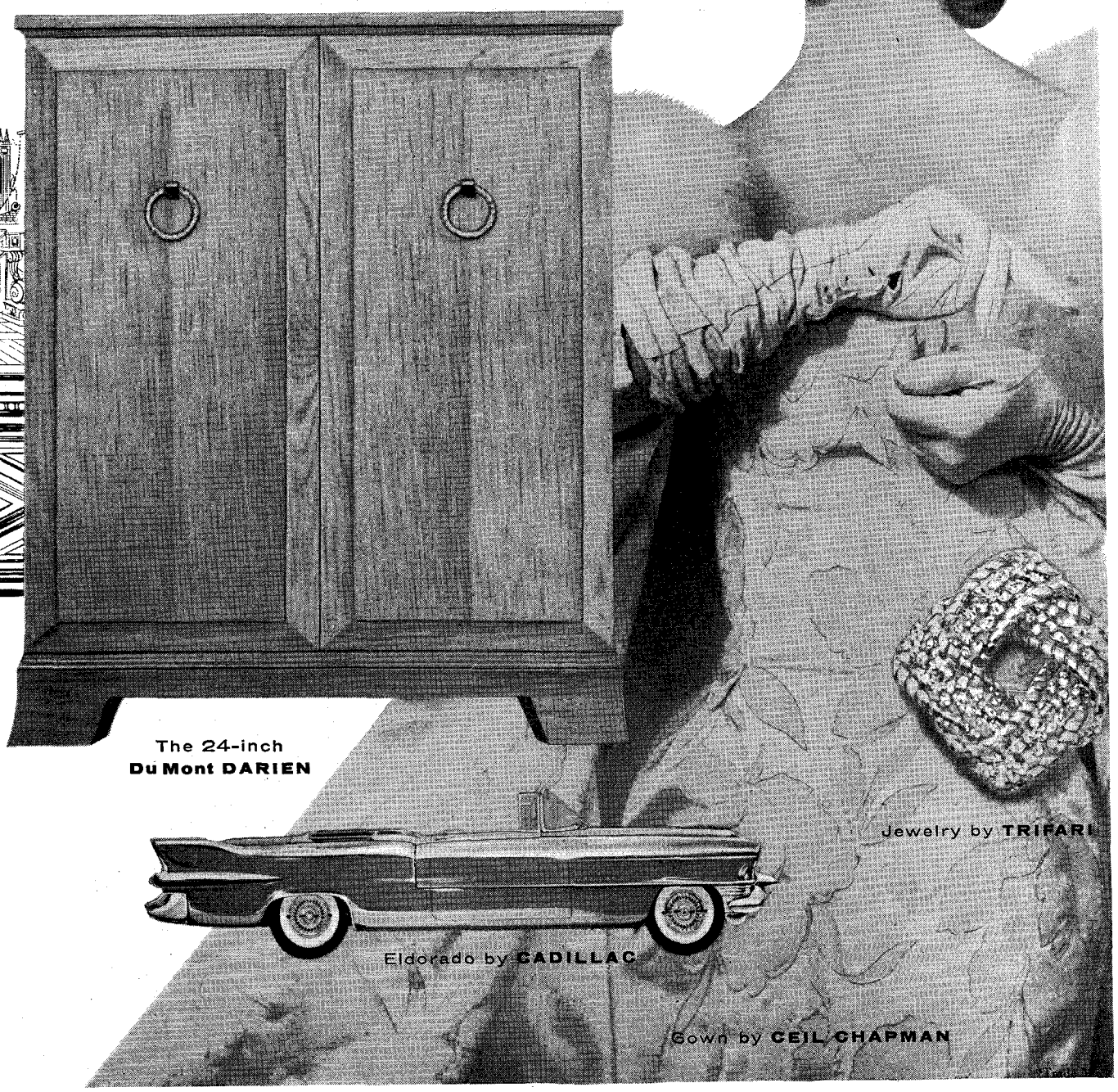

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(Continued from Page 88) Lacking the curtains themselves, Rorimer and Miss Freeman could go no further and, with a sigh of frustration, they consigned their paste-ups to the museum archives, a triumph of scholarship and ingenuity.

But Rorimer never despaired of weakening Brummer's resistance, and he continued to chip away at it. In April, 1947, he dined in the Brummer home for the second time. The little antiquarian was in mellow mood. "Don't worry," he said over coffee and brandy; "someday you're going to get the curtains." Two weeks later, as Rorimer stepped off a train in Baltimore to attend an art exhibition, he heard that Brummer had died that morning.

Rorimer hopped the next train back to New York and raced over to 57th Street. As a precaution against thieves, the Brummer family had requested a police guard to be posted at the entrance to the gallery and they refused to let Rorimer pass. He waited in a fever of anxiety until the funeral was over; then tried again. This time Ernest Brummer admitted him.

Negotiations over the curtains, as well as other Brummer treasures, started that afternoon and dragged on for six months. In the end, the Metropolitan bought 178 objects for more than $1,000,000, of which sum the curtains represented the largest percentage.

With almost two thirds of the Nine Heroes in its possession, any available fragment, however small, now assumed great importance in the eyes of the Metropolitan. Rorimer remembered the dealer, Abraham Adler. He telephoned him, only to learn that the bearded courtier had been bought by a New York lumber merchant, George A. Douglass, at the moment under medical observation in Harkness Pavilion. No stranger to Douglass, Rorimer visited him there. When the patient understood the situation, he generously agreed to donate his fragment to the museum.

Thus, three separate batches of the Nine Heroes had been rounded up. Might not still others exist somewhere in the world? Rorimer made it a project—one which he will probably be pursuing to his dying day—to find out. On numerous trips to Europe he canvassed the art dealers, never explicitly stating what he was up to, in order not to inflate the price, should he succeed.

After questioning some 200 prospects, he ran into an Irish lady in London by the name of Mrs. John Hunt, wife of a gentleman of private means from County Limerick, who occasionally sold antiques out of his well-stocked manor house. "You know," said she, "I believe we have a piece of your tapestry."

Said Rorimer, "The devil you have." She promised to send it to him on approval.

Not long after his return to New York, an emissary of the Hunts—a towering, muscular type, who, for reasons peculiar to the art business, Rorimer refers to by the fictitious name of McCoy—walked into his office with the piece in question. It measured only about five feet by two, and the lower portion had been badly damaged and foolishly restored, but it unquestionably belonged to the Nine Heroes.

The price McCoy mentioned struck Rorimer as fantastic. They haggled over it for weeks.

One day Rorimer ventured a bluff. "Take it back to Ireland, then," he said. "We'll never meet your price." McCoy started huffily for the door. When he was halfway through, Rorimer stopped him. The fragment remained in the museum.

Rorimer now girded himself for the monumental work of restoration. Recruiting a team of strong-nerved museum technicians, he instructed them to divide with razor-edged blades all the connecting warp threads—thousands of them—without losing a single strand. This they accomplished in six weeks. Each fragment was then loosely bound with strips of linen to prevent unraveling.

Next, the grime of centuries had to be washed off. Would the vegetable dyes run? Rorimer nervously began experimenting with some fragments in a washbasin. The colors held fast. For the full-scale laundering job, soap flakes were dissolved in warm water, the tapestries gently massaged with a sponge soaked in the solution and repeatedly rinsed under a fine spray. Lest the sun fade them, they were left to dry slowly in a dark room of the Cloisters.

The third step was a repetition of Operation Jigsaw, with the fragments spread out over an immense refectory table. Five staffers worked at it for six months. The Douglass fragment fitted neatly into the Hebrew Heroes. The Hunt fragment, Rorimer decided, because of its extensive repairs, should be hung by itself and the lower portion folded under. When the assembly was finished, Rorimer and Miss Freeman were gratified to note that their photographic reconstruction had been 90 per cent accurate.

Not until the summer of 1947 could the actual reweaving get under way. Tapestry weaving is an almost extinct craft, and in this country its practitioners are scarcer than whooping cranes. Rorimer reckoned he would need at least four weavers. It took him months to find them. One, Mrs. Helen Burke, turned up on the Metropolitan's own staff, and another, Mrs. Mathilda Sullivan, on its roster of retired employees. A third, Swiss-born Miss Aline von Arx, was traced through a man who had once run one of America's few tapestry-weaving concerns before it went out of business. The fourth was a Norwegian, Mrs. Olga Larsen, who, though inexperienced as a tapestry weaver, showed Rorimer a needle-point seat cover of such excellence that he decided to hire her.

The technique is known as fine-drawing. The weaver inserts a segment of tapestry about six inches in diameter into a darning frame, lines up the ends of the cut threads a pair at a time, and with a needle snakes a third bit around them. The wool used by fourteenth-century tapestry makers was much stronger and heavier than any commonly available today, and Rorimer had to have some carded to order by French and British craftsmen versed in the ancient methods.

The warp threads supporting a tapestry are not visible and therefore require no special treatment, but the weft threads, which carry the design, must be dyed to match the original. For the Nine Heroes the artist used fourteen colors. The Metropolitan's fine-drawers steeped pieces of linen in scores of different dye blends until they had reproduced the identical shades.

There remained the problem of the missing one third of the Nine Heroes. Rorimer decided to fill the gaps with plain tapestry material. None of quality comparable to the original could be procured in America. He applied to the celebrated 400-year-old Gobelin works in Paris, a national property. The French Government granted special permission to have the job done. Ten square yards were needed. Weaving at the rate of a few inches a day, Gobelin delivered the material in a year.

The fine-drawers clocked up a total of 10,000 needlewoman hours, joining the last threads during the spring of 1949. Toward the end, a delay was occasioned when Mrs. Sullivan became a mother and announced that she would have to resign for lack of a baby sitter at home. But Rorimer installed a baby carriage and play pen, once occupied by his own progeny, in the Cloisters, and Mrs. Sullivan resumed work with her infant at her side.

Rorimer devised a novel method of hanging the tapestries. Sliding tracks were set into the wall of a specially remodeled room and the series fastened to them like the winter lining of a trench coat. On May 21, 1949, seventeen years after the Metropolitan acquired its first Hero, visitors to the Cloisters viewed four more. In the center of the room stood Rorimer, a proud and ebullient master of ceremonies. Prominently displayed was a sign he had ordered—EXHIBITED FOR THE FIRST TIME SINCE THE MIDDLE AGES.

The Met's new director still clings to the hope of someday recovering parts, if not all, of Hector, Charlemagne and Godfrey of Bouillon. In recent months he has been tantalized by two rumors of their existence, one emanating from Northern France, the other from Germany. "Probably just bait," he says wistfully, "but I guess I'll have to take a look."

THE END

"I'll call you back in a few minutes, dear—soon as I dispose of this poor devil."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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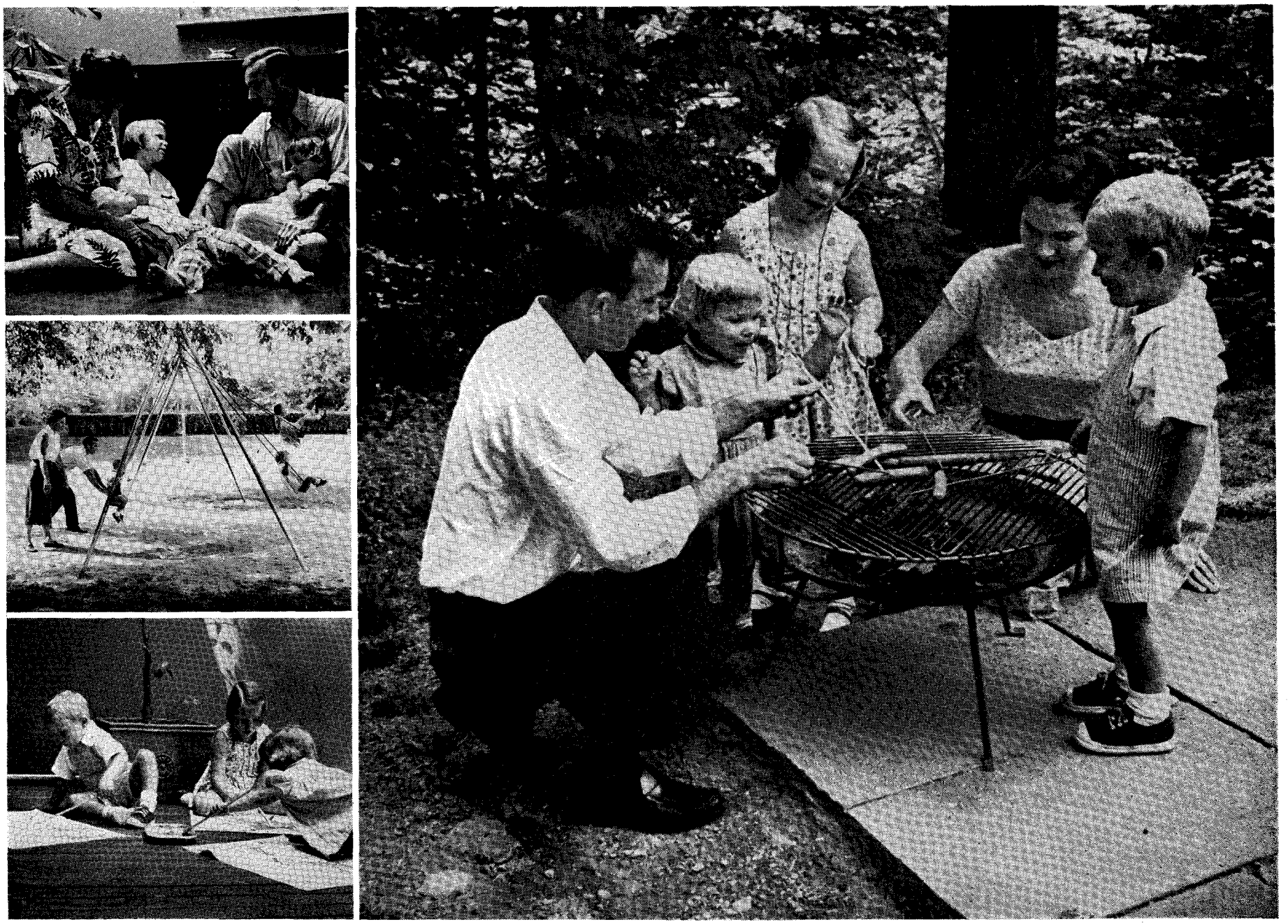

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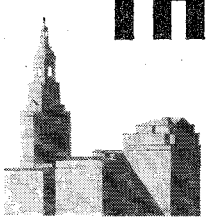

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Yankee Go Home!

(Continued from Page 26)

Senator Cole took her hand vaguely. "Madam," he said without preliminary, "just what is this?"

The first secretary followed his gesture toward the crowd. "Those," she said. "Oh, they're just a bunch of communists."

"A bunch of communists!"

"They take every opportunity to demonstrate," said Miss Kenny. "We get processions past the embassy and the USIS office every other day. I wouldn't worry about them."

"They've got my name on that banner," said Senator Cole, deeply outraged.

The first secretary leaned back on her high heels and laughed gaily. "Why, that's a tribute to you, senator," she said. "You're the best-known member of the Senate hereabouts. All the communist editors come regularly to read the reports of your speeches. You're quoted more often than any leader, except the President and Mr. Dulles—especially in the vernaculars."

"In what?"

"The native-language press—they've been working up an issue about your visit for weeks."

It occurred to Senator Cole that all he saw of the crowd was a section which had strained a line of khaki-clad police beyond the corner of the buildings. The unseen bulk now gave an animal howl, and he revised upward his estimate of its numbers. The banner was tossed and all the black flags shook with menace.

The power of the State Department, wielded firmly and sweetly by Anadelle, shriveled arrival formalities to a few signatures. Silver-braided officials pushed lines aside for him in the stuffy gloom of the terminal sheds and in a few minutes the first secretary had him in a limousine rolling through the airport gates onto a two-lane highway fringed by palms—stalky, twisted, leaning at crazy angles, but bearing clusters of fat yellow-green milk coconuts.

Pickup trucks, each with half a dozen grinning, brown-skinned policemen in khaki shirts and shorts and blue berets, followed and preceded them.

"About the demonstration, senator," said the first secretary brightly, "you—you had an idea—perhaps you understood—that is, I was under the impression that the ambassador tried to head—to intercept you at Manila. I believe he explained the situation?"

"I heard from him," said Senator Cole, with some emphasis. "He told me there was a dangerous political situation here. So I hurried."

The police truck in front slowed down. Waves of confused shouting, deepening in volume, reached them. The policemen leaned over the sides of the truck, threatening and shouting.

"Probably a bullock cart," said Anadelle. "You know how they are, senator—takes a bomb to shift them from the middle of the road."

The police truck slowed to a crawl and its occupants leaped out, rifles at the ready. A crowd scattered off the road and retreated to the palm fringes, keeping just out of reach of the threatening rifle butts.

"Oh," said the dismayed Miss Kenny, "I made sure there would be nothing like this. I spoke to the chief of police myself this morning. He assured me they wouldn't permit a major demonstration; he promised me that the most they would allow would be a few black flags at the airport. He gave me his word that, as a personal favor ——"

"Is the protection of life and the safety of foreign visitors a personal favor here?"

"It's the political crisis. There's division within the government and the police are not entirely reliable."

"That," said Senator Cole, "adds a certain piquancy to the situation. What do we do now—build a stockade?"

The most active element in the crowd was a screen of young men who made feints at the car, keeping the police on the jump. The following escort hurled abuse and threats at the crowd without dismounting.

"Driver," said Miss Kenny, with sharp authority, "tell that truck in front to keep moving! They're blocking us!"

Several coconuts sailed over the heads of the police, and one bounced with a clang on the gleaming cowl of the embassy car. The driver honked furiously at the immobile police truck, but it remained motionless while its driver held a jabbering argument with the subinspector in charge.

With the speed of an end-run movement, a dozen youths swept through the police lines, up to the car.

The first secretary's voice cracked like sparks from a cable end, "Go round that truck, fast! Drive through them!"

For a second's blink, Senator Cole found a warm ear pressed to his lips as she leaned across to slip the catch on his door. Then the car was surrounded by furious brown faces that screamed, fists that shook, tore at the door handles and banged madly on the panels and roof. A clod of earth spattered on the partly opened window and Senator Cole's eyes were filled with grit. The car lurched wildly as a dozen young men heaved to overturn it.

"Get out!" he yelled at the first secretary. "Get out before it goes over!"

They shot back in reverse and a wild scream rang in his ear, followed by a volley of shots. Then they lurched forward again in a madness of shouts, thuds and bumps.

Senator Cole grimaced with streaming eyes, gathering from the swift acceleration that they were on a clear road again.

The first secretary's acute, high-keyed commentary on the situation trailed off to a faintly embarrassed silence. She uttered a soft scream of dismay. "Oh, senator! You're hurt!"

"It's nothing. Just a little grit in my eyes."

"Please, let me."

A soft palm steadied his cheek and he surrendered his handkerchief as the first secretary moved closer to him.

"I think that one's clear," she murmured. "Now, let's see the other. . . . Oh, do excuse me. . . . Driver, slow down a little. . . . I'm so sorry, senator."

"Not at all," said the senator contentedly.

The car made a sharp turn and came to a halt. A servant in white uniform with gold buttons swung open the door. The first secretary, her hat awry, sprawled in Senator Cole's lap as the ambassador stepped forward with outstretched hand.

After dinner the ambassador took him out on the terrace. "While I'm personally very happy to see you, senator," he said, "officially I must regret your visit. We have a crisis here. The communists have a foothold in the cabinet and they're boiling things up to the point where they can move for control. Your presence will embarrass the government and give the communists an excuse for anti-American demonstrations."

The ambassador, a tall, weedy man with a ginger fuzz around a bald dome, shot the cuffs on his moist wrists with a gesture that might be interpreted as an appeal to the stars. "What should I do—get the next plane out?"

"I suppose so. Yes, I would even suggest so. There is nothing personal in all this, senator. Even the prime minister is not taking a personal attitude in this. He has certain political realities to deal with, you understand."

"I understand that he'll have a certain reality to deal with if the communists take over. How does he contemplate that?"

"He's hoping to outmaneuver them," said the ambassador. "We're all hoping he can."

"Well," said Cole violently, "does the political future of this country depend on the fiddling of a feeble politician? If it goes, all Southeast Asia goes."

"That," said the ambassador, "has been evident for

(Continued on Page 94)

"Now here's something for the growing boy—it's rubber."

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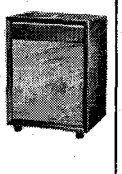

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(Continued from Page 92)

some years. What we can do about it is less obvious. Internal communism is their private battle. We can't supply them with leaders; they must grow their own."

A very old gentleman with a thin chin beard approached with both hands outstretched in welcome.

"I am most happy we meet at last, senator," he said, and his voice had in it the hush of age.

The ambassador introduced him as Dr. Adoe Lungkarno, professor of political science at the university, and Cole recalled that they had exchanged correspondence about a projected lecture to his students.

"I understand; I fully understand," he said regretfully, as he pressed the senator's hand.

"Understand?"

"About the lecture," said the wizened professor. "It would indeed be difficult to arrange without unpleasantness in the present circumstances."

The ambassador intervened. "Professor Lungkarno kept me informed about the progress of the arrangements and I felt it my duty to tell him that it would be impossible for you to appear at the university. The communists among the students are so well organized that any such function would be turned into a fiasco if not a disaster."

Cole found Anadelle among a group sipping coffee amid the bougainvillaea on the ambassador's lawn.

"By the rule of association, this visit ought to be sweet," he said, "since it's certainly going to be short. I've been told to get on the next plane."

She wore an ankle-length gown of close-fitting gray silk, with a gold gauze scarf over her smooth, tanned shoulders. Her hair caught the light from the terrace lamps with a coppery gleam.

"So you're going?" She seemed faintly amused by the confirmation of her expectations.

"I guess so. I came here on a political mission, but I've been way behind in my estimate of how things were moving. It seems I can't help. In fact, I'm worse than no help—I'm an embarrassment." Cole wondered why he felt it necessary to defend his departure.

"What did you expect to find?"

"A developing—even an aggressive—communist movement. Not a communist revolution ready to pop."

Anadelle looked into her cup. "There's certainly no point in waiting for it to pop," she said. . . .

"You'll have time for some sight-seeing in the morning," the ambassador said, as he saw him to his car. "I'll send an embassy car for you and arrange for an escort."

Senator Cole was alone in the hotel lounge, buffeted by warm gales from a dozen whirling overhead fans, when Anadelle arrived after breakfast. She swung toward him with fluid grace through the jungle of cane chairs, and he was overtaken by a totally unaccountable sense of fun when she smiled at him.

"All set?"

She surveyed him closely as he stood up.

"Like that?"

He checked his tropical-weave suit, nylon-mesh shoes, Florida straw hat with floral band.

"Why not?"

"I guess it's all right. You can take off that jacket and tie later. All you really need is a shirt, slacks, easy shoes and a pair of sunglasses—the sunglasses are important."

The senator's glance flicked over Miss Kenny's neatly rounded figure. She intercepted it without embarrassment.

"I wear practically nothing underneath," said Miss Kenny, and then smiled mischievously because the senator's ears had reddened perceptibly.

He followed her into the white bite of the sun beyond the hotel portico and looked vaguely around for an official car.

Anadelle got behind the wheel of a tiny car, so that Senator Cole had to bend double to peer in at her. She patted the seat beside her.

"You'll see more here, but if your legs get too cramped you can shift to the back."

"I'll be all right, I guess," he said resignedly. "I thought the ambassador was sending an official car."

"I dismissed it," said Miss Kenny; "too conspicuous. Crowds don't pay the same attention to these little European cars."

The engine spat to life with a whir like a sewing machine.

"One moment!"

"Forgotten something?"

"The escort."

Miss Kenny laughed. "We'd see nothing with that truckload of cops trailing behind; we'd be leading a procession with banners by the end of the day."

Senator Cole smiled silent agreement, a trifle flatly.

"I thought," said the first secretary, as they whirred into an avenue of noble banyan trees, "you might like to talk to a local editor. I've got a friend who brings out a little weekly native-language sheet, and he knows more about the political situation than the prime minister. We could see the bazaar area on the way."

Regarding her profile, Cole reflected that it was a pity the first secretary, a lady of discretion and discrimination, had shorn her thick coppery-brown hair to a boyish crop, but he presumed the crop had certain advantages in a hot climate—and there was no doubt that it went well with her taut features and clear, tanned skin. Now, in a cool climate, she could wear her hair roped into a bun low on her neck, and that, he told himself, would be something.

"I'd be delighted," he said.

The tall banyans were inhabited by whole armies of crows that wheeled in screaming divisions overhead. On the wide pavements below were rows of burlap-and-matting shelters, daubed with the droppings.

"Refugees," said Miss Kenny. "Some of them were uprooted by the Japanese, some by famine, some by civil war and banditry; they rot here. And they're good for a riot any time a bunch of young commies from the university want to raise one. It's their main weapon of intimidation."

"Hasn't the government enough force to cope with a street mob?"

"If they get tough the communists cry tyranny and call a general strike; then nothing moves and the shops don't dare open. After a week of that the government is on its knees."

"If the government is so weak why don't the communists take over?"

"Because the country isn't really communist and an attempted coup now might cause a general uprising, led by the army, which is anti-Red."

"It seems to me they're being strangled by their own weakness."

"That's what everybody says," said Anadelle. "But there must be some way. That's why I'd like you to meet Prapang Lugo—he can tell you more about the personalities and the cabinet intrigue that keep things this way. He writes about them as much as he dares. Sooner or later, he's going to get his plant wrecked."

The little car bounced over potholes in the narrow bazaar streets where brilliant hand-woven silks and wondrously filigreed silver glowed in cupboard-sized shops two paces from sour and reeking gutters.

Watching a solemn infant eating rice from a folded banana leaf, Cole was reminded of lunch.

"How about a Chinese meal?" he said.

"Love to; I know just the place. I think its full name is the Flower Boat of Dreams Realized, but it's commonly called the Blue Junk. It's moored in a creek and nearly overgrown by great, tall bamboos. There are native houses along the other bank—rickety little pavilions on piles—and naked children plop from the verandas into the muddy water like brown frogs. It's steamy, of course, but it has a sort of moist ease about it; and the food—heavenly. Bamboo shoots pickled with limes, heart-of-palm salad, fish in ginger sauce, and duck that dissolves on the tongue."

They emerged onto a cobbled wharf beside a shrunken tidal creek, faced by aged but still solid three-story stone houses. "This is the old port area," Anadelle said. "His offices are along here somewhere." Then she hit the brake so suddenly that Cole's cramped knees were cracked against the dashboard.

A block away, showers of papers were being hurled from an upper window onto the street, where a group of youths were gathering them into a pile. Books, files, bound volumes of newspapers, thudded onto the cobbles; then a metal filing cabinet toppled through the window. A heavy steel frame fell swiftly and the lead type scattered like shining gravel.

Anadelle said in a voice that seemed squeezed, "So it's happened."

Up and down the wharf more than a hundred

(Continued on Page 96)

"Frankly, I don't believe there is such a thing as do-it-yourself psychoanalysis!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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(Continued from Page 94) people were watching the raid, but making no attempt to interfere. The area around the bonfire gang was clear of people. Within the building there were thuds and cries and the steady, solid clang of a sledge on metal. The youths went about their work with the dispassionate method of a wrecking gang and the bystanders watched with absorbed interest. The papers blackened as the first flames, hardly visible in the hot sunlight, licked at them. Above them a trace of white smoke gathered.

In the very order and evident ordinariness of the scene Cole felt a dark, controlled menace, and, hunched in the stifling little car, he was suddenly chill. He looked from Anadelle's head bowed on the wheel to the unstirring observers. Then he closed the car door, which he had half opened on an impulse.

The work went forward with method and enthusiasm. Shelves torn from the walls, splintered desks and chairs were tossed from the building onto the bonfire. Some pieces of metal from a shattered flatbed press clanged on the roadway.

A man with a ripped shirt and a trace of blood on his cheek bolted out, terror in his drawn face, and disappeared down a side street. He was not pursued. Another was pushed out, cuffed and kicked, and finally permitted to slink away. A third man was dragged out, limp between two youths. When released, he slumped in the gutter. The gang watched him briefly, with no trace of passion or excitement. Then they grouped tightly around him. Cole saw the heads of several rise above the others and sway. He heard a faint crack and a choked scream. He scrambled out of the car, cursing them, but conscious that his voice was high and touching a cracked note because under his belt was an uncontrollable fluttering.

Several of the group turned to stare at him, as feeding animals might stare at an intruder, intently but with no emotion. A few started toward him, but at a word from a leader they turned aside. Then the group dissolved into twos and threes, and within minutes the still body in the gutter was alone beside the bonfire, being steadily consumed by invisible flames in the bright sun.

A police jeep swung onto the wharf and stopped beside the fire. The occupants stooped briefly over the body and made a swift inspection of the building; the bystanders disappeared.

Anadelle raised a gray face. "I don't think I want lunch," she said. She declined Cole's offer to drive.

On the way back, he asked one question, "Is the university solidly communist?"

She shook her head. "Ten per cent at most, but they're the best organized, best trained, toughest group in the country. They dominate the student life because no other group has the cohesion or spirit to stand up to their methods. You just saw what they were."

Anadelle said good-by to him at the hotel. "I'll arrange for somebody to see you through customs," she said. "No, I don't want to rest and I don't want a drink. I think I want to pray or something."

Cole went straight to the bar. An aging man with hollow eyes and one white lock plastered on his clammy forehead looked back at him from the bar mirror.

"Too much sun, saar," said the Indian barman sympathetically.

Cole contemplated the face and reflected that he had never seen his age so clearly written on it; success had kept it young. The dark head with the dramatic silver forelock, the deep-set eyes and strong features had gone well with trenchant speeches against communism. The cartoonists had made much of it.

After his second drink he went to the reception desk and asked for a reliable messenger to deliver a note and return with an answer. Then he went to his room, stared at the ceiling and thought of words.

The reply came when the afternoon was well advanced, and Senator Cole rose and dressed with conservative care for a very important occasion.

At a few minutes past four o'clock, when the afternoon was beginning to cool, Senator Cole kept pace with the tottering steps of Professor Lungkarno as they walked toward the rostrum of the Main Hall. Twelve hundred youths watched them in silence. Through the tall, wide-open windows the banyans reflected a green light, and dozens of fans, pendant on long rods from the remote ceiling, whirred as if they would lift the roof.

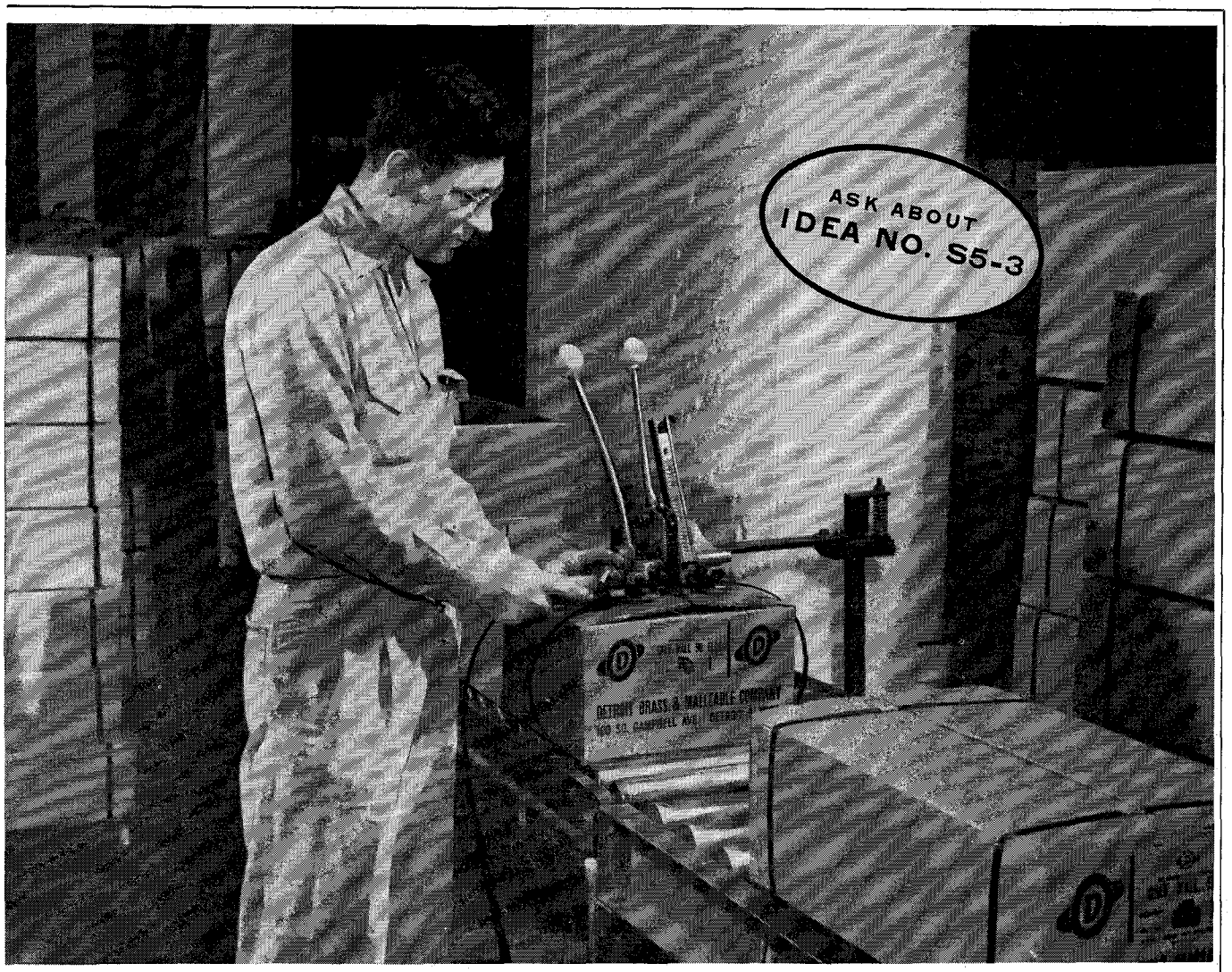
"They all have English as a study medium," the professor whispered as he stepped back, "but please to speak slowly."

Cole took a deep breath and pulled his stomach muscles taut. "Gentlemen," he said, "in a way, this might be called a memorial lecture—in memory of a dead editor. A man I never knew, but a graduate of this university. I saw his dead body in the gutter outside his office today, after I had, to my eternal shame, stood by and watched him murdered."

Cole reflected that in this college he had no need to plead or play for attention; the concentration on his words was electric.

He had concluded his description of the incident when the amplifying system went dead. Cole stepped around the rostrum and gathered a voice trained in prairie townships.

"The theme of my address, gentlemen, is freedom. And the theory I will seek to



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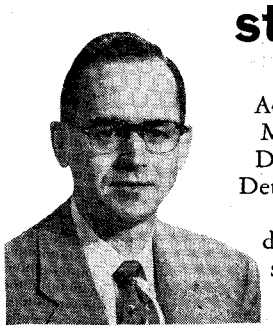

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develop is that freedom lives or dies with each one of us. It was not taken nor given by colonial power, and it does not rest securely in the custody of any government. Freedom has a voice like the storm, the voice of a multitude. Prapang Lugo was a pipe in the storm wind of freedom, and because his voice has been stilled, there are others that will be hushed, others whose words will be chosen more carefully ——"

The first shadow of dusk was on the outside air when the stamping began at the back of the hall. He gathered his voice and boomed on above it; hardly a head that he could see turned because of it.

"—— he himself would say that his death was of no consequence if, for the voice that was stilled, ten are raised ——"

As the stamping grew in volume, angry voices protested and shouted for quiet.

"—— freedom is not won or lost for the outside. Man is free or slave in the mind and heart, and the worst enemies of a nation's freedom are always within its borders ——"

Scuffles broke out among the seats, and in the dim rear of the hall the stamping took up a steady rhythm; faces swayed in the shadows, and voices grew to a roar. He had never before attempted to rouse a rabble, but he threw everything he had learned in a decade of public speaking into it now.

"—— look around—there is the face of your enemy ——"

The rush he had expected developed up the center aisle. Cole threw a hasty glance at Professor Lungkarno. The old man was leaning back in his chair with his mouth open, and Cole was overtaken by a wild impulse to laughter when he saw that he was asleep.

Students surged from their seats as the red phalanx reached the rostrum. Cole stepped forward and looked down into the closed, deadly faces. Above the pandemonium he could not hear his own voice, but he kept shouting,

"—— those are his murderers—murderers!"

Out of the corner of his eye he glimpsed two servants hurrying the old professor off the rostrum. As he turned to meet a rush of feet behind him, a flung chair caught him in the head and he saw vividly the glare of exultation in a dozen faces as he toppled. For a long time he was conscious of the pounding of feet; then they passed away in red-stabbed darkness that roared and pulsed like the sea.

He opened his eyes in an antiseptic silence, conscious of the metallic tang of a drug in his mouth.

"Three days of it," said Anadelle, sitting on his bedside. "What a storm you blew up. . . . Don't move. You have five broken ribs as well as concussion. When the students threw out the communists, the rioting spread to the city and the Reds were beaten on the streets. Then they called the army to restore order and the cabinet was reorganized. I have a stack of cables about you—and wait till you see the headlines from home. I can only stay a minute. Have you anything to say?"

Out of his drugged bemusement, Senator Cole produced a croak. "Blue Junk," he said. "Lunch." THE END

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Somehow, salmon fishing doesn't seem to be as sporting as I'd imagined it was."

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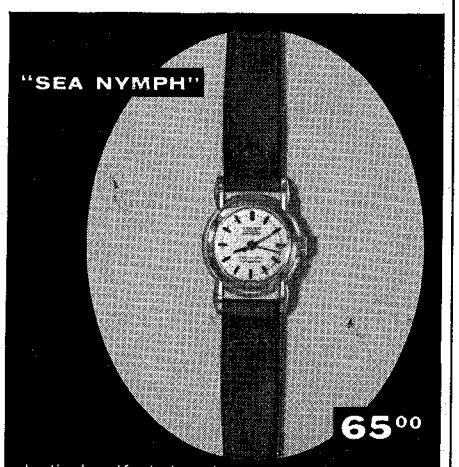

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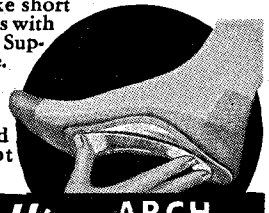

Dr Scholl's ARCH SUPPORTS

Someone Else's Baby

(Continued from Page 22)

I began to get a little sore. "All right! I told you this is the last day, didn't I?"

Gil could always smooth me down. "Look, honey," he said—calm, reasonable, sweet. "I'm no Simon Legree. I was in that department myself, you know. The law's for everybody's benefit. You just can't bend it to every situation the way McCann's doing. Sherm's getting himself in trouble. Too many deals like this one. I hear talk downtown. He could even lose his job."

"They'd be crazy!" I said, quick. "But, anyway, I told you; I'm going out to the Kneipers' right after lunch." I swallowed, thinking of Laura Kneiper's thin sweet face.

"Good." His voice was sympathetic; he knew how I felt. "If you'll get it off your mind, I'll be by to pick you up at seven."

It was a kind of ultimatum, but from Gil I didn't mind. He wasn't being hard-hearted, just hardheaded and intelligent. Something neither Sherm nor I seemed to manage.

"It's a promise."

I put the phone down slowly. If only, I couldn't help thinking, it were somebody, anyone besides the Kneipers. I sat there scowling at nothing so long that Sherm finally jogged my attention.

"Well?" He was lounging in his chair, one long arm hooked over the back, his head cocked on one side, looking up at me. Untidy as usual. Tie pulled into a Y on his shirt front, jacket pockets bulging with odd papers and envelopes. Anything we couldn't find in the files was sure to be in Sherm's pockets.

By the look on his face I thought he was about to make some crack about Gil. "Our statesman" he was always calling Gil since the election, and I gave him a warning frown. But he didn't.

"Bad morning?" he asked, instead. "You look beat."

I nodded, remembering just how bad it had been. Partly because of the Kneiper call hanging over me, but other things too.

"On the depressing side," I said. I kicked off one of my pumps and held out my stocking foot. "If I'd known I was making home calls today, I'd have come in low heels."

"I guess I shouldn't have let Jean off. But after all ——"

I jeered at him. "Yeah, yeah. Her anniversary. Or was it her grandmother's birthday? You are a soft touch."

Sherm flashed me a funny look. "That's a fact I picked up just now, doing some eavesdropping," he said. "Gil seems to think we should lower the boom on the Kneipers, I gather."

I made a big thing of winding my wrist watch, hating to look at Sherm. After all, some guys would have been sore about somebody's telling them how to run the job. Sherm did have a wonderful disposition, no doubt about it. "He is right, you know, Sherm. We're making far too many exceptions. If the central office gets wind of what we've done with the Kneipers, it might mean your neck."

Sherm rubbed his ear and looked at the ceiling. "Don't think I don't know it."

"After all, the rules are made, first of all, to protect the child. It isn't as if Freddy were legally adopted yet. He has a right to real security." I was quoting Gil and I liked the sound of the words. I must remember them, I thought, when I talked to Laura Kneiper.

"Real security?" Sherm repeated. "That baby hasn't gone hungry yet, has he?"

"No, he hasn't." I stood up. The more I thought about the call ahead of me, the worse I felt. And I didn't want to talk about it any more. "But what his father and mother are living on, though, I can't see. Well, here goes. And I'd rather be shot."

I started for the door, but all of a sudden there was Sherm, blocking my way, his hands clutching my arms. It was the fastest I'd ever seen him move and my mouth fell open.

"Don't do it today, Red," he said. "Let's give them another week, what do you say?"

"You told me it was up to me." I wished right then he would take the decision out of my hands. He was the boss. But I knew he wouldn't.

"It is. But let's take a chance on them, h'm? I'll cover for you."

He was so sober for him, so earnest, I almost nodded. But then I knew better and shook my head hard. "No. Don't you see how this would look to headquarters? The child first, they always say; no matter how appealing the adults may seem. I think we'd better start following the rules, Sherm."

He gave me a little shake and dropped my arms. "Red, as long as they love that baby, it's got security to spare."

Going down in the elevator I could feel the sore spots on my arms where Sherm had grabbed me. I sighed; I knew just how he felt about the Kneipers, but it was as Gil said, you just couldn't get emotionally involved in every case. You'd go crazy—just with the tiniest part of the woes and tragedies of South Side. I drove out Armstrong again, past the flophouses and grimy bars and all-night movies, and was glad—glad!—that my life with Gil wouldn't be entangled with all this untidy misery. It would be bright, clean and shining. Decent.

Then I thought suddenly, *But that's the kind of world I owe little Freddy Kneiper too.*

The Kneiper house was nothing but a tiny box, even though it was the best on Loring Street. The downtown Child Care Bureau had a good many adoption cases, but we didn't. Most of our work was welfare. South Side people aren't usually good adoption risks, so when the Kneipers applied for a baby, even their address had weighed heavily against them. Loring Street isn't quite so slummy as Armstrong Street, but it's headed that way fast.

Stopping now in front of the tiny flower-crowded yard and looking at the gone-to-seed Victorian horror next door, I remembered how slow we had been in granting the Kneipers' petition. Everything had been against them—their near poverty, Fred's short stay in this country and his unfamiliarity with the language, their Loring Street address. But the other factors the intangibles, had been there. I stopped chewing the lipstick off my lower lip and got out of the car.

"Miss Ainsley! How are you?" Laura Kneiper had been a nurse, and even in flowered cotton there was still that scrubbed and starchy look about her as she swung open the door. Her face was bright with smiles, but one look at her told me that Fred still hadn't found a job. "Come in! Sit down, won't you? Would you like a glass of water? It's such a warm day, isn't it?" She was usually so quiet; I knew this gush of chatter matched the nervous rigidity of her spare frame.

I tried to seem casual, but I knew I was only putting off the bad moment. "You know I have to see that baby, right off!" I said. "Is his nibs awake?"

Her face glowed as she looked toward the bedroom door. "It's time for him to wake up, anyway. Come on in."

I followed her into the tiny room bright with cheap wallpaper and starched curtains, and we tiptoed to the crib. The baby was sitting up in bed, his face still creased from sleep, his button eyes blinking at us as he chewed his pink fist.

"Hello, darling. Come to your mom!" Laura Kneiper gathered up the chunky baby, nuzzled her face into his neck for a second, then turned to face me. I had a strange, resentful feeling, as if she were taking advantage of me. I couldn't look at her. Instead, I poked my finger gently into the baby's taut, rosy cheek.

"Hi, fella," I said. "You're certainly in the pink." But then I caught Laura Kneiper's eye, and I could tell she knew why I'd come. Her face crumpled suddenly, and I wished heartily I were dead.

"Excuse me," she whispered, the tears welling in her eyes. "Forgive me. You've been wonderful. You and Mr. McCann." She turned her head and wiped her face awkwardly on the back of the baby's gown. "Fred's out looking for a job now. Always. Every day. If people could only know what a good worker he is, Miss Ainsley ——"

I hated to say the words, but they were true. "We can't understand why he hasn't found anything." It baffled us. Times weren't that bad.

She flushed, her eyes defensive. "Fred isn't lazy. But—he's not aggressive. He's shy, and when he goes to ask for a job, the English he has just seems to leave him. If he could only find something, he'd keep it."

I felt as if she was right, but no matter what I put on my report, it still wouldn't look good. A frightened, guttural-speaking refugee, so recently naturalized—how could I put it on the report? There was no dotted line on that blank for the way Fred, Senior, looked when he held little Freddy, or the feeling I had, each time I came in the Kneiper front door, that here was a place of love and gentleness. There were spaces on that form for items like "Salary, per week," and "Floor Space, Child's Bedroom." Freddy's room, I recalled guiltily, was ten inches short of the minimum. That would matter, too,

(Continued on Page 100)

... ...

Tourists at Perugia Cathedral

By Virginia Scott Miner

All we could see when first we stepped inside
Was a dark spaciousness, a velvet night.
Then candles pricked the gloom, and though the guide
Continued to be gaily erudite,
I saw the aged woman who had walked
Long miles, perhaps, to this cathedral town
To pray despite the strangers here who stalked
And gabbled all the mighty centuries down.
She looked up, and her eyes were wholly free
Of that resentment which, so close to hate,
Our rudeness sometimes met. Then I spoke three
Italian words from my small seven or eight,
"Forgive us, please," and answer came in this—
Her fingers at her lips formed one quick kiss.

... ...

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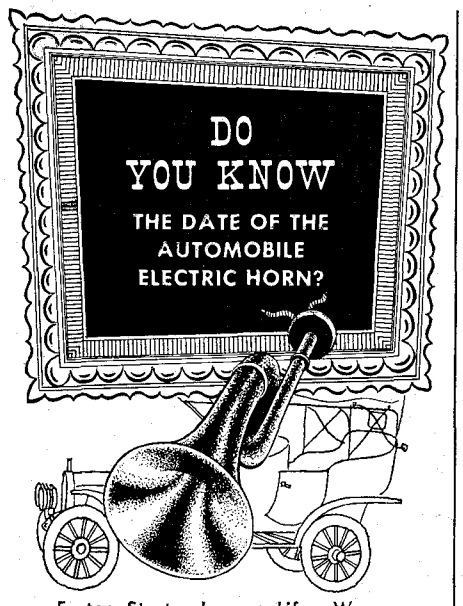

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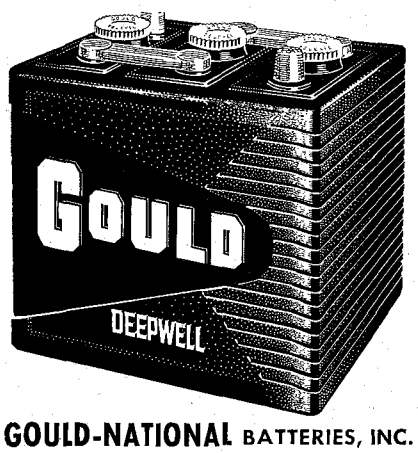

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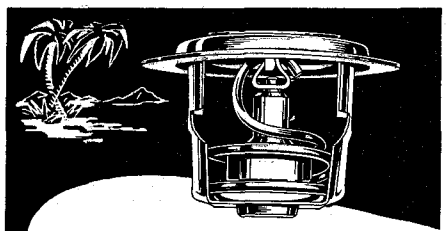

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(Continued from Page 98) to the main office. Along with a good many other things.

I backed out into the living room. I took a deep breath and I told her. She touched her cheek against the baby's head for one instant and then nodded. "All right. How—soon?"

"I'm not sure. We've never—had to go through this procedure before." It was a feeble gesture, but I had to make it. "I was thinking, Mrs. Kneiper, if your husband should get a job, I won't be making out the report till about five, when I get back to the office. Shall I call you?"

Her gaze jerked away from mine. "The—company took out our phone." The way she looked, I couldn't bring myself to remind her that one of the agency rules was that the adopting family must have a telephone available.

"If he should get a job, he could call me," I said. "I'll wait at the office till five-thirty."

Sherm had gone when I got back to the office, a few minutes before five, and Velma was just leaving. I told her I'd lock up, and I went over to my desk and waited. Finally, I got out a letterhead and rolled it into my typewriter.

"Central Office, Bureau of Adoptions," I wrote. "Attention, T. R. Howards. Dear Mr. Howards: This is in regard to File No. 4356, Fred and Laura Kneiper: Attached is Form A-23, Request for Termination of Probationary Adoption."

I stopped and waited, my eyes on the clock. The phone didn't ring. I typed another sentence. The clock said five-twenty. Five-thirty. At five-forty-five the phone still hadn't rung. I rolled the completed report form out of my typewriter, clipped it to my letter, sealed the envelope and dropped it in the interdepartmental basket by the elevator. The minute it left my hand, I felt—I don't know. Free, maybe. Weeks and weeks I'd worried over the Kneipers, been obsessed with them. But now it was out of my hands. The baby would be in a boarding home for a while, and then he'd be taken by some young couple up in the north part of town, somebody who could produce impressive sheaves of references, quantities of floor space, sunshine, pediatricians.

I drove home fast. I would have to hurry to be ready for my date, but I felt more ready for the evening with Gil than I had for weeks, really. Gil would approve of what I'd done. He had an almost fanatic respect for the law, and I knew it was something I could use more of. So could Sherm McCann.

I was in such a party mood I put on a new low-cut black date dress I'd been saving for an occasion, and when Gil took me out to his car and I saw Carol and Jack Trasker in the back seat, I was glad I was wearing it, especially when Gil told me we were going on after dinner to the play at the Fairfield. Even without the indefinable aura of wealth and confidence the Traskers seemed to give off, I could tell—just by the tone of Gil's voice—that they were important to him. I liked them both at once. Jack was big, husky and cheerful, with a stubble of blond crewcut; Carol was small and dark, with a twinkly, gamin face that amused me at sight.

"Ah-h-h, Gil's favorite redhead!" Jack said. "And mine!" He reached over as I got in the front seat and patted my shoulder, then sank back beside his wife. "The evening's looking up!"

It certainly was. I could tell, right off, it was going to be one of those special times that seem to happen without any planning. I think we all felt it. Everything was funny; we all laughed and talked a mile a minute right through dinner—in fact, we were having such a good time we were late for the play. I didn't have time to tell Gil that I had at last wound up the Kneiper case, but I could tell he knew I had. Several times during dinner I looked up to catch his eyes on me. He knew me so well, I suppose he could tell that part of my giddiness was nothing but pure relief.

During intermission, though, when we were all standing out in the lobby together, Carol asked me about my job. I flicked a quick look at Gil as I told her what I did. "Yes, I like it all right," I said lightly. My next words really surprised me. "But I may not keep on there. Gil thinks I ought to quit. He says I get too involved; it makes me too grim."

"This girl?" Jack cocked an amused eyebrow at Gil. "The man's crazy. Why, you're just as flitter-brained as Carol. It's obvious."

"Yeah, you might have something there, at that," Gil said. His look at me was so affectionate I only half heard Carol.

She pantomimed a kick at Jack's shin as she took my arm. "Come along, dear," she said. "We aren't appreciated here. Let's go back to our seats and talk about the Einstein theory till these lugs join us." I laughed and followed her back into the theater.

"I'll bet you're good at your work," Carol said as we sat back down. "I should think finding children for parents and vice versa would be the most satisfying thing in the world."

A picture of Laura Kneiper holding the fat baby against her shoulder came, unbidden, into my mind. The words came out before I thought. "Sometimes, yes," I said slowly. "But not always. At times it has some bad moments. Like what happened today ——"

I broke off just in time. Gil and Jack were coming down the aisle, and I drew a quick, grateful breath, thankful I'd seen them and remembered. This wasn't going to be another evening like the one with the Potters, I was sure of that.

"I find that neutrons and protons are terribly complicated these days, don't you, dearie?" I said loudly, as the two men joined us.

Carol's monkey face crinkled. "Oh, yes!" she said. "Not to speak of molecules and atoms!"

"Flitter-brains. I said it once and I'll say it again." Jack sat down beside us. "H'm, Gil?"

Gil put his arm around my shoulders as the curtain went up, and I felt great, tremendous relief that he hadn't heard me start in again about the Kneipers. *What is wrong with me?* I thought, not even hearing the voices from the stage. *Gil is so right; I have become obsessed with South Side. If I can't do my day's work and then forget it, I probably should quit.*

Gil squeezed my hand and I leaned against his shoulder, smiling dreamily into the dark theater. Gil and I would have a life like the Traskers'. A charmed, golden, North Side kind of life.

But on our way home we stopped for coffee at a drive-in, and it was then that Carol returned to the subject of my job.

"You started telling me something that happened today at work, Irene," she said. "I'd like to hear about it."

Out of the corner of my eye I saw the sudden, annoyed movement of Gil's hand. Oh, no, I thought. Did she have to?

"I've forgotten what I started to say," I told Carol, glancing over my shoulder at her. "It wasn't anything much."

"Yes, it was." She was leaning on the back of the seat between Gil and me, and her voice was insistent. "You said sometimes unhappy things happen, and I was wondering what they could be. I should think there would never be anything unhappy about—about adopting a baby."

"Well," I said rapidly, "it was just that one of our probationary adoptions fell through. The father had been out of work for too long a time. More than three months. It means they have to give up the baby they took. . . . I think I could use more coffee, Gil."

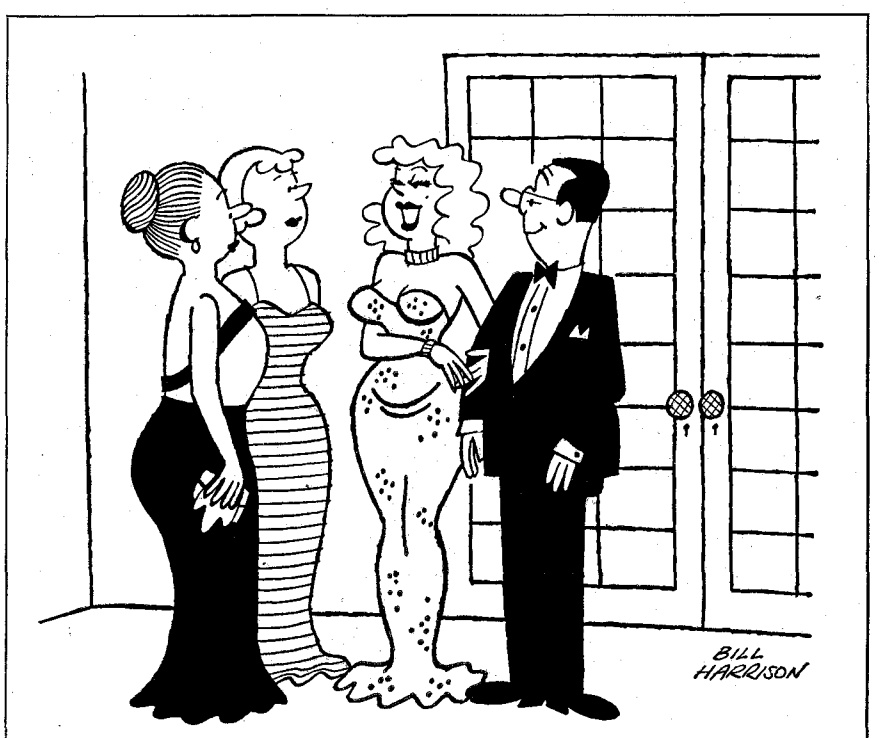
"You mean, after they've had the baby all this time, they have to give her up?"

"Not her. Him. A seven-month-old boy." I thought about Freddy Kneiper. He had a spike of hair that stuck up on top of his head like an exclamation point. And a slow, fat, delighted smile. "I don't believe I want coffee, after all, Gil," I said. "Maybe we ought to be getting home."

"I think so," Jack Trasker said suddenly from the back seat. "I have to leave early in the morning."

There was an odd, abrupt note in his voice, and my face got hot. Gil was right about my shop talk. In the last few minutes the feeling of warm, pleasant congeniality in the car had vanished. The evening, I could tell, had completely fallen apart.

Gil was quiet all the way across town to the Traskers' house. But after they left us and we started back over toward my place, he spoke. (Continued on Page 102)



"I can say one thing for Walter—he's never looked at another woman."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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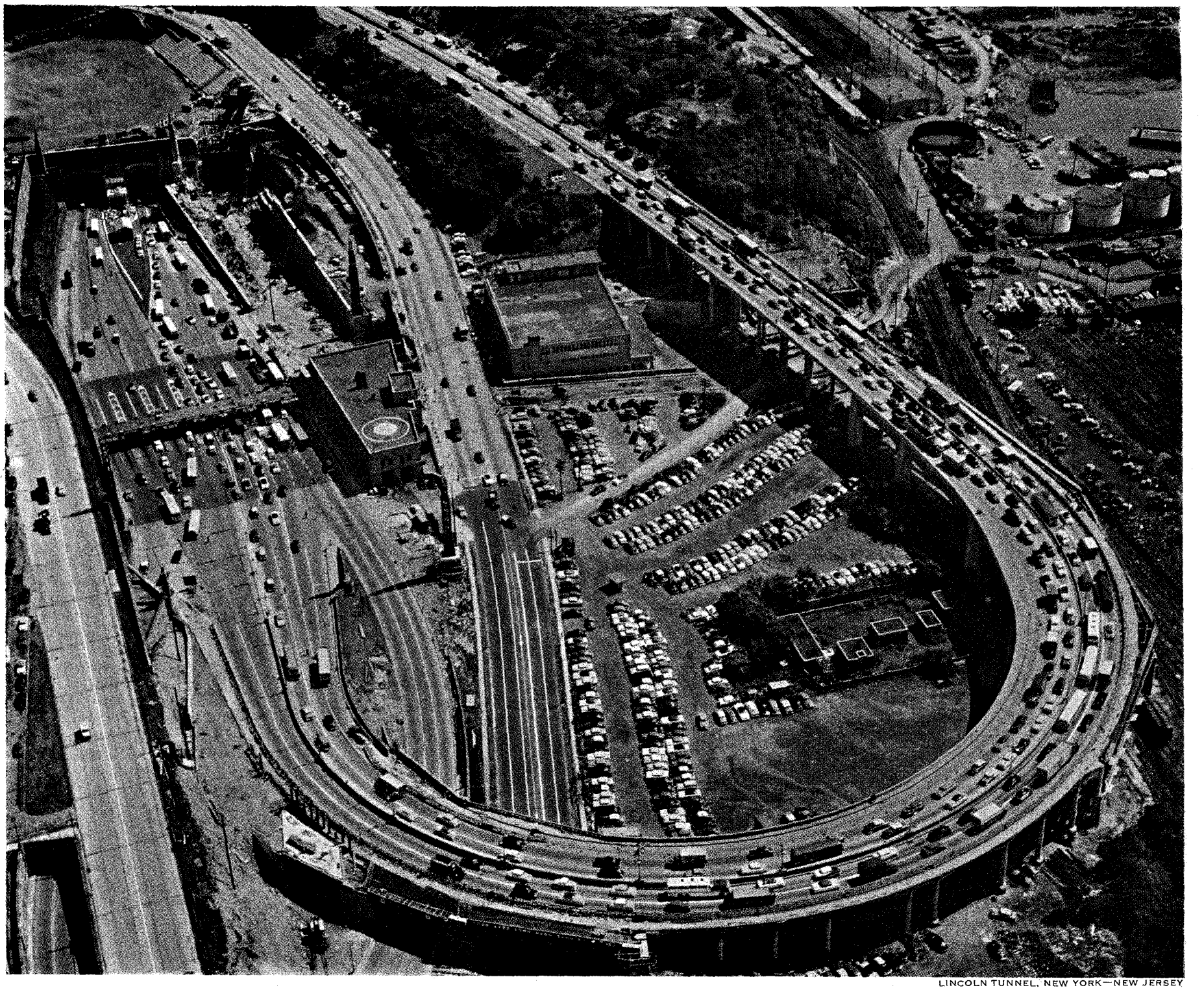

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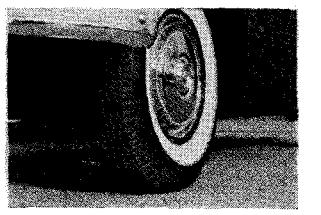

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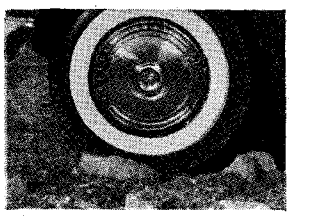

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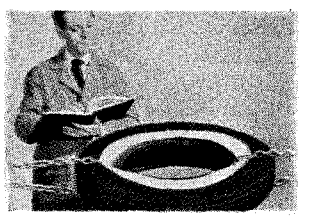

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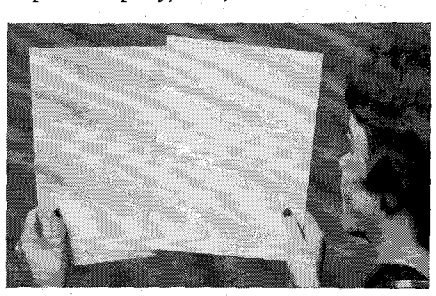

—yet HAMMERMILL BOND costs no more

—and actually less than many other watermarked papers

(Continued from Page 100)

His voice was nice, not cross, but I knew what he was going to say.

"Irene, I told you, didn't I? Now do you believe me?"

I nodded, hating myself for ruining what had been a perfect evening. "I guess I'll have to quit my job," I said forlornly. "I just wish I could be like you, Gil. Calm and objective and—dispassionate about everything."

He put out his hand to touch mine. "Perhaps you should quit," he said. "You can't drag the South Side home with you every night. We don't want it in our lives, do we?"

I don't know why I took my hand away. It had been what I had been telling myself all evening, and yet when Gil said it, the words shook me. How could we tell what we'd have, after all? I thought. I sat over on my side of the car and I never felt more depressed or blue or scared in my life. Suddenly, for no reason. *Nobody feels lower than I do right this minute*, I told myself. *Unless it is Fred and Laura Kneiper.*

"Don't come to the door," I told Gil, when we stopped. He came around and opened the door for me, and I got out and stood looking up at him. I gave him the best smile I could manage, but it wasn't much.

"I didn't mean to hurt your feelings, darling," Gil said. He put his finger under my chin and bent to kiss me. So right, so nicely done, like a magazine illustration or a scene in a movie. But for the first time I didn't want him to kiss me. I backed off a step.

"Gil," I said, "I believe my phone is ringing." It was, but I don't think I knew it till after I said the words. "Good night," I called back over my shoulder. "Call me in the morning and I'll apologize better."

I was out of breath when I got to the phone. "Yes?"

"Irene?" It was a woman's voice, familiar, but for a second I couldn't place it. "This is Carol. Carol Trasker. Irene, will you forgive us for leaving so abruptly tonight? I should have explained ——"

She broke off, and I waited, baffled by the odd, trembling urgency in her voice.

"We lost—lost our little girl last year"—her words were coming in snatches, shrilly—"and neither of us has quite ——"

She stopped again, and I spoke quickly, "Carol, I'm so sorry. And don't apologize about tonight. Ever! I'm so glad you called."

"Wait. Don't hang up. I was so disturbed about those people, and Jack says to tell the man to report to his plant tomorrow. Traskers, Inc. Kirkwood at Fifth. He'll leave word about it, and they'll try to find something. Will you be sure to tell him?"

"Yes. Yes, I'll be sure. And thanks, Carol. Thanks for everything."

I stood there with the phone in my hand for a long minute. Then I put it down slowly. I went back to the hall and looked out the front door. Gil was gone. *Maybe for good*, I thought. *Because when he calls me tomorrow morning, I'll have to tell him what I did. That I had already decided to renege, even before Carol called. And whether Fred Kneiper gets the job at Traskers or not ——*

I got my car out of the garage and drove through the dark streets toward town. But I was at the very door of the welfare building before I realized that the outside doors were locked at night and none of my keys would let me in. I stood there, wondering what to do. The interdepartment mail was picked up early—how early I didn't know—but I knew I wouldn't be able to sleep that night till I got the letter back.

There was an all-night drugstore on the corner. I hurried down and went back to the phone booth. "Sherm?"

"Yeah." He sounded gruff, sleepy. I hadn't even thought till that minute to wonder what time it was.

"It's Irene. I'm down at the office and I can't get in. And I've got to!"

"Red? Are you alone? Down there at this time of night by yourself?"

"Yes. I wrote to headquarters this afternoon and sent them Form A-Twenty-three, on Freddy Kneiper. Now I've got to get it back. Oh, Sherm, do you have a key to the outside door? I'll come by and get it right now, if you have."

"No. Stay there. I'll be right down."

Even though I knew he lived over a mile away, he was there almost at once, with his topcoat collar turned up and his hair tousled. He held a flashlight.

"Are you out of your mind?" he asked crossly.

I was so relieved to see him, I didn't even answer. "Sherm, I'm so glad you have a key. I've been miserable ever since I wrote that letter." I listened to my words with some surprise, realizing as I heard them that they were true.

"Key? Who said anything about a key?" Sherm grinned down at me as he put his hand in his pocket and pulled out a screwdriver.

"You'll get in trouble!" More trouble, I could have said; this would certainly cap everything.

"I don't think so. If I do, at least we'll have the letter first. Come along. You hold the flashlight."

When he dropped the letter into my hand a few minutes later, I stared at it with a great, aching relief. Then I tore it into little bits and scattered it out on Armstrong Street.

"There!" I said. "First thing tomorrow, I'll go out and tell Fred Kneiper I think I know where he can get a job."

"O.K., O.K., Florence Nightingale," Sherm said. "If you're through with your good deeds for tonight, suppose you drive yourself home. I'll follow in my car to be sure you make it."

He was yawning, holding my car door open, and suddenly I realized he was in pajamas, the striped edges showed below his slacks and at the neck of his coat.

"Oh, migosh, Sherm!" I said penitently. "I got you out of bed, didn't I? I thought you'd have been out with one of those blondes of yours tonight."

I got in, and he leaned on the car door beside me. "Nope," he said cheerfully. "I gave up the last one some time back. I've had my eye on another girl for a long time, but until this evening I didn't think I had a chance. I don't know what gives me a faint glimmer of hope now."

This is crazy, I thought. *What hit me?* I looked up at him. The same familiar, ordinary, homely face. But suddenly so endearing. Sherm McCann, the original South Side kid. In trouble up to his neck. A soft touch for every deadbeat the length of Armstrong. A guy who'd never in one million years be governor. Maybe not anything else much, either.

I had to try twice before I got the words out. "Sherm," I said, "would I—would I know her?"

His grin was as casual and easy as ever. But the look he gave me wasn't casual at all. "You certainly would," he said.

That was all he said that night, and that was all I said. I started the car quickly and drove down Armstrong Street, wondering what I was going to tell Gil in the morning, but not really much worried about it at all. For that matter I didn't seem to be worrying over anything. Armstrong Street was narrow and dark. Shadows blotted doorways and alleys and the few lights were like crooked yellow fingers in the blackness. But I looked in the rear-view mirror and saw the headlights following me, and I felt safe, warm and happy, driving home through South Side. It was a good, friendly world, as secure a place as you could find for the Kneiper baby to grow up in. THE END

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Watch Out for Those Gyp Car Deals!

(Continued from Page 27)

a national scandal. Among them was New York's former governor, Thomas E. Dewey, who called for a legislative investigation that found "shocking practices." A short time later many congressmen, disturbed by the volume of consumer complaints reaching them, fired a fusillade of correspondence at the Federal Trade Commission urging corrective action.

Subsequently, in 1949–50, FTC Commissioner Lowell B. Mason conducted trade-practice hearings to study the need for curbs in the sale and financing of automobiles. For the first and only time the wash from all over the country was hung on the line. Among the surveys cited were those made by the American Automobile Association, the Association of Better Business Bureaus, various state legislatures, the FTC itself and other impartial agencies. An FTC lawyer said they "all came up with the same findings, affirming and reaffirming the great fraud and deception which is involved and by which the public is being exploited and harmed."

He declared that the scope of the abuse was "tremendous and far-reaching among those who practice it." And Kenneth Bernard, president of the Chicago Better Business Bureau and chairman of the association's committee to study time financing, added: "The problem . . . is not confined to an insignificant fringe, but to a segment, yet only a segment, of a great industry. . . . The evil which concerns us is more extensive, if we are frank with ourselves, than any of us likes to admit. It is national in scope."

After several stormy sessions, the FTC adopted rules stating that car buyers were to be informed of exactly what they were paying and what they were to get in return. Those minimum standards, which applied only to firms engaged in interstate commerce, unfortunately did not halt the chiselers.

Today it is generally agreed that in states without stiff regulations abuses are as bad as ever, or worse. To get an idea of the total national gouge, it's necessary to fly blind, as the unscrupulous operators don't supply statistics on their soiled profits. But a few years ago the Boston Better Business Bureau speculated that the nation's used-car buyers were skinned out of $240,000,000 or more annually. Another appraisal placed the take at $100,000,000. The Michigan legislative committee that pushed through remedial legislation there estimated that car buyers in that state alone were clipped for $25,000,000—a figure they called conservative. An FTC lawyer summed up by saying that the precise amount may never be known, "but one thing is certain, and that is that the toll . . . is colossal."

While it can't be emphasized too strongly that unethical dealers who share this tarnished windfall are a minority of the 47,468 selling used cars in the United States, the extent of installment selling is so fantastic that even a small percentage of chiselers can effect a tremendous number of buyers. In this current year 8,500,000 used cars are expected to be sold—64 per cent of them on the cuff.

Credit buying has become so popular that it's almost as symbolic of America as baseball and apple pie. We now buy on the installment plan everything from toasters to foreign travel and funerals. Outstanding consumer credit—not including mortgage loans on homes—is at an all-time high of $25,500,000,000, more than half of that fabulous sum in auto loans.

With consumer credit at its present breathless peak and zooming ever higher, it is essential for the installment buyer to understand how the gyp dealer is able to take advantage of his customers. The average person's ignorance, plus the general lack of legal restraint, gives the unscrupulous dealer a perfect opportunity to load extra charges into the installment-sales contract.

The inflated contract is then sold to a finance company or bank at a discounted rate. For example, if a man bought a $100 car from a dealer and a $40 finance charge was added, the buyer signed a note for $140. Then the dealer sold the note to the financing agency for 12 per cent less than its face value of $140. The dealer received $123.20 from the financing agency and the purchaser paid the financing agency $140 in installments.

The financing agency thus made a profit of $16.80. But the dealer, who lent no money and didn't have his capital tied up after the car was sold, made his regular sales profit and an additional $23.20 on the financing. This extra commission—which the buyer ultimately must pay—is known as "the pack." The scheme of packing contracts with fictitious figures depends upon secrecy for its success, for it is based on keeping the facts from the buyer. If the purchaser knew exactly what was in a packed contract he would take to his heels.

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A common method of deceiving the victim is for the salesman to lie about the terms and get the naïve buyer—like the former fighter—to sign a blank contract, which is later filled in with figures much higher than those orally agreed upon. Surveys show that the number of people who sign blank contracts is amazingly large. Frequently these buyers have no idea—or a mistaken one—about the financing arrangements until they get a schedule of payments two or three weeks after signing their name.

An Oklahoma City man fell victim to this racket after agreeing to buy a used car for $645, with a finance charge that boosted the total price to $881. Upon receiving his copy of the contract he found that the price had been bumped up to $1029; he alleged that he also received the car with no oil and unwittingly drove it that way for several days—circumstances which prompted him to protest, "I feel that there is something unethical about this matter."

To clip such gullible buyers for every cent possible, unconscionable finance companies frequently furnish dealers with a variety of rate charts. Each specifies a different rate for financing the same amount of money. One customer may pay $100, a second $200 and a third who signs a blank contract may be charged $300.

Another ruse is for the dealer to tell the buyer only how much his individual payments will be—a subtle deceit to keep the unsuspicious purchaser from realizing the over-all finance charge. And some unethical dealers appeal to their customers' sense of thrift by cutting the retail price of a vehicle, then adding in the finance charge double the amount they knocked off.

The primary method of packing is through a practice known as lumping. This means—as the name indicates—lumping the finance charge and the insurance charge together and listing them as one item. The Association of Better Business Bureaus has charged that "the dealer is reluctant to break down the two charges because he knows that the cost of insurance as against that of financing is so small that comparison would instantly reveal to its victims the naked truth—in many instances an unconscionable gouging of the public."

In addition to packing contracts through lumping, gyp dealers also may swell their profits with insurance manipulations. Some of the worst abuses are charging the car buyer for insurance not actually purchased, overcharging for that which is purchased, misrepresenting the coverage, giving no rebates on canceled policies and not giving the buyer a copy of his insurance certificate. A used-car buyer in Chicago was told that his insurance cost was $100 when actually it was only $10.85. In Buffalo a young veteran was assured orally that his contract called for a $50 deductible policy; a short time later the car was in a bad accident and the veteran learned that his coverage was for fire and theft only.

Anyone who buys a used car on time binds himself legally as soon as he signs the barrage of papers produced by the dealer. These documents may differ in detail, but essentially they are alike. The usual conditional sales contract provides that the buyer shall have the car, but he doesn't become its legal owner in all respects until it is completely paid for, and if he defaults on his payments it can be repossessed immediately, usually without court procedure; a promissory note makes the buyer responsible for paying the installments; and some states provide for a wage assignment stipulating that if the buyer fails to meet his obligation the seller can take it out of his salary.

Recently, in New York, the Legal Aid Society's bulletin reported that even if the buyer does take the trouble to read all the documents involved in a time sale, he rarely understands them. "Indeed," it added, "it would take an attorney well versed in the law of conditional sales to comprehend fully the import and ramifications of all the legal mumbo jumbo contained in the documents. . . . Perhaps the legal phrase of 'caveat emptor' (let the buyer beware) should remain uppermost in John Consumer's mind, but the average purchaser believes that the printed matter in the contract is sanctioned by law, and, therefore, he is adequately protected if anything goes wrong."

These contracts are so binding that shady dealers will stoop to almost any trickery to get prospects to sign them. A new twist that recently popped up in California is a scheme billed as the "Mickey Mouse operation." The customer is beguiled into thinking he's getting a car for only twenty-five dollars or so down. A sheaf of papers appears and he's told to sign "just as a matter of form." Actually his signature commits him to a substantial down payment. Often the papers he signs include a chattel mortgage on his furniture; or they may include an application for a salary loan carrying a wage-assignment clause. In numerous instances victims have been tricked into signing papers for the extra loan without knowing what they were signing. One man, with three mouths to feed out of his monthly salary of $200, wound up obligated to pay $120 monthly—forty dollars on the car and the balance on a personal loan. The buyer had no idea he had signed a salary-loan application to complete the down payment until he received his payment book.

Another twist used to hook customers by deception is the so-called ballooned note. That gimmick calls for deliberately making all the payments low and easy except the last one, which smacks the buyer like an unexpected punch in the nose. In St. Louis a car was to be paid off in nineteen monthly installments of sixty dollars—and a final one of $1104. There have been cases reported in which the final balance on a ballooned note was refinanced with another ballooned note.

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In Dallas a unique experience befell a customer who protested that he couldn't afford to pay installments of over fifty dollars monthly. The salesman assured him that could be arranged, but he jovially added that there would be one extra payment of "ten-ninety-five." The buyer innocently signed the proffered contract, assuming the salesman meant $10.95. When the last payment came due, he learned, to his horror, that it was for $1095.

Even when the buyer claims he was victimized by fraudulent practices, it has been noted that he has little opportunity for redress. For proof of fraud is difficult to establish, and in many states both existing law and courtroom know-how are stacked against him. Shady operators usually know the law so thoroughly that they are able to stay within its twilight zone, where their practices are undeniably unethical, but not quite illegal.

A sordid illustration is the repossession racket—probably the most vicious scheme worked on used-car buyers. No one questions the right of the seller to repossess an article on which the buyer defaults, provided he was given a reasonable opportunity to meet his obligation, but failed to take advantage of it. Unscrupulous finance companies, however, have taken advantage of repossessions to gouge and cheat ignorant, defenseless and often impoverished customers.

Hair-trigger repossessions are routine. Many are unquestionably illegal, succeeding only because the victim doesn't know his rights. Frequently the buyer is given inadequate, if any, notice, and no period of grace. Some companies deliberately maneuver situations to bring about repossessions.

One especially ugly phase of this operation is the rigged auction at which the finance company sells repossessed cars to itself, through various fronts, for much less than their market value. Then the defaulting buyer is sued for the deficiency balance—the difference between the price the car allegedly sold for at auction and the amount still owed on it—plus legal fees, repossession costs and other charges, which can be considerable.

Many people think they can let their car go and call it quits. They are wrong. If the finance company sells the car for less than the amount owed, the defaulting buyer must pay the difference. Some buyers lose not only their car but also their down payment, any installments they paid—and, in addition, they still owe money.

A New York woman is among those who have learned firsthand how cruel this scheme can be. She signed as comaker on a friend's note for a used car, and when he defaulted and fled after five months, she was held liable. The case wound up with the finance company repossessing the car and getting a judgment against the woman for $670 plus interest. In addition, the defaulted purchaser was out his down payment of $475 and five installments totaling $260—the loss to purchaser and comaker coming to a grand total of $1405 plus interest. The company claimed the car, which had carried a cash price of $1275 when bought, had sold at "auction" after five months' normal use—and a new set of tires—for only $407. For many years to come, the woman, who has two children to support, will be paying the $670 plus interest out of her forty-four-dollar weekly salary as a domestic. But the finance company proved it was not heartless; it reduced her weekly payments from $4.50 to $3.00.

The same harsh use is made of the legal right to sell an inexpensive auto accessory on time and compel the purchaser to secure it by giving a chattel mortgage on his entire car. If the car is repossessed, the buyer may have to pay a staggering amount in fees to recover it. Typical was the case of a Brooklyn man who bought a battery for twenty-six dollars; with only twelve dollars unpaid, he fell behind on his payments and the car was immediately repossessed. To recover it, he was forced to pay seventy-nine dollars.

If the buyer tries to complain about such treatment, he usually gets nothing but a double dose of frustration. "It's out of my hands," says the dealer. "The finance company bought your contract. Go see them." And at the latter firm's office he's told, "We don't know anything about your arrangements with the dealer; we just bought the contract from him." This becomes more ironical if the dealership, used-car lot, finance company and an insurance affiliate are under the same ownership, which isn't unusual.

Although the dealer and finance company have blamed each other for unsavory conditions that exist, their recriminations have a hollow ring. Victor H. Nyborg, president of the Association of Better Business Bureaus, told the FTC, "Auto dealers pointed the finger, finance agencies pointed the finger, each to the other, saying, 'There lies the blame.' As a matter of fact, there can be no pack, there can be no gouging, there can be no problem here, without the continuing connivance and conspiracy between the two."

Evil as these conspiracies are, they didn't begin by design. They just grew. Until World War I there were no finance companies. But when the automobile industry boomed then, few dealers had enough capital to finance time sales; so finance companies sprang up to supply the needed funds at a price.

When fair and uniform rates were charged, they supplied a highly useful service to the distributing end of the auto industry, just as they do today.

The racket aspects of the business date back to the depression, when many buyers defaulted on their payments. As one historian bitterly remarked, "Although cars were offered at much lower prices for cash, many customers found it cheaper to buy on time and not pay at all." To protect themselves against losses, and to cover the added cost of bookkeeping and collection of installment payments, finance companies set aside out of each sale a sum of money called a reserve—a legitimate practice when fair prices were charged.

However, as conditions improved and losses almost disappeared, finance companies fought one another for business by offering dealers increasingly larger shares of these reserves as bonuses. Soon competition knocked discount rates down to rock bottom. Then some finance companies hit on the gimmick of providing several rate charts so the dealer could choose his own kickback. When the finance company bought these packed contracts it would deduct the standard financing charge and return the balance to the dealer.

Gradually this so-called dealer participation reached outrageous proportions—in some cases the kickback was 85 per cent of the finance charge—and a few states began to act. Wisconsin was first to investigate, but its hearings were attended by representatives from Indiana; the Hoosiers were so appalled by some of the revelations that they rushed home and in 1935 passed the first law applying specifically to time sales; Wisconsin had to settle for second. Subsequently eight other states adopted statutes aimed directly at time sales, and five more enacted legislation that touched upon the field.

In some states the laws covered cars only: California, Colorado, Maine, Michigan, Nevada, Pennsylvania, Wisconsin and the District of Columbia. But in the others they applied to anything bought on time: Connecticut, (Continued on Page 106)

Arthur Godfrey Tells HIS Story

Next week's Post will bring you the year's biggest story from the entertainment world—the autobiography of Arthur Godfrey. Many people, friendly and otherwise, have written about Godfrey. But now, for the first time, the famous redhead tells his own life story as only he can. This remarkably candid series of articles begins in . . .

Next Week's POST

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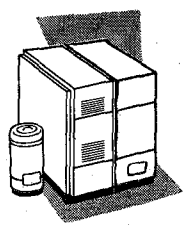

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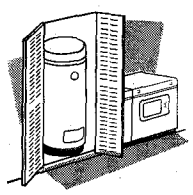

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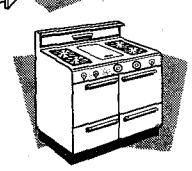

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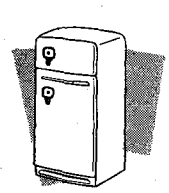

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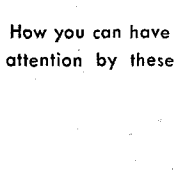

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(Continued from Page 104) Indiana, Maryland, Massachusetts, New Jersey, New York, Ohio and Utah.

Among these laws there is a tremendous lack of uniformity that reflects the various approaches in trying to regulate the installment-sales colossus without strangling free enterprise. At first, attempts were made to bring the sharp operators into line with indirect controls—such as licensing, the filing of rates and disclosure requirements similar to the FTC rules—but unfortunately most of these noble efforts proved inadequate.

Until 1947 no state had a time-sales law with real teeth. But that year a legislative committee investigated conditions in Pennsylvania and found "nefarious, unscrupulous and improper practices in the financing of the sale of motor vehicles in this commonwealth which are unjustifiable, detrimental to the consumer and inimical to the public welfare."

The Quaker state's legislature responded by brewing and adopting what is generally regarded as a model law to control the sale of cars on time. Although the measure is said, figuratively, to cover the water front in eliminating abuses, the heart of it is a provision that fixes maximum finance rates at 6, 9 and 12 per cent, depending on the vehicle's age. It was darkly predicted that this law would ruin the automotive business in Pennsylvania, but at the FTC hearings a prominent dealer from there proclaimed, "So far as we in Pennsylvania are concerned, we are perfectly satisfied with the law we have, and so is the buying public."

At the same time a representative of one of the largest finance concerns in the country advocated the Pennsylvania approach of placing a ceiling on the amount that could be charged as the only real solution to the problem. He said that by putting a "cap on the rate . . . your pack, your kickback, everything goes right out the window . . . just that one thing."

States, in addition to Pennsylvania, that have provided some kind of rate ceiling are California, Connecticut, Indiana, Maryland, Michigan, Nevada, Ohio, Utah and Wisconsin. All of that group, and some of the others with time-sales laws, also require rebates upon prepayment of contracts; most prohibit lumping or signing of blank contracts; some govern repossessions and delinquency charges.

In several states without regulations, efforts to pass new time-sales laws or to amend existing weak ones have been blocked by powerful lobbies. New York, which has only an ineffective disclosure law that permits some of the worst abuses, epitomizes the problem of trying to enact remedial legislation. Every year since the legislative hearings in 1948, efforts to clean house have failed.

Among those who tried to wield the broom was Assemblyman Bernard Dubin, former chief of the rackets division of the Queens County District Attorney's office. After years of frustration from watching sharpshooters use the law to gouge and cheat installment buyers, Mr. Dubin's first act following his election last fall was to introduce proposed corrective laws. But, like his predecessors who had sponsored similar legislation, he was no match for the invisible forces at work and the measure died unborn in committee.

Another frustrated campaigner for reform is the Better Business Bureau's Nyborg, who has been fighting the gyp fringe for more than a quarter century. He told the FTC that "if something is proposed at the national level, we are told it is a state problem. And if something is proposed at the state level, we are told it is a national problem. . . . The real fact is . . . the opponents of these proposed rules want no interference with and no interruption of this gouging at any level."

Although some segments of the trade blind themselves to the gouging taking place and deny its ample evidence, the farsighted members recognize the problem for what it is—a double-barreled menace that harms not only the buying public but also the industry. One businessman explained the backlash from unethical practices thus: "Any dissatisfied or defrauded customer hurts all honest, all legitimate business."

The devastating truth of that statement was illustrated by a Buffalo resident who declared, "I wouldn't go shopping on some used-car lots in Buffalo unless I had four cops, a master mechanic and a lawyer with me." Since he had no means of distinguishing the honest from the dishonest, both were regarded with the same suspicion and distrust.

An equally harmful result, pointed out by an observer, is that honest dealers frequently are dragged down to the depth of unethical dealers in order to survive. If a gyp dealer claims he's selling a $500 car for $300, when in reality he's only knocking $200 off the top and adding $300 to the bottom with a finance charge, the forthright dealer who's trying to sell the car at its true market value of $500 is at a disadvantage. As one veteran dealer put it, "You may not like some of the things you do, but you've got to meet the competition down the street."

The threat of this competition to the consumer was recognized by two Brooklyn legislators—Assemblyman Samuel I. Berman and Senator Fred G. Moritt—who have championed the cause of remedial laws. Pointing out that more than 5 per cent of the country's entire population is expected to buy used cars this year, they declared:

"More than ever this is the year when the vast auto-driving public, fleeced and gouged by corrupt practices in installment-sales contracts, should cry out to the heavens for legislative guarantees that will protect them."

I Tried to Outwit the Arctic

(Continued from Page 30)

and tar paper, this roof from which shingles fly off like birds in arctic gales, these hold off a whole skyful of lethal cold. Sometimes in winter they separate temperatures more than 100 degrees apart.

When all our utilities function well, the electric lights glow on the books in our hands, and the thermometer registers above 70. Outside, starlight shines on the limitless arctic snow; if there is any wind, exposed human flesh freezes in less than a minute. Our interest in this protective house is, then, almost an obsession.

In this climate a house can become uninhabitable in a dozen ways, but the emergencies we dread most are those that deprive us of heat. Ice crystals or air locks may choke off the flow of oil to stoves, or the overworked stoves may explode, or soot in the stacks may catch fire, or Bering Sea storms may break power lines, so that stoves equipped with electric blowers have to be turned off. Within a few hours the indoor temperature drops below 32° Fahrenheit, and the plumbing freezes—pipes, water tanks and pressure pump. Canned goods freeze, too, and crates of potatoes and fruit. If this happens early in the winter, a season's supply worth hundreds of dollars is ruined.

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On trips to the States I have been asked if I live in an ice igloo. I live in an "igloo," which is simply an Eskimo word for house, but even the natives in Alaska do not make igloos of snow or ice. Not long ago a white man in Kotzebue built a snowhouse for his young daughter's amusement. Eskimos stood around photographing the curious project. Some Canadian natives make snow igloos when they are following migrant caribou. In Alaska the hunters once did the same; now they use tents.

They build permanent houses of whatever materials are at hand. Around Bering Strait, many igloos have cobblestone walls, and roofs of walrus hide. Farther north, the houses are of timber. They used to be made of sod piled over whale ribs. Inland, covers of caribou skins are thrown over dome-shaped frames of willow poles. Driftwood and stands of small spruce furnish logs for cabins near the mouth of the Yukon; some of these are also banked with sod.

Those of us who grew up with mechanical comforts still want them, and so, in Nome, we see how closely we can duplicate the life in Stateside communities. It is such an effort to outwit the Arctic that we sometimes feel as if we were pioneers, inventing ways to have running water, continuous heat, toilet facilities, ventilation, and doors that open and shut. Our chief problems in Northwest Alaska are cold and the permafrost on which our houses rest. In many places permafrost is true soil, eternally frozen to great depths. Or the permafrost may be clear blue ice. Often there is an upper layer of frozen plant fibers.

●

The first thing you run out of at a children's party is patience.

IMOGENE FEY

●

In summer the surface of the permafrost thaws a bit. Since the moisture can't drain into the ice below, the top crust is as spongy as spinach in a cooking pot. If the crust is silt, the permafrost becomes like quicksand. The lower layers remain frozen solidly at about zero, Fahrenheit.

It takes about six months for the winter's extreme cold to affect the permafrost fifty feet below the surface. In spring, then, the deep permafrost is actually becoming colder. In the autumn months the depths are warming up, while the top layers are refreezing. These constant changes cause movement. The permafrost heaves and subsides in all seasons, unpredictably and sometimes quite rapidly. The house resting on it tilts first one way, then another.

As the house moves, feed lines that carry oil to the stoves sometimes loosen or break. Or a stovepipe may disconnect at a joint during the night. In the morning, one discovers a layer of oil over the carpet, or oily soot deposited on every piece of furniture.

We become desperate about doors. As a house shifts, doors get so far out of plumb that wide cracks are opened; or they jam shut, tight shut, in the night. When the doors have been adjusted, the house may shift back the other way. My own front door has its ends sawed off several inches short of the sill and the top of the frame. The gaps are closed with two stainless-steel plates. Holding screws go through the slots in the plates, so the plates can be loosened and pushed up or down to make the door tight.

In a house constantly on the move, walls can't be papered or plastered. Our inside surfaces are panels of wallboard or plywood. Of course, seams between panels open and close. Seams in outer walls spread too. Then wind gets into the structure and, unless we keep filling cracks, into the rooms. Recently, in a program to bar wind from my house, I found breezes blowing out of electric sockets in the baseboard that would wave a flag. Wind poured through cracks at the edges of the baseboards, and around door and window casings. Wind swirled around in the built-in cupboards and drawers. Reaching for a spoon, I got a draft of cold air. Now—until my house shifts again—all the cracks and seams have been closed with moldings, and expansible fillers like calking cotton, plastic putty, and a clay that comes in long, wormlike rolls. When the work was completed, the temperature in the house went up fifteen degrees.

Weight and warmth cause the permafrost to cave down. Anything placed on the frozen ground—a tin can, a building, a road—tends to sink. The natives at Barrow dispose of trash by putting it into empty oil drums, and leaving the drums on the tundra. In a short time the drums disappear.

How can we make our houses stationary, or approximately so, on ground that is spongy in summer and moving all year round? At considerable expense, piles can be driven into the frozen ground. They have to go deep, and even so will not remain in place indefinitely. Nome's Federal building, a block square and three stories high, was set on piling in 1937. Since then it has shifted so much that it is declared unsafe, and is being replaced.

At still greater cost the permafrost can be thawed artificially, and a basement put down. But the basement will crack eventually, and so will the building that stands on it. Nome's hospital, new in 1949, is an example. In two or three years there were wall cracks wide enough to take a man's hand. The Nome school is to have a new addition soon, and the architect, not a local man, proposes to run refrigerating pipes through the permafrost underneath, on the theory that if permafrost never thaws, the structure will never sink. Old residents disagree, believing that permafrost movement can't be stopped.

Nome is ringed with gold dredges, all digging up the permafrost, crushing the rock in the process, and spewing it out after the gold has been extracted. Thousands of truckloads of this stone have been brought to town over the years to firm up the tundra. All of our houses stand on these tailings. Eventually the tailings sink into the permafrost, like everything else, but they can be replenished. To allow for this operation, most houses are built on huge timbers, or skids, so they can be jacked high off the ground. When the crushed rock under a house has disappeared, the structure is raised, and new tailings are slung into the basin of muck beneath. Houses on skids can be moved easily, and they often are, giving rise to a local joke: "Don't look now, but I think that a house is following you."

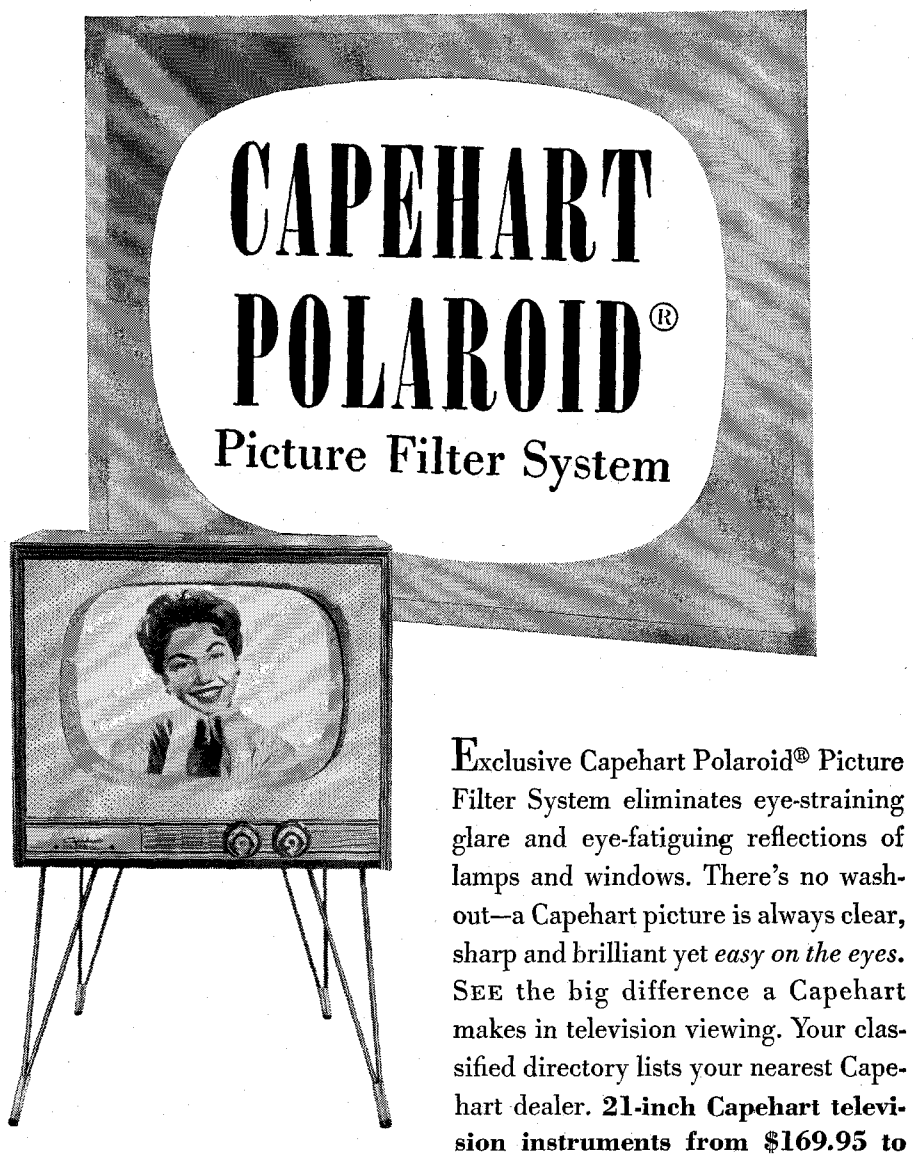
My own house stands on fourteen inches of frozen earth. Under the soil is clear glacial ice, and through the ice a flowing stream runs toward the Bering Sea. Layers of moving water deep in the permafrost are not uncommon. Some of the streams reach the surface. On the outskirts of Nome there are several of these springs, the water laden with minerals, but delicious to taste. They are warm springs that happily do not freeze in winter, and from them we get our water.

Pipes for water or sewage can't be laid in the permafrost, where they would freeze, but we do have a system of surface mains which bring us water for about two months in summer. The mains are owned by the U.S. Smelting, Refining and Mining Company, which operates the gold dredges. This firm sells us water at $4.50 a month, standard rate—$7.50 if you have a bathtub. By September fifteenth, these pipes are frozen. Then our water is brought in tank trucks owned by two oldtime "watermen," Grant Nelson and Lester Bronson.

Buy the

BIG

DIFFERENCE



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For storage, a simple household gets by with a barrel. The waterman fills it by carrying bucketfuls into the house at two and a half cents a gallon. Other houses have tanks holding up to 500 gallons, with intake and overflow pipes piercing the outside walls. The delivery procedure is fairly elaborate. First, the waterman brings a snowplow and clears the driveway. Then he brings his truck, fastens his hose to the intake pipe, and plugs his pump motor into an electric outlet we provide on an outside wall. Before pumping, the waterman blows into both pipes, inlet and overflow. If the pipes are clear, he pumps water at one and a half cents a gallon. If either pipe is blocked with ice, he goes away, and we begin wrestling with a familiar winter emergency.

My own storage tank is on the second floor. Originally, the intake and overflow pipes looped around the eaves with several elbows before they came down to the waterman's level. At one point cores of frost would build up inside the pipes, forming ice blocks. The pipes couldn't be thawed with a blowtorch, since the ice wouldn't pass the elbows. Whenever the pipes were blocked, as they always were at temperatures lower than –30° Fahrenheit, they had to be taken down. Now the system has been revised; my new pipes are plastic, and contained for most of their length inside the house.

The combination of a clear intake and a clogged overflow pipe is most damaging. Then the tank runs over, and if it is on the second floor, descending water ruins the wall. An interior lake is not easily broomed away, so most houses have one or more drain holes drilled in the first-story floor.

If stoves fail, our water tanks freeze and burst. The tanks are placed where it is hoped they will be warm. Often they are in bathrooms or kitchens, but some are in bedrooms, and others of odd shapes are built under stairways, in false cupboards and below window seats. In a house without a basement there seems to be no logical space for stored water.

On its way from the tank to faucets, the water is passed through coils in a stove, and perhaps through more coils with a fan behind them, to help heat a room. Most of the plumbing is planned and installed by homeowners. The various layouts are common topics of conversation. When new acquaintances call, they soon ask a leading question, like "Where do you have your water tank?" It is only polite to reply, "If you like, I'll show you how my plumbing is arranged."

The whole tangle is visible, for water pipes can't be hidden inside the walls, lest they freeze. My pipes, like everyone else's, are silvered. I think it shows restraint for us not to gild them.

It is easier to get waste water out of a house in Nome than to get fresh water in. Last year a new official was transferred here with his bride. On her second morning, as she was emptying water into the sink, she happened to look out the window. She cried out to her husband, "The plumbing's been disconnected! The drain is just pouring water into the yard!"

But nothing was out of order. Bath and dish water here are simply discharged on the tailings. Water quickly sinks in the crushed rock and evaporates. The problem is to prevent ice from stopping the drain pipes. We say in this climate that it isn't a cold day unless boiling water poured out the window freezes before it hits the ground. I haven't seen that done, but in bitter temperatures only a full fast flow will get through the drain pipes without freezing to a stop. It is customary to pour salt into the pipes every evening. I did that, but my drains froze anyway, until I installed new ones of six-inch galvanized stovepipe. Wind whoops up the pipes into my house, so they must be stoppered when not in use. With the stopper removed, my kitchen drain hums in the key of D.

Other waste is disposed of through a chemical toilet, a steel pail enclosed in a large metal box. The box extends through the wall in such a way that the bucket can be removed from the outside by the "sanitary man." For this purpose, there is a small door of a design familiar to everyone in Nome. By opening the door and lifting out the bucket, an intruder can wriggle into the box, with some effort, and enter the house. When we are away from home, most of us "lock up" by bracing a pole between the top of the toilet seat and the bathroom ceiling.

Before I came North, I didn't know that a dried-out piece of wood could freeze, but it can. It will chime when struck. The boardwalks of Nome clang under our footsteps, and when the wind hurls a piece of ice against the walls of a house, the whole structure seems to ring.

Potted Plant

By RICHARD ARMOUR

Although not deep,
  although not wide,
It brings a little earth inside,
A patch of garden tightly
  bound,
A bit of green in captive
  ground.
The plant's roots reach and
  touch the jar,
And then, when they have
  gone thus far,
Turn back upon themselves
  and crawl
Together in a woven ball.
Unbent by wind, unbathed
  by rain,
Its sunshine weakened by
  the pane,
The plant yet blooms like
  anything,
As house cats purr and
  caged birds sing.

The newer houses in Nome are insulated with modern materials. Houses that date from the gold rush have walls of several layers of wood, with tar paper between layers, or walls filled with sand, sawdust or ashes. Last year, a man in Nome bought and tore down an early-day structure to salvage the timbers. It had been insulated with ashes, and too late he learned that lye in the ashes had eaten away most of the wood. The building had been a cold-storage plant, and its previous owner told me he used to stop there to get warm on his way into town, since the inside temperature never went below zero.

All our houses have double windows, most being nailed in place permanently. For ventilation, flues that can be opened or closed pierce the walls. Some houses have a vent in every room.

Electric fans help to fend off the cold. Warm air rises; a fan mounted close to the ceiling blows it down. Another fan set high in a wall sends excess heat from one room to another that is cool. My bathroom is heated in no other way, and on the coldest day its temperature will go up to 80° Fahrenheit. Fans blow across hot-water pipes to distribute their warmth; other fans are incorporated in heaters installed on smokestacks. Too much of a stove's heat is lost up the stack. To recapture it, one section of stovepipe is replaced by a metal chamber that directs smoke through multiple channels. This insert becomes very hot, and a fan behind it drives a blast of warm air through the room.

And now—stoves. A woman I know never mentions stoves, because, she says, discussing the subject makes her hysterical. Another wife always goes to a hotel when her husband leaves Nome, because "I wouldn't stay alone in the house with the stoves."

One evening, in an Eskimo settlement where I was spending the winter, the stove in my room exploded. By morning the indoor temperature was ten degrees below zero, and everything in the room was frozen, including the ink and my hand lotion. Only one such experience is needed to give any woman—and some men—an abiding suspicion of stoves.

A very few houses in Nome have oil furnaces. They can't be installed easily in old houses, and since Nome is not growing, few new houses are built. Most of us depend on space heaters and a kitchen range. But modern ranges and space heaters are too well insulated for us. The outside of enameled cook stoves is cool to the touch, and we must leave the oven door hanging open to get heat. The cook's shins collect bruises, and in winter some of us do no baking; if the oven is closed, the kitchen gets cold. We prefer old-fashioned cast-iron ranges, covered with those dust-catching bulges and curlicues that radiate lovely warmth. As for space heaters, the ones being made now are enclosed in neat metal boxes, slotted and louvered. But more warmth got out through old-fashioned screens of wire mesh.

Eskimos burn driftwood, as a rule. There is no other local supply of wood, no tree within ninety miles of Nome, and no road to the last stands of small spruces. We import coal from Utah, a small amount, for which we pay sixty-five dollars a ton delivered. But the fuel used by most white families is oil, at twenty-five cents a gallon. Our fuel bills average from forty-five dollars a month to a hundred and forty-five—at Barrow, four times as much. The oil is brought up by tanker during summer months, when the sea is open.

Our tanks are kept outside because we dread fire. Since they can't be underground in the permafrost, they rest on open racks. Snow frequently blocks the air vents. If we forget to clear the vents, a vacuum is created as the oil level drops, sometimes causing the tanks to collapse.

Outside tanks invite pilfering. No one prosecutes for these thefts, but most of us would prefer that the oil be stolen from someone else. We improvise locks for the intake, the air vent and water trap. I still have as souvenirs the equipment one neighbor used to siphon oil out of my air vent. He had left the gear hanging above my tank for his convenience.

Another stove problem: If anything stops the draft—soot in the stove, or soot or snow in the stack—the stove will explode. Stoves with electric blowers, the forced-draft type, soot up within minutes when the power lines blow down. Stoves will also explode, unless one knows all the tricks, if they are relighted while still warm. To be safe, we clean our stoves often, and in this process flakes of soot drift into one's hair, into cupboards, and everywhere over the floor.

Hardest to clean is the firebox, which becomes encrusted with flinty chunks of carbon. It must be scraped away, a task that requires real muscular effort. The firebox is dark, and in many space heaters it is more than arm's length from the opening at the top. No tool is made for cleaning it. I use a putty knife and bent dipper and long-handled spoon. Climate is responsible for some of our troubles, but the stove manufacturer must take the blame for these inaccessible fireboxes.

We would complain less about the problems of Northern housekeeping if emergencies didn't seem to occur in bunches. A day of my own, not one of the worst, will illustrate. As frequently happens in a strong wind, snow had been driven into the "safeties," the metal sleeves that surround our stovepipes for protection against stack fires. The snow melted, and a rusty stream of water poured down on the polar-bear rug in the living room. The rug was soaked before it got moved, because a stovepipe next door, blowing over, had fallen across my electric and telephone lines, and broken them.

The lineman stood on my oil tank to fix the wires, and his weight disconnected the pipe to the stoves. We turned off the valve at the tank; now the refrigerator was getting warm, and the house getting cold. The lineman tried to reconnect the pipes, but threads at the union were worn. We needed a plumber. The lineman hooked into a wire and tried to phone my maintenance man, A. L. Ennix. He was out, no one knew where. I set forth in the snow, and found him hauling a building down Front Street. He abandoned that job, and brought me a new pipe union. We turned on the stoves. No oil. Mr. Ennix said there must be an air lock. He crawled under the house, found a valve, and released some oil. The stoves would light now. He left—and the stoves went out.

I searched for him again, and he returned to work on the line. By evening the stoves would burn, but feebly. We thought the small flames would keep the house above freezing. Mr. Ennix went home. I went to sleep. In the morning the house was warm, the stoves having adjusted themselves, and the wiring was all repaired. But my spirits weren't back to normal.

I remembered a dinner party during a recent blizzard. The host's house was well heated and cheerful. Some of the food, the steaks, salad and ice cream, had come on our weekly plane from Seattle. Few meals anywhere could have been more delicious. The men were in business suits, the women, after we had peeled off boots and parkas, were warm in lightweight dresses, nylon stockings and pumps. This was a convincing facsimile of a Stateside gathering. But only a block away the blizzard was heaping up forty-foot ridges of ice on the Bering Sea, a wild, elemental force that made our comfort a conscious pleasure.

The water lines in that house had just been thawed out after a rather bizarre freeze-up. Our young hostess said wistfully, "Sometimes when you think how hard it is to keep a house going up here, you wonder why we have chosen to live in Nome."

Her husband spoke up enthusiastically: "That's one reason why we do. The difficulties here are such a challenge." The other men nodded; the women looked dubious.

This morning I look at my stove, aglow in its fantastic envelope of stacks, and water pipes, and fuel lines, and hot-water tank, and auxiliary oil tank—a metal octopus never seen in a catalogue, for I designed it. I am proud of it. But the outdoor temperature today is thirty-two degrees below zero, the barometer is falling, and amazingly the water tank seems to be overheating. That has never happened before.

Will the whole water system become involved, and perhaps the oil lines too? Is my work going to be interrupted again, while there is a frantic race between Mr. Ennix's skill and the danger of freezing food? With our houses, we outwit the arctic. But I wonder; in the end, do the houses outwit the occupants? THE END

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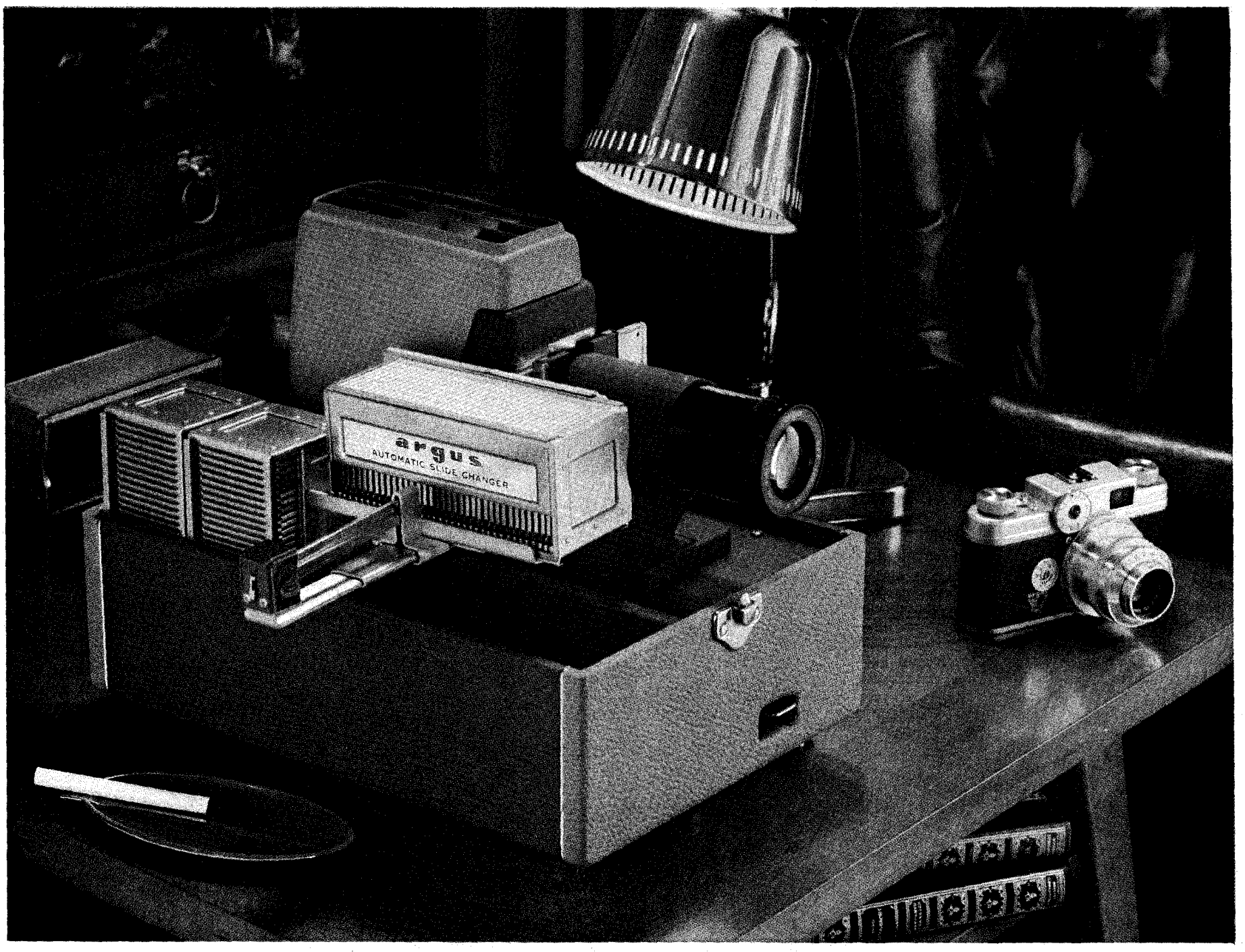

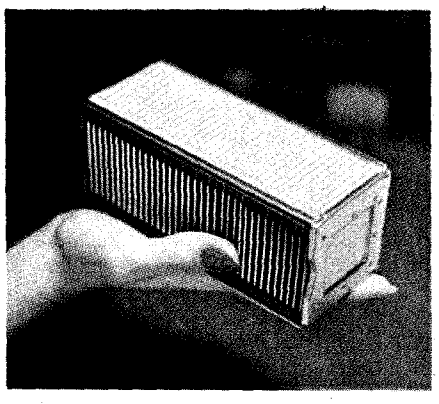

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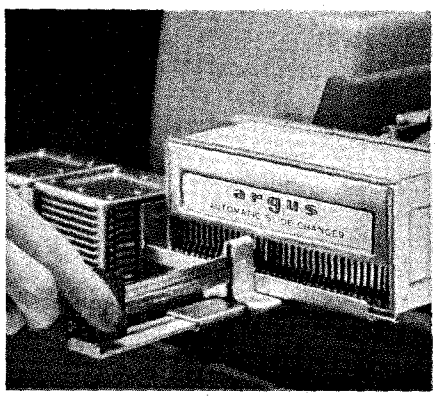

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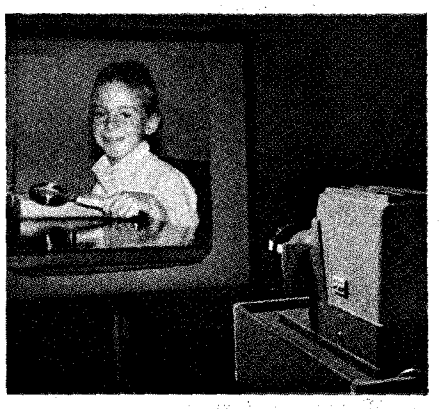

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The Golden Journey (Continued from Page 43)

the eye. Without time, almost without thinking, he heard himself decline. "I greatly appreciate your offer, Mr. Barker, but I would not care to leave my present work."

He was surprised by the firmness of his own voice. The good-bys were pleasant but brief, and Paul was soon on the street again. Once there, the picture was clear to him. The offer had been on the surface a perfectly normal one, though the salary was high. Mr. Barker doubtless was from time to time on the lookout for new young lawyers. But underneath, Paul felt the subterfuge. Barker was indeed trying to buy him off, though the iron hand was sheathed in pure velvet. Nothing as yet had made Paul so clearly realize his own latent power as this. He would have been less than human if he had not felt elated.

One thing disturbed him more and more as the weeks passed; this was Arno's attitude. It did not, according to Kirkland's prophecy, improve. If anything, it was more unfriendly now than at first. On a hot afternoon when the weather was sultry and tempers ran short, Paul made a decision. He left his own office a little early to get some information he wanted from Kirkland's files. He knew the chief was not there, since he had left the night before for the capital, so this would give opportunity for a showdown with Arno.

Paul went in as always, his manner casual and friendly.

"Hello, Arno."

"How'd you do, Mr. Devereux," the sneer rampant.

"Come into the other office," Paul said, conscious of Sayles' intent glances.

To his surprise, Arno followed him, and they stood facing each other.

"We've got to have an understanding once and for all, Arno. We can't go on like this. For two months you've acted as if you despise me."

"Maybe I do. I don't like a fortune-hunting rat."

Paul lunged toward him and landed a blow on his face. "Nobody will call me that!" he shouted.

Arno came back with the spring of a cat. He had not grown up on Water Street for nothing. When they had been hitting at each other hard for five minutes, with Sayles' shocked white face peering from the door, Paul suddenly backed away and held up his hand.

"This is dreadful," he said. "We're acting like ten-year-old boys. I'm ashamed I began it, Arno, though you did call me a lousy name. Can't we get to the bottom of this without blows? I'm certainly no fortune hunter. I married my wife for the same reason most men do."

"Oh, yeah?" said Arno half under his breath. He turned sharply and walked to the window, where he stood, breathing heavily, looking out.

"I'm truly sorry, Arno, that I started the fight," Paul said.

"No need to mention this episode to the chief."

"Certainly not. And I really want to be friends with you. I'll be needing your help. I'd like for us to be able to work together as we did at first."

Arno did not reply. He raised one hand in an odd gesture which might mean anything, and returned to his own office.

Paul went to the washroom to bathe a cut on his chin, then left for home, shaken up and sore. Much worse than this, however, was the fact that he felt humiliated, ashamed and completely uncertain whether matters were now better or worse between him and Arno.

During October, Kirkland carried out his plan for Paul's swing around the state. During the month he had scarcely an evening at home. Anne was patient in the main, though once in a while, as they sat at a hurried breakfast, she looked very sober.

"Do bear with me for a little," Paul begged one morning, looking anxiously for the smile that did not come. "As soon as election's over, I'll be here all the time. I promise you!"

She put her hand over on his. "I hope so," she said, "but I know the pattern, darling."

On election day Halsey swept the state. Paul and Kirkland had been together all day in the latter's office and at party headquarters. Arno joined them there in the evening, and was, outwardly at least, normal and civil.

It was very late when Paul and Kirkland got home, but Anne was waiting up, with coffee and sandwiches ready.

"Well," she said as they were finishing, "now that the thing you two have been working on to the exclusion of all else is a *fait accompli*, I intend to assert my claims as a daughter"—she paused, looking archly at Paul—"and as a wife. And I don't mean maybe," she added inelegantly.

"You won't have to try very hard," Paul said, "on the wife part."

Kirkland gave them a quick glance, announced that he was dead tired and left them alone.

And it was only a short time later that Paul was aware of a change in Anne. Her smile became less animated and more tender; she sat, for the most part, quiet, listening contentedly while he or her father talked, her face touched with a soft glow from within. It seemed, indeed, as though, sitting close to them, she was yet living far away in a different world of mystery and light. Two weeks before Christmas she told Paul that she was going to have a child.

It was a deliriously happy Christmas! They all, including Gran, confessed that they could not remember such a joyous time. Paul and Hackett put up the greens under Anne's direction, the big tree itself in the music room, touching the ceiling.

"Won't it be fun to show all this to our children, Paul, and read them the night-before-Christmas poem in front of the fire, after the stockings are hung up? Won't it be wonderful?"

"Too wonderful to believe," he whispered, his lips against her hair.

"And have I told you about Gran? I'm so excited these days I'm quite looney. She always comes over the day before Christmas and stays till New Year's afternoon. And, of course, this year ——"

Ah, this year, with its quivering undercurrent of joy, evocative of all the tender symbolism of Christmas in all the ages!

It was Paul who thought of the sing. "Do you know," he said one night, "in the bottom drawer of the old secretary among mother's papers are a lot of little carol books. She used them each year at the Grange social. Why couldn't we have some folks in ——"

It was all Anne needed. She began telephoning at once, with the result that two nights before Christmas a dozen young people filled the wide hall with gay salutations, and then very soon, with Anne already seated casually at the piano, began to sing the familiar seasonal songs. Johnny Bovard had brought his fiddle by request and sawed away delightedly, with more animation than technique, but no one noticed or cared.

It was late when they finished Holy Night, which Anne had decreed must come last. As the good-bys were being said a slender young fellow with dark, smoldering eyes came up to Paul and held out his hand.

"Thank you," he said. "This has been a beautiful experience. As cold water to a thirsty soul, so is an evening when no one gets high and no ribald stories are told and no one hugs another man's wife!"

Paul laughed. "Christmas comes but once a year, but if you like the quieter forms of entertainment, do come back again. I'm sorry, but in the madhouse at first I didn't get your name."

"David Laird. I'm an attorney with Reed and Dorrance."

"Well, well, we're lawyers under the skin then, too, as well as country boys. I'm with Hartwell and Harvey."

"So? Well, thanks again, and I'll give you a ring after the holidays. I want to say good night now to your wife."

Later, Paul and Anne lay in bed in the darkness and talked of the success of the evening. There was the exquisite hush of the falling snow outside the opened window as they lay, listening. Anne spoke again with the happy anticipation of a child.

Paul drew her close. In his passion and his pity he wondered if he dared tell her of the faint, the evanescent hope that was now showing like a strange fire in her father's eyes and which kept recurring to him, himself, even though he fought against any real consideration of it. Should he share with her secretly this most tenuous presumption?

No, he decided, this would be unwise and even traitorous to the hope itself, which rested only upon the chance result of complete physical and emotional shock. Any foreknowledge would surely destroy even the possibility.

Old Hartwell had been invited for Christmas dinner. "We're so terribly short of family," Anne had told Paul. "What do you think of having Mr. Hartwell? He's such a darling, and alone."

Nothing could have warmed Paul's heart more than the old man's pleasure as he reported it to Anne.

"Oh, good," she said. "He and Gran will like each other. Davy is going to dine with us, so that we'll make six, and I'll ask Hackett to spread us out a little so we'll look even more."

It turned out an unusually congenial dinner group. Mrs. Catherby and Hartwell quipped and quoted to their hearts' content; Davy blossomed out from her usual professional reticence with a free and charming manner; Paul and Anne shed their own glow, and Kirkland with a high, florid color in his cheeks, talked a great deal, for him, and laughed recklessly even when there was no joke.

"You'll all have to forgive me," Anne said as dessert was over, "if I've gone traditional in a big way this year. But we've never had an actor in the family before—yes, you are, Paul, even though you aren't on the stage—so we're going to sit around the fire in the library with our coffee and have him read the Christmas Carol to us!"

It was a truly happy day. When it was all over, the hour late, and Paul and Anne alone in the library, he put on a fresh log and stretched out on the hearthrug at her feet.

"Your reading this afternoon was simply marvelous, Paul! The characterizations were incredibly real. It almost frightens me."

"Why on earth?"

"Well," she said slowly, "you are a born actor. I believe you could actually make me think you loved me even if you didn't! Paul, will you promise me something?"

"Anything, darling."

"You'll always tell me the truth?"

He sat up then, his eyes startled. "I hope you don't need to ask me that!"

"I mean there won't be any concealment—oh, I don't know how to express it—but you have such a gift for acting. I know I sound muddled, but surely you understand."

"What I understand is that you're dead tired and must get to bed at once." He rose and picked her up in his arms.

"But you haven't promised, and when you're about (Continued on Page 112)

The Perfect Squelch

The legislative committee was holding a public hearing on a complicated bill having to do with proposed school taxes. The young committee chairman explained the bill as clearly as possible and then invited discussion.

Up rose a bumptious old fellow who began a long, rambling address. In it he made repeated wisecracks about the dishonesty and duplicity of politicians in general and legislators in particular. His talk soon drifted completely away from the bill under discussion. To shut him off, the committee chairman politely asked whether the old man had any further questions.

"Yes," the old fellow snapped. "Why are there so many idiots in the legislature?"

"For a good reason," the chairman replied evenly. "To protect people like you from taxation without representation."

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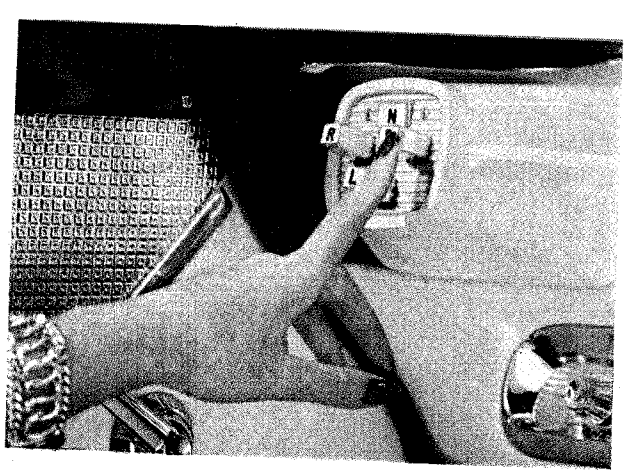

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(Continued from Page 110)

it"—her voice dropped very low—"maybe you could even make it retroactive, if that's the right word."

"Now what on earth do you mean by that?" He was still faintly amused.

"I'm not sure. It's just that I'm so happy in our love that it scares me a little. Could you promise?"

He was serious enough then. "Yes," he said, "of course, a thousand times yes, past, present and future, to every question in your foolish little heart. Is it all right now?"

"It's heaven," she said, as she clung to him.

The Christmas snow still lay white and the next week added more to it. Within the great house quiet reigned. Anne, after a week of unusual gaiety and diversion for her, sat in her living room, bemused with her own thoughts as she folded and refolded the tiny garments that had been among her gifts.

Because the firm had been so lenient with him during his campaign work, Paul tried now to give extra time to the office even during the lunch hour. He found not far away on the first floor of an office building a small hole-in-the-wall food bar which he began to patronize regularly. The menu was limited but good, the service quick and the man behind the counter jovial and efficient. The same customers seemed to come day after day to sit upon the high stools and partake of coffee and sandwiches.

Paul, with his usual interest in people, watched them. Stenographers and elevator boys, he would guess, along with a few shabby older men, made up the clientele. One man, whom he found it hard to place, was always on his stool at the farthest end. The proprietor was apparently known to all as Bill. With miraculous deftness he slung the food along the counter; then presented each customer with a check, gathered it and the money in with a swift sleight-of-hand movement, made change at the cash register and repeated the same performance over and over. He fascinated Paul, but, more than that, he felt certain undercurrents about him as he sat on his stool, watching. He was certain that several times his eye had caught a customer putting another slip of paper under the check as it was handed back with money to Bill; he had intercepted also certain looks between the latter and the man who always sat at the end. They were knowledgeable glances. Another thing interested him. Once a customer had come in in a high state of elation. No reason for it was given, and yet Paul, with his keen perception, had a feeling that it was understood all the way around the high stools.

"Well, well," Bill remarked on this occasion, "certainly is nice weather we're having, eh?"

"Boy, you said it!" the happy one grinned at him.

Something—a tremor, a delicate shock, a responsive vibration—passed along the line.

One day, suddenly, the truth struck Paul. Bill, behind the counter, was selling something more than ham sandwiches; he was selling policy slips; these customers were writing numbers and the man always at the end must be a so-called runner. This was one tiny manifestation of the big numbers racket of which Camponelli was the head.

Paul waited this day, loitering over his dessert to try to outsit the runner. But it was to no avail, and he finally went back to the office and in at once to see Hartwell with his imagined discovery. The old man showed no surprise.

"But shouldn't I report it to the police?"

Hartwell smiled. "My dear boy, the police know all this better than we do. They give protection, for a consideration. Your policeman on the beat collects each week from the runners and gives it to the precinct captain."

"What can be done about it?" Paul's tone was sharp with earnestness.

Hartwell made a gesture, half of despair. "I've told you, but I know you're not interested in city politics. If we could get one absolutely incorruptible and fearless man to head the city government, it could be cleaned up in one administration. And if a single major city were once clean, I believe the crusade would spread. Honesty is contagious as well as corruption. Well, does this answer your question?"

"I suppose so," Paul said slowly. "I'll have to think this over."

At home these evenings Paul had other things to occupy his mind. Kirkland had let Anne assume that the suggestion came from her own physician, but it was, in fact, Doctor Hertzog who by transatlantic phone directed the making and installation of a gymnastic machine, the use of which would strengthen the leg muscles during this particular period. So, aside from the daily massage and manipulation which she had had ever since the accident, Anne now went, as she put it, "horseback riding" in the evenings when Paul was there to see.

"You see," Anne told Paul, "as it stands it's a horsecycle, only it should have a head and a tail to make it all horse. I love it! It gives me the greatest sense of normal leg motion, and I'm going to keep using it even after the baby comes. You can't imagine how I enjoy it!"

Her cheeks were flushed and her eyes happily alight. Involuntarily she shook back her hair. He knew how she must have looked as she cantered along the country roads on summer days of old, and a great pain clutched his heart. All in the moment he shared Kirkland's doggedly fantastic dream. Perhaps he had been too much the doubter, too afraid of a great, consuming faith that the miracle would happen.

They talked long that evening about the pattern of the coming months, and he explained to her in detail how his own time would be engaged. In April he was to begin campaigning for himself.

"Jimmy has done the impossible," he said, "and done it so well that nobody seems to recognize it. I should be running for assemblyman. As I've told you, it's almost without precedent for a newcomer to head for the Senate. But Jimmy passed the word around and I was accepted. Besides, there was nobody else in the county, I gather, that they were really itching to run for the office this year. So, here I go. Well?"

Anne threaded her slight fingers through his strong ones. "I do so like your hands," she said tenderly.

"Of all the non sequiturs!" he laughed. "Thanks, of course, but haven't you been listening to me at all?"

She gave a small sigh. "Oh, yes. I'm not sure I like the phraseology, though, 'Jimmy passed the word around'; 'there was nobody else they wanted to run.' I should be used to this kind of thing, but it's never come so close to me before. Paul, you know how much I love Jimmy?"

"I've a pretty good idea."

"So it's a hard thing for me to say of him, but I don't think his motives are always—well, what I would want yours to be. That's one reason I hate politics as such. You'll watch out, won't you?"

"And not let Jimmy contaminate me?" Paul laughed.

But Anne was sober. "Perhaps that's what I mean. But oh, don't ever hurt him, no matter what he does. He's been hurt so much already. I couldn't bear to have anything else strike him hard. He's awfully fond of you, you know."

"It's mutual. He's an amazing person and he's certainly been wonderful to me. If I ever get any political place in the sun, I'll owe it all to him. I just hope I can justify his confidence in me."

And then all at once they were wrapped in the dear delights of their own hopes and plans. The baby would come in July, in the very midst of Paul's campaign, but the wonder of the event far outshadowed all else as they considered it.

One morning out of the clear he had a call from David Laird, the first time they had been in touch since the carol sing before Christmas.

"What about lunch someday?" David was asking. "Just say when."

"Fine," Paul said. "I'm free today, if that's not too quick."

"Couldn't be. I have my car, so I'll pick you up at your office a little before one. O.K.?"

"Wonderful," Paul said. "I'll be on the sidewalk."

He liked David even better than the first impression warranted. He was a serious chap, with a fine, even brilliant mentality. His conversation sparkled even as his face

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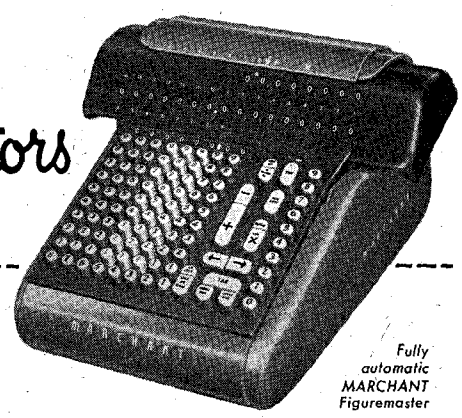

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remained sober. Toward the end of the meal, which was in a quiet restaurant, David looked about him as though to assure himself no one could overhear, and then lowered his voice.

"I've been wanting to see you again ever since the night at your house, but I do confess now I have an ax to grind. I want your advice and maybe your help."

"You flatter me," Paul said, "and I love to give advice."

"Do you do any church work?"

"I'm afraid I don't," Paul said, "though I was brought up to it."

"So was I. Well, I happen to live near St. Luke's, out in the South Side, so I got to going there and got interested in their older Young People's Group. A nice crowd chiefly between the ages of, say, twenty-five and thirty. We meet Sunday evenings, have devotionals and then a sort of forum where we discuss all kinds of subjects, and then a short social time at the end. I've enjoyed it and been pretty active in it."

"Sounds good," Paul said.

"Now I'll tell you what's happened. Last year we were approached by a representative of an organization called the Allied Youth Leadership—the A. Y. L. The idea was for us to join with this bigger, nonsectarian group once a month and have a speaker to discuss important questions of the day. We voted unanimously to join. Now I'm not very happy about it. I'm even uneasy."

"You think," Paul said quickly, "that there may be propaganda behind it?"

"How did you jump to that? That's exactly what bothers me."

"Well," Paul said, "I've read up a little on the way the communists bore in. The more innocent the front, the better they like it."

"I was afraid you'd think me a fool," David said. "It's all so elusive, but I'm pretty sure there's something wrong. The last speaker we had certainly smelled of Marxism, all right. Also they've been giving out literature the last two meetings. Idealistic as the devil on the surface, but all the little punches are there."

"I know, of course, that this kind of thing is going on, but I've never run into it myself. What did you think I could do to help you?"

"Well, it's like this. You remember last Memorial Day out at Red Stone?"

Paul nodded.

"The man who led the singing that day is the organist at St. Luke's. Awfully nice fellow. I see quite a bit of him. He's told me more than once about your speech. He was very impressed. Now, the thought occurred to me that, if you were willing, maybe I could get you worked into one Allied meeting as the speaker. Then you could give the same talk, let them have a dose of one hundred per cent pure patriotism and see what the reaction would be. I believe we could pretty nearly tell the sheep from the goats. What do you say?"

Paul considered. His first thought was whether this could injure him politically. Then he felt ashamed as he met David Laird's earnest eyes. This was surely a call to render a patriotic service.

"If you think it would help, I'll be glad to try," he said slowly.

"Good," said David. "Thanks a lot. For some reason, the key people in this association seem to have cottoned to me a little. I think I can get you accepted. I'll not tell them what you're going to talk about, naturally. Can't I just say that you're interested in the welfare of the masses and your speech will have a sort of 'blood, sweat and tears' theme? That would be literally true, and ought to go down with them, if my suspicions are correct."

They switched then to personal matters, and because David's dark eyes were sympathetic, Paul told him of Anne's condition and, hardly knowing why, mentioned the new exercise machine.

"She says if it only had a head and tail, she could pretend it was a real horse," he added, smiling. "She was very fond of riding."

To his surprise, David considered this seriously. "What you should do," he said at last, "is find an old merry-go-round steed—they've got them here and there at antique shops—and then attach it. Has the machine a wooden framework?"

"Yes, it has."

"Then it would be easy. Are you handy with tools?"

"Not too much so, but I can use them."

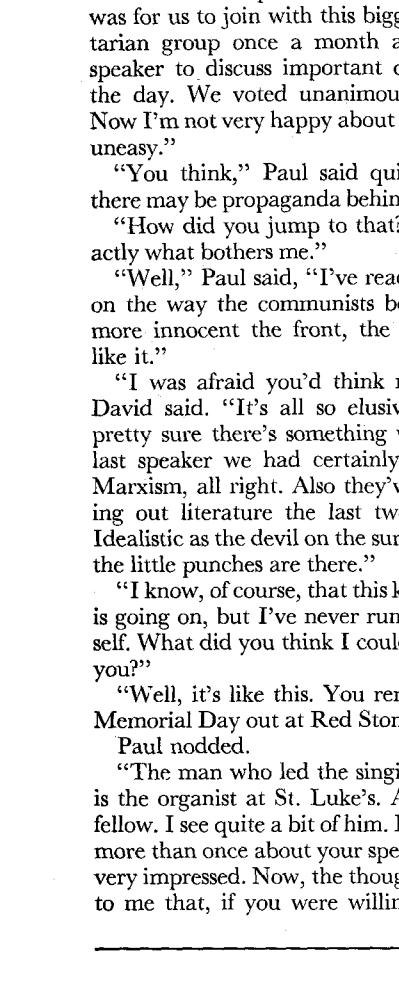
"Woodworking is my hobby. I've got sort of a workshop in the basement where I live. Tell you what. If you find the horse, I'll come up some evening with a saw and a hammer, and attach the thing for you. Would she like that?"

"She would love it! You know, Laird, that's most awfully kind of you! I'll tell Anne, and she'll likely call you up. And I'll get on to the hunt as soon as I can. Really I appreciate this."

Paul was troubled as he went back to work. If this should prove to be a communist organization and word got around that he had addressed it, it might wreck his campaign chances. On the other hand, no one hearing his speech could have any uncertainty about his own beliefs, and if he refused, for selfish reasons, to do this thing, he would hate himself. He decided to tell Anne about it, but not Kirkland. Meanwhile he would cut his lunches short to look for the horse.

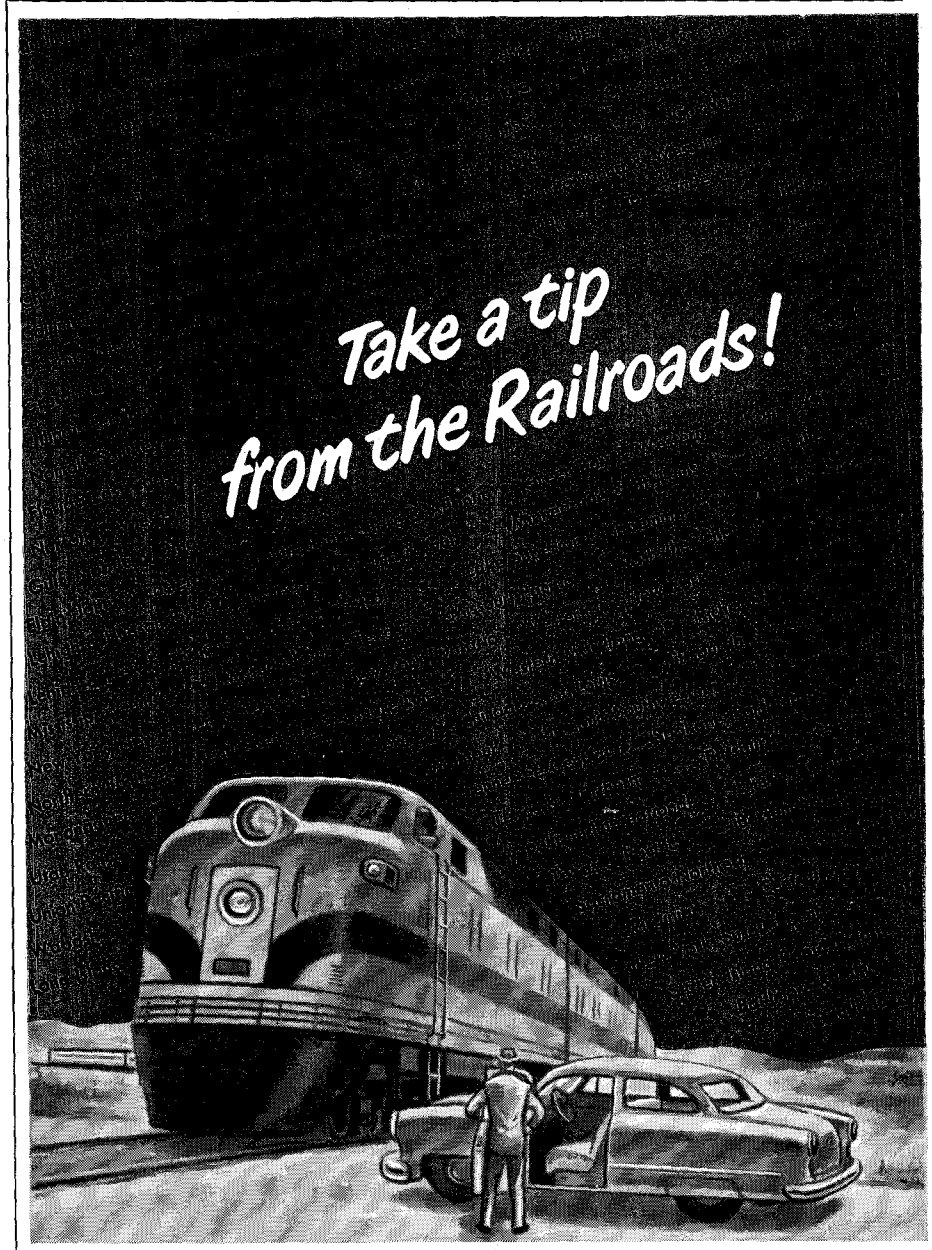
And spring came again and sang through the city in late March winds and the dripping eaves in the April nights. Anne, from her windows, watched the garden quicken with swelling buds even as she felt the mysterious quickening in her own body. A golden peace enveloped her, and each night Paul, a little haggard from hard work and burdening problems, felt the haven of it when he reached home.

For the pressure of circumstances was strong upon him. There was the regular law work, which was, in all conscience, enough in itself to keep a man busy; there were the forthcoming political speeches, which he kept turning over in his mind; there was the growing knowledge, as he pursued his quest for it, of the city's dark and devious corruption; there was the constant problem of Arno, who now, incidentally, treated him with an icy civility almost harder to bear than his former insolence; and there was the realization, still not openly acknowledged to himself, but



"I lost it. . . ."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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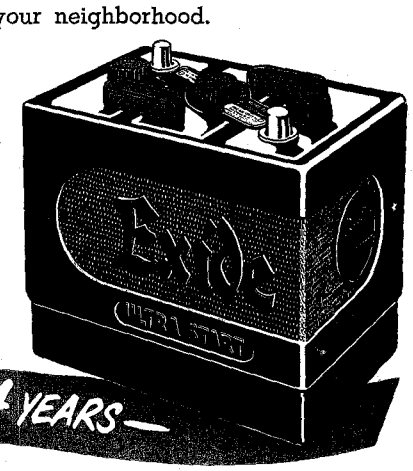

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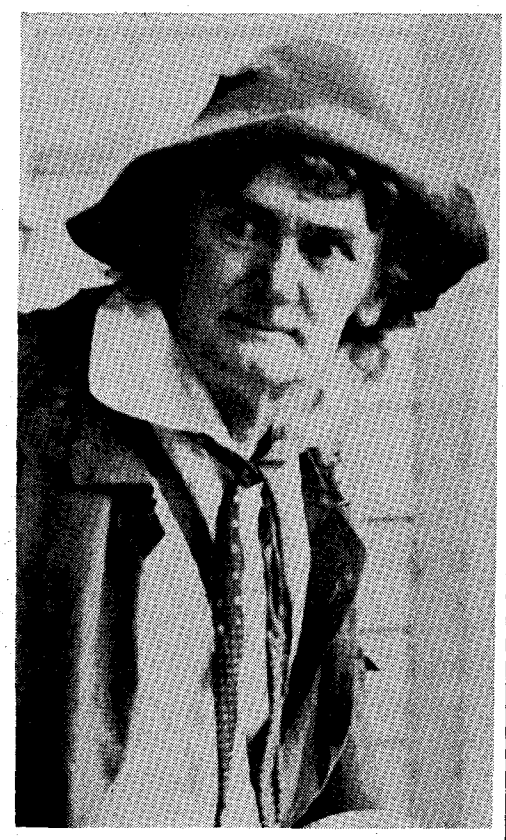

When the gun failed, they used a tablespoon

HE LEARNED acting the hard way, barnstorming frontier towns by barge and stagecoach, playing in sheds and taverns.

Once a Texan even suggested the troupe tour through Indian country, carrying their stage weapons for protection. Joe Jefferson declined. He later said he shivered when he imagined himself facing a hostile Indian and armed only with a stage pistol whose tendency to misfire had several times "compelled our heavy villain to commit suicide with a tablespoon."

By the 1860's, Jefferson was America's favorite actor. When he played his famous Rip Van Winkle (see picture), "one-night" towns declared a "Jefferson Holiday." Business stopped, schools closed, so everyone could see him act.

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covertly waiting like a wildcat to spring, of Kirkland's intricate and questionable involvements.

A few weeks before Christmas, a man whose uncle had been a friend of Paul's father back in the country had come to the office.

"I need a lawyer," he began, "and I knew you were somewhere in the city, so I looked you up. It's sort of nice to do business with somebody you know about, even if we aren't acquainted ourselves."

He had started a small trucking concern some years before, which had now grown until he had a really sizable business in the dumping of refuse. He wanted to get a charter for his company, and had come to get Paul to draw up the papers of incorporation to file with his application. Paul took care of it, glad to be in touch even remotely with old days at home, arranging as usual for the stock to be issued for money or services. Some time later his client had returned, baffled and angry.

"A fellah called me up at home the other night. Wouldn't give his name, just said he was a friend. Said he'd heard I was forming a corporation and knew I'd have to negotiate a contract with a representative of my union, and he just thought it would be smart of me if I'd get a man on my board of directors who had influence with the union. The dirty dog!"

"Well, go on. What more did he say?"

"He said he'd suggest I issue a nice block of stock to a fellah named Mallet. I've got the address at home. Lives down around Water Street somewhere. It's a straight holdup! He told me if I didn't, I might have trouble with my union. I'd like to knock somebody's teeth in. It's robbery! It's dirty, low, gangster muscling in, but I've got to do it or get out of business!"

"You mean you can't fight this thing?"

"Brother, if you think I can fight this, you don't know how this city's run. I tell you, you can't buck the setup. Not until all the mess is cleaned up someday, if it ever is! I'll just have to issue the stock. Well, I was near here and I had to blow off steam to somebody, so I came in. Sorry I took up your time, but just thought you might be interested."

He got up. Paul was desperately in earnest.

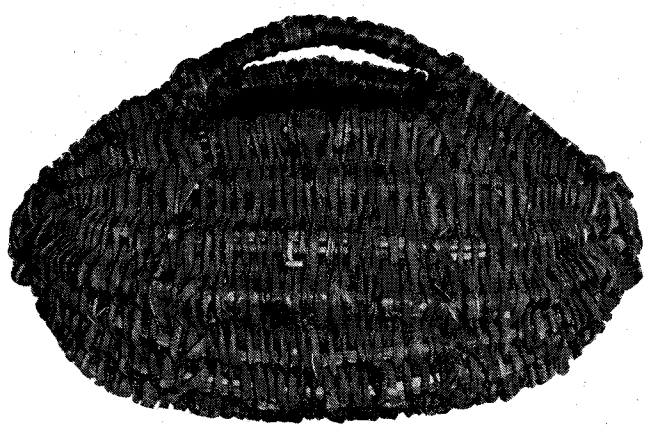
"I'm going to discuss all this with our senior partner. He knows more about city politics than I do. I'll let you know if we can help you. There ought to be some way —— There's got to be!"

"Listen, son." The older man laid a friendly hand on Paul's arm. "There just ain't any way, so forget it."

But Paul had talked with Hartwell at once. The old man shook his head. "Your man is right, I'm afraid. There's nothing we can do. What we need is a moral earthquake."

Paul did not reply. That night he had thought for a long time. But in the end he came to his usual conclusion. Not now, not with Anne in her present condition. But later on he would gather together all the facts, all the vague suspicions, and confront Kirkland with them. The trucking man had said the block of stock was to be issued to Mallet. Could it have been Malotte? Could it have been Arno? Was he the link? If so, it would all fit in with what he already suspected.

He lay still and tense until the early light broke. His decision was this: When the baby was safely here and Anne out of reach of danger, he would confront Kirkland and Arno both, and take the consequences.



How's Your Pioneer Instinct?

This quaint wicker object, seventeen inches long, twenty-nine inches in circumference and having an opening of five by two inches in the top, was familiar to many Americans more than a century ago and played a central role in a widespread activity. The example above is preserved in the Pennsylvania Farm Museum at Landis Valley, near Lancaster. Can you name it and identify its use?

It was called:	It was used to:
A KNITTING BASKET	Hold knitting yarn.
A NUTTING BASKET	Hold nuts while out picking them.
AN INDIAN FOOTBALL	Play an aboriginal game like soccer.
A HONEY-BEE HIVER	Transfer bees from one hive to another.

Barlow Bridges

CORRECT ANSWER:

A nutting basket. Nuts were dropped in through the hole in the top, which was kept small so they would not spill out.

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One evening in May he and Anne were dining with Mrs. Catherby, as they had come to do often when Kirkland was out of town. When the meal was ended, Paul decided to include her in his confidence about David Laird's group meeting, and to do so at once. He told them briefly then of Laird's request.

Anne's reply was immediate, "Oh, Paul, you can't do that! It might do you a lot of harm. People are so jittery about the whole subject right now."

"But if it would render even the smallest service to the country, how can I refuse?"

Anne's face was very grave as she sat thinking. "You can't," she said at last. "I see that too. You've got to do it, and give it your very best. I'm ashamed of my first reaction and I'm proud of you, dear. Only don't let's tell Jimmy. . . . What do you say, Gran?"

Mrs. Catherby sat lacing her thin fingers together. "I'm proud of you both," she said quietly. "I always feel that one thing wrong with our present-day society is that the old word 'duty' has been dropped from most people's vocabulary."

"I'm glad you feel that way," Paul said, "and that I have your joint approval."

It was late when he and Anne got home, but they sat in their room still going over the conversation. Anne spoke of the plan for her and Mrs. Catherby to attend the meeting when it took place.

"I so want to hear you, Paul, and so does Gran. Couldn't she and I go early and sit in the back somewhere? You wouldn't mind, would you? It wouldn't fluster you?"

Paul laughed. "Probably inspire me," he said. "I've got to bone up on the speech, though, for it's a year since I gave it. One more thing, I'm afraid to fill up my evenings. You're a patient wife, darling. Don't ever think I don't appreciate it, even if I don't say anything."

"You might say it now," she whispered, her cheek against his.

The next week Paul found the horse! A charming, prancing young steed, head up, nostrils wide, mane and tail flying, and only slightly in need of paint.

There were so few surprises he could give Anne, and this, he knew, would delight her. He telephoned David Laird, who was free and would come with his tools that evening. So, with youth's ability to engage completely in the pleasure of the moment without probing the tragic actuality which lay beneath it, they laughed and joked and were hilarious while they sawed and fitted and pounded. At length the mechanism stood transformed into a carrousel figure, and Anne's happiness in it was complete. David's face during the work had relaxed and even his dark eyes seemed to smile now as Paul placed Anne on her charger, turned on the motor and they watched the moving stirrups.

"I feel about five years old," she said. "At that age they couldn't get me off a merry-go-round! I can still see Jimmy's shocked face as he bestrode a giraffe in order to keep near me. How can I thank you both for my darling colt? And, David, you have been too wonderful! First the idea of it and now your skill in putting it all together. . . . Lift me off, Paul, now, won't you, since I've demonstrated, and we'll go down to the dining room for a snack."

When he was leaving, David spoke to Paul at the door. "I've enjoyed the evening more than I can tell you! What a lucky man you are! About the speech, I've decided to wait until there is an emergency. I've told the leaders I know of a man who could fill in very acceptably if a speaker ever failed them at the last minute. This way they won't have a chance to look you up beforehand. You're still willing to do it? The whole business, you know, is hot stuff."

"Yes," Paul said slowly, "I'm still willing."

"Stout fellah!" David said, as he left.

The emergency arose sooner than either had expected. In fact, it came two weeks later, almost a year to the day from the time Paul had first given the speech. He had been out all day Saturday in the southern part of his district. When he got home late on Saturday, Anne told him David Laird had been calling.

"He wants you to get through to him at once," she said. "Oh, Paul, I believe this is it."

It was. David explained that the speaker for Sunday evening was sick. The chairman recalling David's suggestion, had appealed to him.

"I'll be there," Paul said.

"The meeting is in Gannet's Hall—you know, just behind the Arcade—at eight-thirty. We'd better get there just on the dot, not before. I'll pick you up. O.K.?"

"O.K.," Paul answered.

Anne was so excited that Paul feared for her.

"You must be calm, dear. This isn't good for you," he adjured.

"But I've never heard you speak before!" she kept saying. "Besides, Gran and I plan to go early, sit far in the back and keep our eyes and ears open. It's just possible we may pick up something."

Paul saw them off on Sunday night at seven o'clock in Mrs. Catherby's car, he himself leaving in David's a little after eight. They had to park a block from the hall, and as they walked over they decided, from the number of cars, that the attendance would be large.

They moved swiftly up the side aisle, since the hour had already arrived, and in a moment Paul was shaking hands with the chairman, a pleasant, ordinary-faced chap, who led him to the rostrum. There was ten minutes of business and then the brief introduction. Due to a sudden illness, the speaker scheduled could not be present, so at the last moment their good friend Dave Laird had arranged with a good friend of his, Mr. Paul Devereux, to pinch-hit. It was with gratitude and pleasure, therefore, that they welcomed him, and so on. His topic would be A Problem of the Masses.

Paul found himself on his feet, looking over the audience. It was, indeed, a fair-sized one, and with no outward sign of being anything other than normal. He began, and there was at once the quieting of movement and the growing attention to which he was accustomed. Even as the speech progressed through the description of pioneer living, there was still a close interest. But as the real theme developed of America, the free, the dearly bought, the object of her children's love and devotion, there was a change. Paul saw it and felt it at once. There were the many innocent, touched and eager faces of the singlehearted, but there were also the tense, stiffening ones of those whose allegiance belonged elsewhere.

Wih all his power of eloquence Paul proceeded, conscious now clearly of expressions of shock, displeasure or steely antagonism in many sections of the hall. There was even a hurried conference among those who had remained at the literature tables at the back. The chairman cleared his throat and looked openly at his watch. Paul went on to his conclusion.

When he had finished, there was a burst of scattered applause. As soon as it was ending, Paul turned quickly to the chairman, already on his feet.

"Could we all stand now and join in singing My Country, 'tis of Thee?" he said in a loud, clear voice.

This had been prearranged with David Laird, who, having brought Paul up to the rostrum, had, without invitation, remained there to have a view of the faces. The or-

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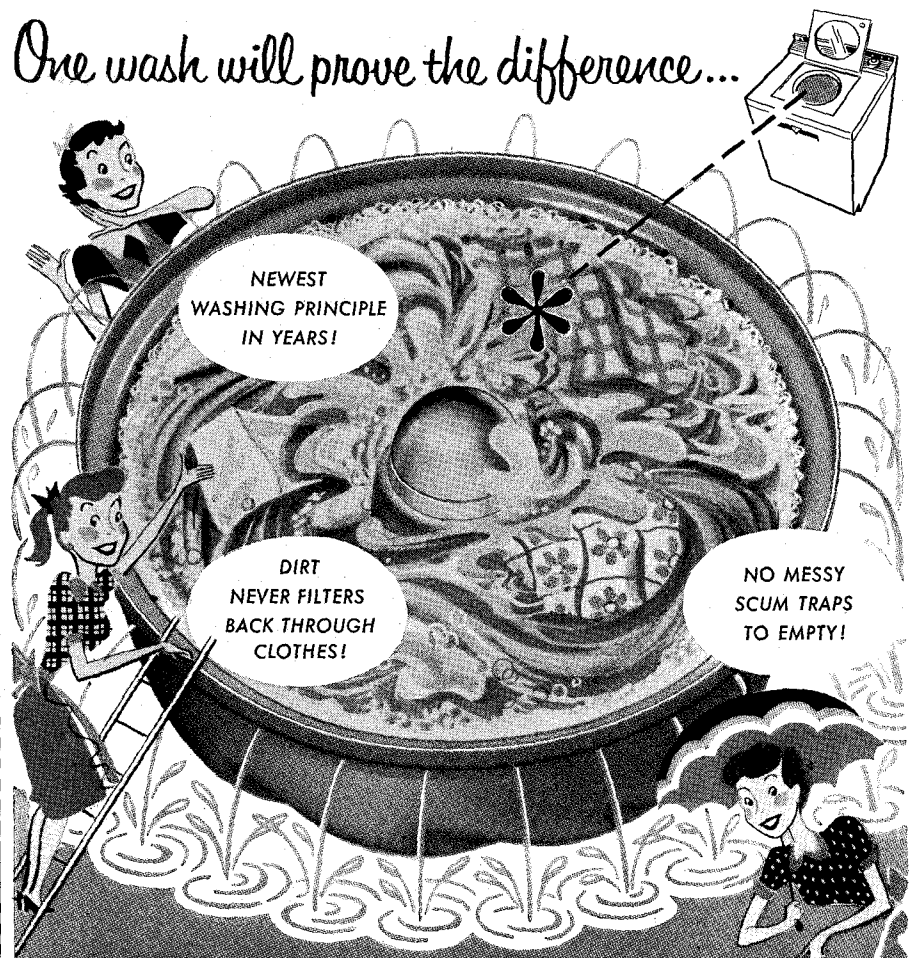

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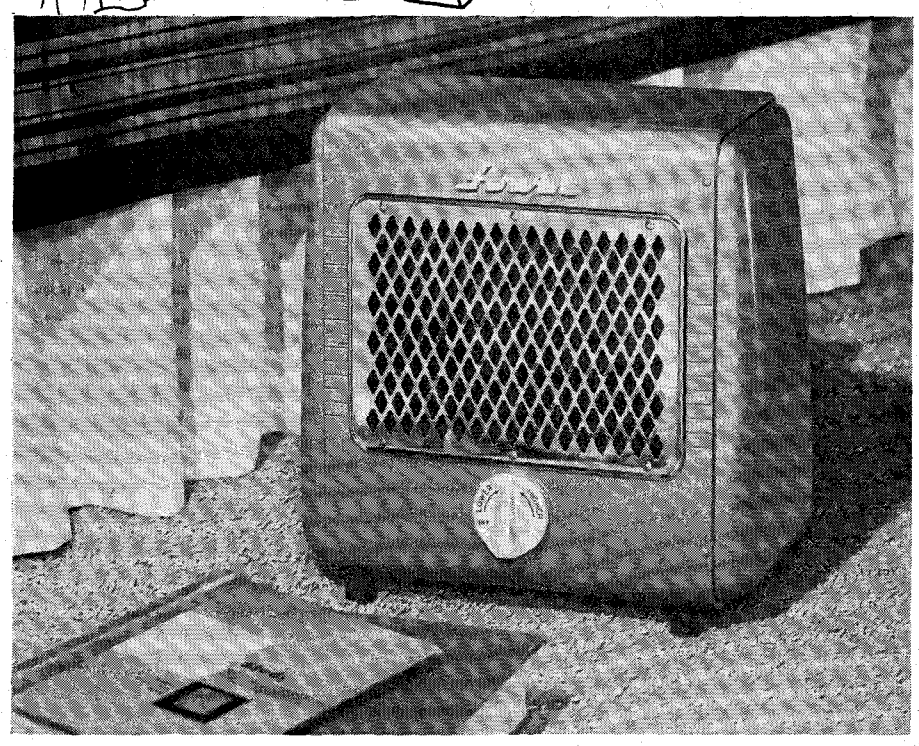

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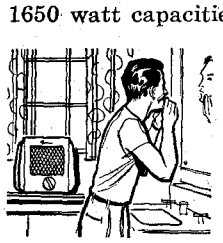

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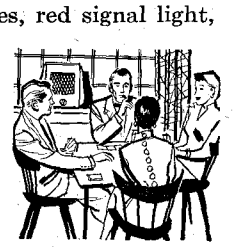

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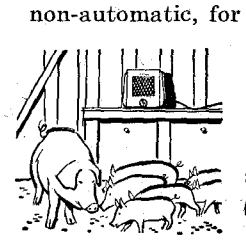

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ganist of St. Luke's was at the piano and, at Paul's words, at once struck the opening bars of America. Paul raised his arms and the audience stood. At least, most of it. There were some who left the hall, and there were some, easily noted, who did not join in the singing. The chairman was one of these. But there were enough to make the words ring out:

. . . Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrims' pride,
From every mountainside
Let freedom ring!

The chairman was suddenly very busy after the meeting was over, taking time only to say brief and perfunctory thanks to Paul, without compliment of any kind. There was a crowd gathered before the platform, however, as Paul came down, eager to express their appreciation; so, on the surface, everything seemed usual enough. But David, moving about amongst those who were still in the hall, had much to report when they drove away together.

"What a speech!" he began when the car started. "I congratulate you from my heart. I never heard a more moving one. And, Paul, it did the trick! Nothing in the world could have been better for the purpose than the very words you said. I saw faces change while you were talking, didn't you?"

"I certainly did."

"But that was only part of the evidence. As I moved about afterward I made a point of talking to the key people I've had the biggest doubts about. They were noticeably cool to me. You know. Once again, nothing you could exactly put your finger on, and yet you could feel it plain as a snowbank. I said to one of the men, 'A great speech, wasn't it?' He said it certainly didn't follow the subject announced. I told him I thought it had followed it perfectly—the problem of the patriotism of the massses. He gave me a stony stare and went on. Well, what do you think?"

"It looks pretty obvious to me. But what do you do now?"

"First I'll talk straight to our own group next Sunday night. Lay it on the line for them. I think they'll withdraw at once. Also I'll speak to the other young people's groups that I know are in it. Then I think I'll report my suspicions to the FBI, and that's all I can do. But I'll never cease being grateful to you, Paul. You don't know what good you may have done tonight over and above proving our case."

When they got back to the house, Anne was excitedly awaiting them. She had something to add on her own. "You see," she said, "we left my chair out in a corridor and Hawley carried me in. We were practically the first people there, so the ones who sat near us later didn't know I couldn't stand up at the end. Gran and I were too polite to applaud, and then sat still during America, and the men just next us evidently thought we didn't approve of the sentiments. One of them leaned over to me and said, 'I assure you the committee knew nothing of this speaker. We took him wholly on Dave Laird's recommendation!' And then I said, 'Don't worry. I think he was simply marvelous!' and you should have seen his face!"

When David was gone, Anne told Paul, with tears in her eyes, of her pride in him.

"I feel somehow that I know you better than I ever did before. What you said, and then the thought that it was you saying it, was more wonderful than I can tell you, dear."

He kissed her for answer. "It isn't vanity, heaven knows, but I'm glad you heard the speech and liked it. Your praise means more to me than anything else in the world." Then he fell silent.

"Paul, do you really feel the sort of thing we ran into tonight is dangerous?"

"I do, indeed."

She drew a long sigh. "I'm glad you said what ought to be said, no matter at what cost to you." She looked up with shy tenderness. "That is the way a hero behaves."

He drew her closer. "I wish I could feel heroic, but I don't. I only feel scared, now that it's all over. What if suddenly just before election someone comes up with the choice morsel that I addressed a communist group? Then what? I'd be done for before I could explain it. What price duty?"

Anne's voice was low, but very firm. "There is no price too high for that. So we'll have to take what comes."

TO BE CONTINUED

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Snap your wrists faster on that follow-through, Mosby."

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The Girl Who Swam at Night

(Continued from Page 31)

Highway No. 1-A in a southerly direction. He could read awhile and go to bed, of course—that new book by Niklos—but the mood was not on him. Perhaps a leisurely tour of the fishing villages along the shore. He could relax there in peace and quiet.

Arriving sometime later at a cluster of shacks known locally as Snub Point, he looked at his watch. Half past nine. Most of the village had drawn its shades. He parked his car and walked to the end of the pier. Beneath him the water sighed about the pilings. Offshore, a quarter mile, tiny Snub Island was but a phantom. Allan gazed seaward and sighed. Out there lay adventure—ice fields gleaming under mystic northern lights; scented tropic isles where the warm nights trembled to mysterious drumbeats. He must have read a thousand books about such places and wept inwardly over every one of them. Ah, Captain Lingard! Lovely Fayaway! Ah, Odysseus! He had no patience with students who found adventure boring. "Had you but a spark of Odysseus in your shriveled souls," he would say scornfully ——

"Hello there," said a voice at his feet.

He looked down, startled, and saw a face and one slender white arm protruding from the dark water by the pier. "Don't you know you shouldn't be swimming at this hour?" he said.

"You're not fishing, are you?" the young lady anxiously inquired.

"No, just looking. But ——"

"Fishhooks are an invention of the devil. Give me a hand up, will you?"

Allan knelt on the pier and reached down. A small wet hand, wonderfully soft, fastened on his own and he felt a quick, light tug. All at once she was sitting beside him.

"That bathing suit is a disgrace," he protested.

"It's the very best one I own," she said indignantly. "French. What's your name?"

Allan told her.

"Mine's Ino," she said. "I'm having one of my unhappy spells."

"I beg your pardon?"

"I get bored." She tipped her head back and smiled at him.

"Ino?" he repeated. "Ino? I'm sure I've heard ——"

"Don't you ever get bored?" she asked.

"Often. But I don't go swimming to get over it."

"Nor do I. I get bored *with* swimming, and come ashore to get over it. Of course," she added, shaking her head, "it's no good coming ashore unless I have the good fortune to meet someone understanding. You're the sympathetic sort, thank my lucky stars. Is that your car over there?"

"Well, yes."

"Can we go for a little ride?"

"If you mean you want to be taken home, I suppose I can't very decently refuse. You certainly can't walk in ——"

"I knew you were nice," she said, smiling at him. "Thank you."

Having led her to the car, Allan covered her as best he could with a robe from the trunk. "Where do you live?"

"Ocean Street. In the city."

"In the city! Then how ——"

"It really isn't far," she said.

Allan hesitated. She was right, of course; he had been driving around in circles and the city was only twenty minutes away. Still —— He sighed and gave up, taking his place at the wheel.

"I just hope we're not stopped by a policeman or something. I certainly would have a hard time explaining a young lady in a pair of polka-dot handkerchiefs at this time of night."

"You worry too much," she said

He stopped worrying after a few miles. The highway was practically deserted and his strange companion spent her time gazing out the window.

"Isn't it lovely?" she said breathlessly. "Trees and houses and ——"

"Billboards and gas stations," Allan finished, wryly smiling. "You must be a child. How old are you?"

If she heard the question she chose to ignore it. "Oh, but it's beautiful!" she exclaimed. "So many lights! Colored lights! You have no idea how different it all is from ——" Checking herself, she frowned at him. "You know something? You're the first person I've ever met who didn't say, 'What an unusual name!'"

"I don't think your name is so unusual."

"It isn't exactly Mary or Helen."

"No, but I've come across it somewhere, I'm sure. Perhaps in a book."

"What book?"

He had to laugh. "My dear girl, I read hundreds of books. I'm an English teacher. I probably did see your name in one of my favorites, though."

"What are those?"

"My favorites? Oh—Conrad, Stevenson, Melville, Homer. We're doing Homer in class right now. Reminds me, I mustn't forget to take to class a book I found in a secondhand shop yesterday. A fascinating study by a man named Niklos, a Greek scholar, who maintains that all the old myths and legends are founded on truth ——"

"Oh, look!" she interrupted.

Allan saw only the city's main thorough-

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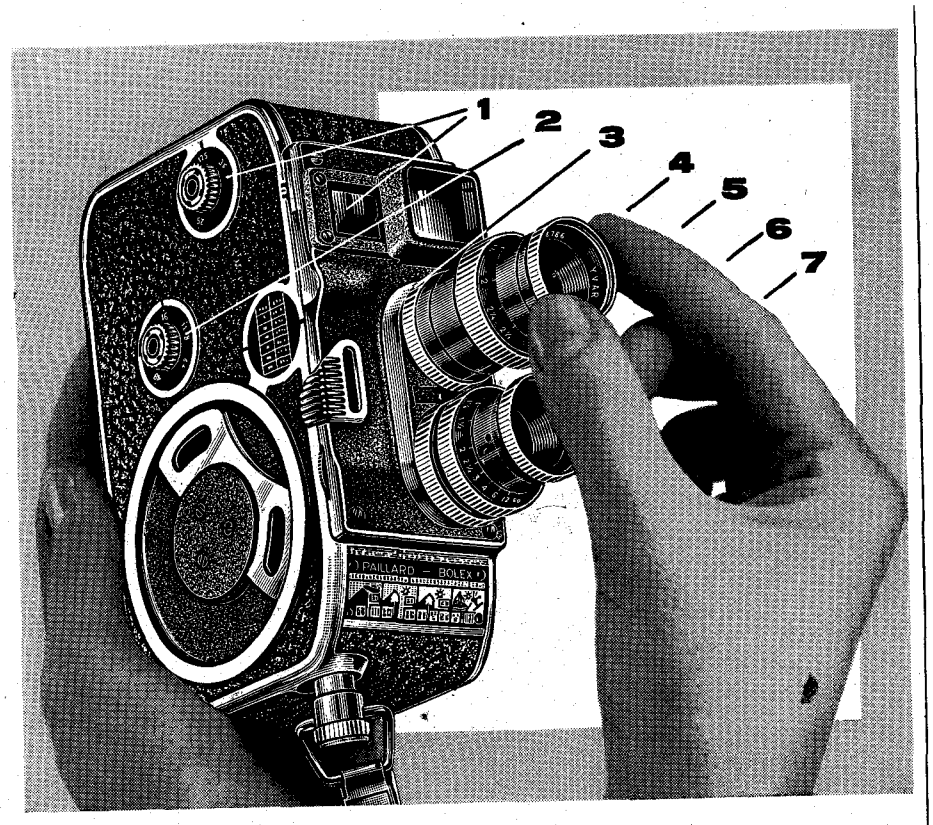

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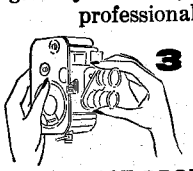

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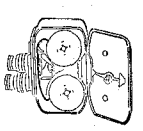
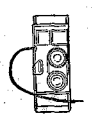


5 

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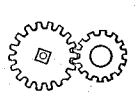
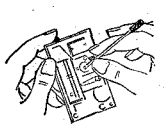


7 

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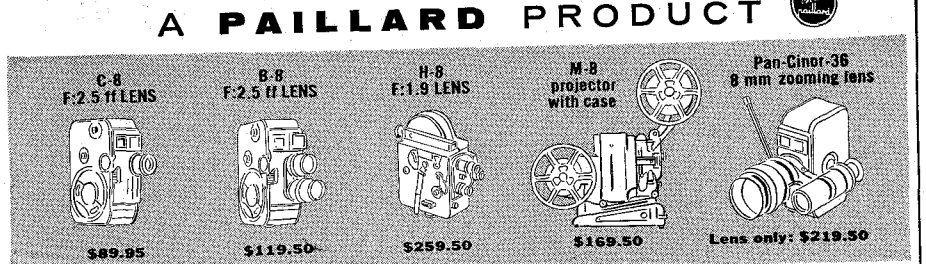

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fare stretching before him, gaudy with neon signs. "What's the matt——"

"It's like a fairyland!" Ino whispered, clasping her hands. "See how the lights dance in the shop windows! Oh, drive slow! I want to see every bit of it."

"Anyone would think you lived in darkest Africa," Allan marveled. "Or the depths of the sea."

"Be quiet. Don't spoil it."

He shrugged and was silent. Suddenly the car's engine became silent also. He sent a panicky glance at the gas gauge and barely managed to turn the machine to the curb before it stopped rolling. "Good grief!" he gasped, feeling himself go pale.

His companion smiled at him. "Now, really, Professor Foster! Don't tell me ——"

"We are. We're out of gas." He was annoyed with himself. "I let Professor Schoonmaker have the car yesterday. I should have remembered." Frantically he looked about in search of a solution.

It could be worse, he decided with a sigh of relief. They were in front of a department store, only a block from the bus terminal. He had passed an all-night parking garage just a street or two back. He could obtain gas there.

Getting out of the car, he carefully closed the door after him. "I won't be long. Please stay in the machine. If anyone should see you ——"

"I won't wiggle a finger."

It took him five minutes to reach the garage and five more to get back. She was still there. But while he was pouring the gas into the tank, congratulating himself on getting out of a bad predicament so easily, a feminine voice said at his elbow. "Why, Professor Foster!"

He straightened with an anguished gasp, and found himself confronted by a plumpish female in a mannish suit.

"Miss Birtwell," he said weakly. "Ah—Miss Birtwell. Good evening."

He had never felt comfortable in the presence of Miss Birtwell. She was the college librarian and it was her frequently expounded opinion that more than half the books on the library shelves were indecent.

"This is a stroke of luck," she said cheerfully. "I've just come in on the Springfield bus—visiting my sister, you know—and my car is at the parking garage. Would you give me a lift that far, professor?"

With shaking hands Allan finished pouring the gas into the tank while frantically trying to think of an excuse to say no. He couldn't think of any. There was nothing for him to do but open the door.

"This," he said weakly, when Miss Birtwell recoiled with a gasp, "is Miss—ah—Ino." Why hadn't he asked the girl her last name? "I was just giving her a lift home." With a tongue that scarcely functioned, he managed to complete the introduction.

"How do you do?" Miss Birtwell said stiffly, in a state of shock.

The two blocks to the garage seemed to Allan only a little shorter than two thousand miles. On arrival he was almost too weak to open the door. Miss Birtwell's thank-you, he noticed, was distinctly cool, and he remembered with an inward groan that she and Constance usually lunched together.

Having filled up with gas, he got behind the wheel again. "Now, then, young lady, where is Ocean Street?"

"You'll hate me when I tell you," Ino said sadly. "I don't live in the city at all."

"What?"

"You looked so nice and sympathetic, and I did so want to see some bright lights ——" Shrinking from his gaze, she pulled the robe more tightly about herself, so that only her long dark hair and pleading eyes were visible. "Please—if you'll just take me back to where you found me ——"

"You live at Snub Point," Allan said accusingly. "I should have known it."

"And don't be angry."

He wasn't angry, really; only filled with apprehension. The effect was the same however; it kept him silent until, on the outskirts of the fishing village, he said with a trace of impatience, "Now, then, if you'll tell me where you do live, exactly ——"

"Just drop me at the pier,' she said.

"Don't be ridiculous." He looked at his watch. "You can't walk home in a bathing suit at this hour."

"I can't walk home anyway. I have to swim."

"Swim? You live on the island?"

"I live—well, yes, I live on the island. Does that explain things?"

Allan gazed unhappily out the car window. The island was fully a quarter mile offshore and the thought of her swimming that far in the middle of the night made him shudder. Still, he couldn't drive her there. There wasn't any road. He walked with her to the end of the pier, where she folded the blanket and handed it back to him.

"Will you be coming here again?" she asked.

"I'm afraid not."

"Not even once more?" She seemed terribly disappointed.

Allan held out his hand. "We—we'll see. Good night, Ino."

"Good night, professor." Impulsively she leaned toward him, and her lips brushed his cheek—a kiss as soft and fleeting as a breath of wind. "Tomorrow night, perhaps?"

Before he could answer she turned and dived, and when he stepped to the edge and looked down, there was no sign of her. What a really strange creature, he thought, shaking his head.

He thought about her all the next day in class. It couldn't have happened, he told himself. But it had, and he knew he would hear about it from Constance as soon as Miss Birtwell reported what she had seen.

Ino, he mused. Now where had he heard that name before?

"If you ask me"—the day was about over, thank heaven; Jenkins, one of his more difficult students, was holding forth—"this Odysseus wasn't much of a hero. All along the line he had to be helped."

"Helped?" said Allan vaguely.

"When he escaped from the Laestrygonians and landed on Aeaea, what saved him from being turned into an animal by Circe? Not his wits. Unh-uh. Hermes gave him an antidote for Circe's poison. And when Poseidon sent the storm that wrecked his boat, Ino saved him by giving him her veil. And when he fell into Calypso's clutches, Athena got him out by persuading Zeus ——"

"What did you say?" Allan said.

"I was just making the point that ——"

"Ino gave him her veil! Of course she did!" Allan could feel the tingle all the way to his toes. "Ino!"

He flipped the pages of his Odyssey in a daze, found the passage and read it as though mesmerized. "Ino, daughter of Cadmus; Ino of the slim ankles"—the words ran like waves before his eyes—"who was once a woman speaking like ourselves, but now lives in the salt depths of the sea.... She took pity on the forlorn and woebegone Odysseus, rose from the water like a sea mew on the wing, and settled on his boat." Allan was shaking all over.

What was it she had said about being unhappy? "I get bored *with* swimming and come ashore to get over it." Good heavens! He picked up the book he had brought to class that morning, to amuse the students with. Amuse them! "Before the myth there must be truth," he read, "for only truth has the breath of life and the gift of endurance."

He didn't hear the bell ring. When he looked up, the classroom was empty; had

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been empty for ten minutes, if the clock was right. He got up to go and stopped after taking two steps. Constance was there in the doorway.

She halted before him and came straight to the point, as she always did. "I needn't ask why you didn't call me last night. But I think I am entitled to know who the young lady was."

"Really, I ——"

"Of course, if you don't wish to tell me ——"

Allan sat down, feeling weak. "I couldn't tell you if I wanted to. I don't know. That is, I picked her up and ——"

"Picked her up!"

"It's a fact." Why, in the presence of Constance, did he always feel so desperately on the defensive? What the devil was the matter with him? "I don't know who she is or where she came from. She asked for a lift."

"In a bathing suit?"

Allan gazed at her helplessly.

"I'm afraid that's all I can tell you," Allan muttered. "For now, at least."

"For now!"

"Until I've seen her again, I mean. It's all very mysterious." Rising, he hastily gathered up his books. "Shall I—ah—drive you home?"

"Thank you," she said, marching to the door, "I have my car."

Watching her go, he sighed. It was a pity, and no doubt he would regret it—he usually did regret these occasional attempts to assert himself. But destiny, he felt, had spoken. If he failed to answer the call he would wonder all his life what might have happened.

He arrived at Snub Point a little after nine and found a young man of high-school age sitting on the end of the pier, fishing with a hand line. "Hi," the youth said, glancing up. "Gonna fish?"

"No. Just looking, thanks."

"Live around here?"

"No. Do you?"

The young man had lived in Snub Point all his life and his name was Joe. The opportunity, Allan realized, was too good to be missed. "Then you probably know everyone in the village," he ventured.

"Sure."

"And—ah—on the island?"

Joe dismissed that with a shrug. "No one lives on the island. Used to be a couple families there, but they moved off. Too hard to get back and forth."

"I see."

"There's an old guy lives ——"

Something at that moment took Joe's bait. Something huge. The line was wrapped around his wrist and the tug pulled him off balance. He shot from the pier in a grotesque dive, rending the quiet evening with his yell.

When he spluttered to the surface, Allan reached down and caught his hand, giving him a lift back onto the pier. Instantly Joe began to haul in his line. It came in limp.

"Gone," he mourned. It was a major catastrophe, obviously. "But did you see that, mister? Man alive! It must have been a—a ——" His imagination was not up to the task. "Pulled me right clean off the pier!"

"You're wet," Allan observed.

"Yeah. Yeah. Have to go home and change. But I'll be back! Man, I'll be back!" The last was yelled over his shoulder as he ran.

Allan looked down, saw the face he expected, and smiled. "Shame on you," he said, clasping Ino's upthrust hand. "Think what you've done to that young man's peace of mind."

"He might have stayed here all night," she said. "You never can tell with fishermen."

He lifted her up and looked at her approvingly. "You've put on a different suit, thank heaven." This one was black or dark blue, and reasonably sedate. Astonished, he watched as she removed a small plastic bag from her waist, extracted from it a skirt and a jacket, and put them on.

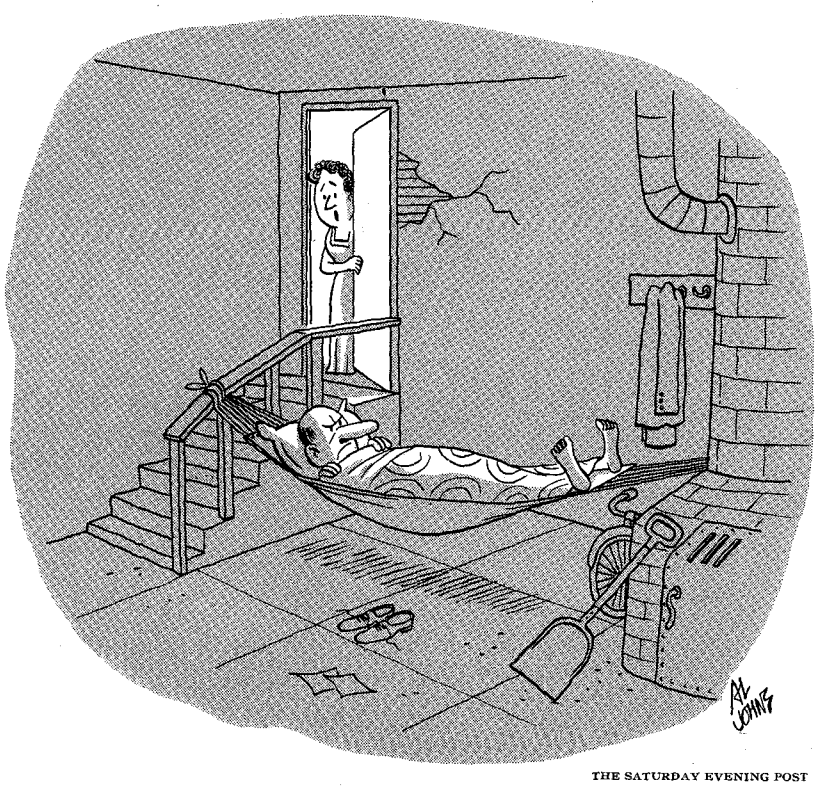
"Better?" she said.

"I am not taking you to the city again," he warned.

She tucked her arm through his. "I'll show you Snub Point. We can walk and talk." She drew him toward the road, and along that toward the village.

With what he hoped was the proper scientific approach, Allan studied her. She certainly seemed ordinary enough. No, that wasn't the word. Whatever else she might be, she was not ordinary—not with those mischievous eyes and such astonishing loveliness. She was a goddess. Perhaps a human goddess, but still a goddess.

"Have you remembered yet where you saw my name?" she asked him.



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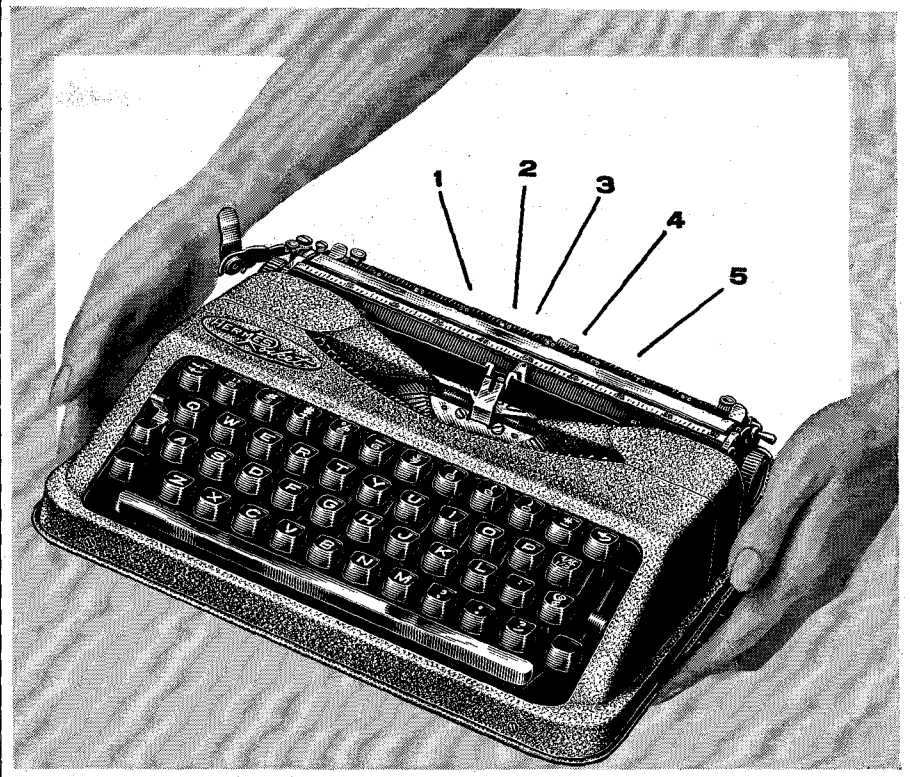

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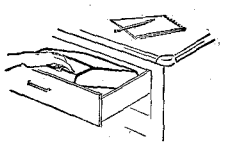

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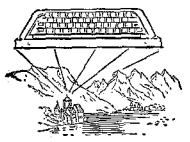

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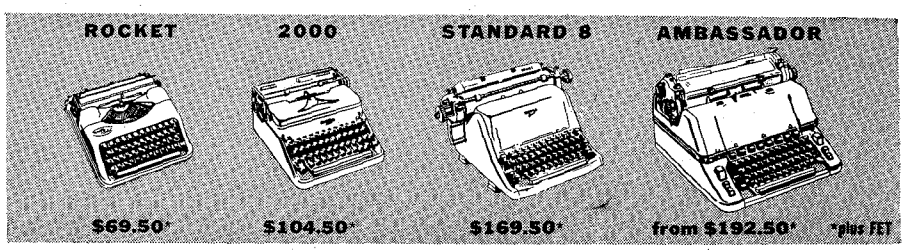

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"Yes. In Homer's account of the travels of Odysseus."

"That's very interesting."

"And perhaps not altogether coincidental?" He hesitated only a moment, then plunged. "Young lady, there are some questions I want to ask you."

"I don't have to answer them."

"I insist ——"

She squeezed his arm. "You didn't come all the way out here just to ask questions, I hope. Let's just walk."

They walked. The air was warm and the smell of the sea was in it. The sandy road was quite deserted. The lights in the humble homes of Snub Point were unobtrusive. *I could do this forever,* Allan thought. *I could walk with this girl to the end of time.*

She was right: he hadn't come here to ask questions. Not really. The questions were only an excuse. He had come to see her again, to hear the magic of her voice and feel her hand in his. She had been in his thoughts constantly since their last meeting.

"Ino," he said.

"Allan?" Her voice was like the kiss she had given him, a mere breath of wind.

"I don't care who you are—what you are. It doesn't matter. But I have to know what's going to come of this."

"We've only just met," she said.

"Don't be silly. Last night was a lifetime ago. I've done more thinking in the past twenty-four hours ——"

"So have I." She stopped walking and turned to face him. "So have I, Allan. I almost didn't come tonight. I was frightened."

They were on the edge of the village proper in the shelter of a shuttered fish market, out of the wind, unseen. Allan put his arms about her and bent his head to kiss her. His lips barely touched hers before she slipped away, shaking her head.

"You're only making things worse."

"Why do you say that?"

"You don't know me!"

"Know you? Of course I know you!" His arms went out to her, pleading. "Ino, daughter of Cadmus," he whispered. The words had been part of him all day, like his breathing. "Ino of the slim ankles! You saved me from drowning too—don't you know that? You saved me from a whirlpool more terrible than Charybdis! I was a lost soul, dying. Then you came out of the sea ——"

She took another backward step and he saw a look of terror in her eyes. Stricken, he swayed toward her. "Ino, what is it? Darling ——"

Catching her breath in a convulsive sob, she whirled from him and ran, ran like the wind. Before he could even think of pursuit, the darkness had swallowed her.

He blundered through the night, calling her name until a shutter banged open and a voice rumbled at him to pipe down. He stumbled the length of the street, searching. She was gone.

"It's the most ridiculous thing I've ever heard of!" Constance said. "You've immersed yourself in Homer for so long that you've fallen for a fairy tale. If you ask me, Allan Foster, you need your head examined."

"My heart, not my head," Allan said miserably. "And I didn't ask you. I knew you wouldn't understand. I wouldn't even have told you if you hadn't accused me of ——"

"Why shouldn't I accuse you? You admit you picked her up, just like any common—common ——"

"She asked for a lift."

"You picked her up. And when you picked her up, you had no idiotic notion she was a goddess. You thought ——"

"Do we have to go on talking about it?" He rose to go, wishing he had not thought it necessary to call on her with an explanation.

"The girl was some fisherman's daughter who enjoyed making a fool of you for a time and then tired of it."

"I won't believe it."

"I feel sorry for you. You need a guardian. I've half a mind to go to Snub Point—or the island, if that's where she lives—and prove ——"

"She doesn't live on the island," Allan said stubbornly.

"Have you been there? Even once?"

"No, but ——"

"You're not very practical, are you?" she taunted. "Or is it that you don't want to know the truth?" Her smile made him shudder. "Why don't you look for the truth, Allan? Tomorrow is Sunday."

It was the first time he had been to Snub Point in the daytime. Night after night for a week he had stood on the pier, vainly waiting, but it had never occurred to him that she might come out of the sea in daylight. How could she, without being talked about? Abruptly he stopped the car. The young man named Joe was trudging along the road toward him with a pair of oars.

"Good afternoon, Joe," Allan said. "I'm looking for someone to take me out to the island. Do you know ——"

"Take you myself," Joe said.

When they were settled in the young man's rowboat, with Joe at the oars, Allan said, "You told me no one lived on the island any more. Are you sure of that, Joe?"

"Positive."

Allan sighed and was silent while Joe pulled industriously at the oars. The morning sun was bright, the air warm, the water calm and blue. People in boats lazily fished and Joe greeted them in passing. Allan gazed at his feet.

"Hi, Pete! Hi, Andy!" Joe obviously knew everyone. "Morning, professor! How they bitin'?"

Allan looked up, startled. "Professor?"

"Old Professor Harrington, in the green praam over there," Joe said, grinning. "Nice old coot."

"Good heavens!" Allan stared. "It is Professor Harrington! Why, he's the one man who —— Joe! Take me over there!"

"But you said ——"

"I've got to talk to him!"

The little man in the praam, seventy-odd years young in a shocking-pink shirt, lifted his white-maned head as they approached, then flapped a hand in greeting. "Hello there, Foster. Playing hooky from your books?"

"I—I've got to talk to you, Professor Harrington," Allan said fervently.

"Good excuse for me to quit. Haven't had a bite in an hour." The little man put down his fishing rod as the two boats came together. "Hop in and we'll go to the house."

Allan pressed a bill into Joe's hand and transferred himself. When his white-haired companion turned the praam toward the island, he frowned. "Do you live on the island?"

"Wouldn't be caught dead in such a populous place." Harrington grinned. "A man retires, he wants seclusion. How's my English department?"

"I've done my best to maintain your standards, sir. Of course ——"

"You still letting that mirthless mathematician drag you around on a leash? That Coulter creature?"

Allan had to smile despite his inner misery. The feud between Professor Harrington and Constance had raged since the day Constance had called the professor's methods old-fashioned and impractical. It had kept the college in chuckles. There had even been a secret petition from the students, begging Professor Harrington not

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to retire lest his departure be construed as surrender.

"We—ah—we're not getting along too smoothly just now," Allan admitted. "You'll understand when I've told you what's troubling me."

"Just hope it's permanent," Harrington grunted. "Thought you'd wake up long ago."

He circled the island—it certainly looked deserted, Allan thought—and headed down the bay, limiting his talk to a discussion of fishing. "No good. Too many people do it." The praam rounded a point and Allan, with a start, remembered for the first time that there were two islands. The second was a pile of rocks supporting a long-abandoned lighthouse.

"You live here?" he said, aghast.

"Bought it from the Government for a song," the white-haired man said triumphantly. "All mine."

He had built the pier himself, he explained while making the praam fast, and laid the flagstone path on which they were walking. And done over the pine-paneled

There are two ways a man can make sure of getting his wife to listen to him: Talk about buying something for himself, or for her.

O. A. BATTISTA

room in which they stood—"every bit of it myself, and a more attractive home you couldn't ask for, if I do say so. Sit down, boy. Now what's troubling you?"

"A goddess," Allan muttered.

"Eh?"

"I'm out of my mind, I suppose. Too much reading. Overwork. But—well, I'll begin at the beginning."

Professor Harrington listened without interruption. "M'm," he said when Allan fell silent.

"I can't get that book by Niklos out of my mind," Allan groaned. "'Before the myth there must be truth, for only truth has the breath of life and the gift of endurance.' Confound it, Professor Harrington, I'm in love with this girl! I've got to believe ——"

"How can I help you?"

"You're an authority on Homer. You've written books yourself on ——"

"You say she ran away from you, eh? Wonder why."

"I frightened her somehow."

"Can't imagine a goddess being frightened," Harrington said. "Not of you, at any rate. Never saw a more forlorn human being in my life than you standing on the pier that night." He looked up as Allan stiffened. "Oh, I saw you. I was poking around in my praam. Must have been just before your goddess made her first appearance."

It had been a moonlit night, Allan remembered. He dismissed the matter as being unimportant. "What am I going to do, Professor Harrington?"

"Go on believing in her."

"What?"

"Believe, you idiot! What else? Stop, and you'll go running back to that mathematical Medusa." He tugged his left sleeve back to look at his watch, and abruptly stood up. "I'll get some of my books and we'll see what we can find out about her. Won't take a minute. Have a look around while I'm gone."

Allan had no desire to prowl, but rose unhappily and went to a window. Believe? How could he help believing, in a place like this? The house stood like a castle in mid-ocean, a true retreat for one of Homer's gods.

There must be something wrong with him, he thought mournfully, the way life mocked him all the time. A deficiency in courage, perhaps. A fatal lack of faith in himself.

He saw something and stiffened, clutching the window sill. An illusion. What else could it be?

But no, there it was again! Something white at the water's edge—white and alive, with dazzling strips of polka-dots! He saw it standing like mist in the sunlight on a low, flat rock; saw it sway and lift its arms and dive.

At top speed he made for the door. "Ino! Ino, come back!"

The rocks confused his feet and he fell headlong, but scrambled up again bruised and shaken, and plunged on. She was gone. There remained not even a ripple on the water to mark her presence. But he fell to his knees on the flat rock and flung out his arms.

"Come back! Please, please come back."

Her form took shape beneath the surface and rose to his supplication, slowly, wonderfully, like something in a dream. Her face shone in the sunlight, the dark hair framing it.

"Hello, Allan."

"Give me your hand!"

Her fingers lay in his. He drew her onto the rock, where she sat with one smooth leg under her and sadly gazed at him. "So Uncle Brian told you," she sighed, "after giving me his solemn promise not to."

"What—who—are you talking about?"

"Professor Harrington." She turned her head to gaze at the water. "I'm sorry, Allan. It was his idea, when he saw you on the pier that night. I thought it would be fun, but I was sorry after I left you. Really I was."

Allan rubbed a bruise on his temple and wondered if his fall on the rocks had done something alarming to his mind. "Who are you?" he demanded.

"His grandniece. Hasn't he told you?"

"He told me nothing!"

"I've been here months, helping him with his new book." She still gazed at the water, as into a sea of tears. "It gets pretty lonesome at times, if that's any excuse for what I did. I don't suppose you can ever forgive ——" Abruptly her face turned toward him and her eyes widened. "You mean he didn't send for you? You came here yourself, looking ——"

"He didn't send for me." Allan stood up, lifting her with him. "And you're right; I came here looking for you, in desperation. I thought I was condemned to walk the earth forever without you, like ——" One of the gods had been forced to do that, he knew, but for the life of him he couldn't recall which one. Nor did it matter. Ino's arms were cool and soft about his neck and her lips lay on his. Homer be hanged!

He would have kissed her much more thoroughly had not the voice of Professor Harrington intruded. "For heaven's sake stop it!" the old man bellowed from the house. "You'll have every fisherman in the neighborhood swarming in here, hoping to catch one too! Come inside where it's safe!"

Arm in arm they strolled over the rocks. "So you're his grandniece!" Allan marveled. "The grandniece of the man I admire most in the whole world!"

"And you're his successor, the man he admires most in the whole world," she whispered. "Allan, do you suppose he planned this, the night he saw you on the pier?"

"He loosed an arrow and hoped it would hit something, that's certain." Glancing up, Allan saw the impish grin on old Professor Harrington's face, and remembered the petition signed by the old man's students. "Maybe he hoped to kill two birds with ——"

He let it go. He was too happy to care.

THE END

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Death in the Wind (Continued from Page 19)

wooded hill, where the white spire of a church thrust up through the trees. Brad smiled faintly. He had been married in that church. He could not read the clock hands on the spire and glanced at his wrist watch; it was now four o'clock.

A blue convertible was approaching, a girl at the wheel, and as it turned into the parking area he saw a boy with her—a thin boy who carried his head forward and a little on the right side, whose narrow shoulders seemed tensely poised. He was Pierre.

Brad called, "Hi, there."

The boy's smile was shy and he said in a high, almost falsetto voice as Brad opened the door of the convertible, "I am glad to see you, papa." His hand was limp in Brad's.

The girl at the wheel smiled at Brad and said, "I have some errands to run in town. Suppose I stop back for Pierre in about an hour. I'm Paula Trent. Pierre and I were having a game of backgammon when you called, so I drove him down here."

She was young, with a slender, almost fragile build, and she carried her head confidently high. Her hair was black, and her blue eyes were thick-lashed and alert. Now she was inspecting Brad, taking in the *espadrilles* and the striped *maillot*.

She smiled and said, "I've heard a lot about you, Mr. Davis, and I've read your articles. I thought of you as a dignified, morning-coat sort of journalist, maybe even with a carnation in your buttonhole."

"I picked these things up in Normandy," he said. "And I'm a hardworking newspaperman, not a journalist."

"I only meant to say that you look very different from your photograph," the girl said apologetically.

"It's time I had a new one made," he said. "That cut they run is five years old."

"You look so wise in that picture," she said. "So know-it-all—or global, maybe I ought to say—that it was just impossible to imagine you taking it easy."

Her frankness made him feel that he was getting on. He was thirty-three years old, and this girl was probably in her early twenties. But also there was an undisguised sting in her voice that showed hostility.

He shrugged and said, "I don't feel very wise."

"I should think owls who look so wise do not feel wise either," Pierre said.

It was good to hear a spontaneous observation from Pierre, Brad thought, and put his hand on the boy's shoulder, but after a moment Pierre moved unobtrusively away.

"I'd better be on my way," the girl said. "I'll stop back a little after five."

As Paula Trent backed the blue convertible away, he said, "She seems to be a nice girl, Pierre. Is she a friend of your mother's?"

"Dad-dee has known her a long time, too," Pierre said.

"Who has?"

"Mr. Bellows," Pierre said. "He says I should call him dad-dee. But Paula is also my friend. When *maman* bought my boat from her, she taught me how to run the motor."

"You have a boat?"

"A fourteen-foot boat with a five-horse outboard motor," he said. "It will go pretty fast."

"Do you like sailboats too? Want to look over my yawl?"

"If you wish, papa," the boy said.

"It's not a question of what I wish," Brad said. "What do you wish? That's the question."

"I would like very much to see it," Pierre said politely.

"She's not really mine," Brad explained, as they walked along the dock. "I chartered her for a couple of weeks for this cruise."

The tanks had been filled and water taken aboard, and while Brad was paying the dock attendant Pierre went below. Brad found him sitting on the berth with the fishing rod in his hands, examining it soberly.

"That feather lure is for bluefish, Pierre," Brad said. "It's getting to be the time of year when there are lots of blues."

"I like it very much," the boy said. "Thank you, papa."

Brad realized that not once had Pierre met his eyes. With forced lightness, he said, "What do you say we run out through the channel and see if there's wind enough to fill her sails?"

Pierre said doubtfully, "We have only one hour."

"We'll be back in plenty of time," Brad said. "I want you to get the feel of her." As the boy hesitated, he went on firmly, "Hop up on deck and stand by to cast off. Captain's orders."

When Pierre nodded and started up the ladder, Brad thought that it was a small advance, a beginning. The boy stood at the bow as Brad cast off and pointed the bow of the yawl toward the channel markers.

Brad called out, "Want to take the tiller?"

Pierre shook his head, and to demonstrate that there was a reason for his refusal, he immediately dropped to his knees and began laying the bow line in a tight Flemish coil. Brad knew it was an excuse, and waited while the boy moved on to another line that had been left in loose coils. The yawl was passing the last nun buoy when Pierre stepped into the cockpit.

"You haven't told me much about yourself," Brad said. "Where do you go to school, Pierre?"

"Last year I had Mr. Brewster, but he did something *maman* did not like, and after that *maman* and I studied the books together."

"Mr. Brewster was a tutor?"

"Yes," Pierre said. "He was very strict and he had a bad temper. Pretty soon I will go away to school. Dad-dee said I must be called Peter when I go away. I must have an American name, he said."

"How do you feel about that?"

"I am a French boy," Pierre said.

There was a rebuke in it for himself, Brad thought, but for Ruth also. He asked, "Where are you going to school?"

"To a military school, I think. It is very good discipline, dad-dee says."

"I suppose it is," Brad said, and felt resentment toward this man who was making a father's decisions for Pierre. "If discipline is what you want," he added.

"I think I will like the uniform and the parades," Pierre said. "My father was a soldier of France."

"How do you know that?"

"I know," Pierre said.

Brad inspected the boy's solemn face. Possibly his father had been a soldier of France, and possibly not. As the mayor of the Normandy town had said when Brad asked questions, "Who knows?" Ruth had undoubtedly invented a father for the boy, he decided; she could be subtle in her choice of weapons.

"I'm not sure that military school is the place for you, Pierre," Brad said.

"I think it does not matter much, papa," the boy said.

"Of course it matters. Schools are important."

"But you never did care very much," Pierre said.

Brad leaned forward and turned the ignition key. The sound of the motor was replaced by the splashing of water at the bow.

"Look, kid, have you forgotten Paris?" Brad asked earnestly. "Don't you remember the fun we used to have? Remember the Luxembourg Gardens? Remember how you used to laugh at my French? But you taught me. I learned a lot from you."

Pierre was holding a moistened finger aloft, and he said in a tangential voice that had traveled miles away, "I think some wind blows now."

All right, Brad thought, he would let it pass. He could not break down these defenses all at once.

"O.K., let's get sail up," he said.

They hoisted mainsail and jigger and jib, but the booms swayed gently with the motion of the boat and the canvas hung slackly overhead.

"Have you ever been cruising in a boat like this?" Brad asked.

"No," Pierre said. "I am not allowed to go outside the harbor with my outboard unless Paula is with me, or Uncle Alex."

"I never heard of Uncle Alex," Brad said.

"He is Paula's *jeune homme*," Pierre said. "He asks me to call him Uncle Alex, but he is not my uncle. He is a cousin of *maman*."

"Don't you play with other kids?"

"I have very good fun," Pierre said. "*Maman* says a boy should learn to make his own fun."

Brad said, "I should think your friend Paula would know some boys in town."

"I am very happy by myself," Pierre said. "And Paula is very *sympathique*."

"You bought her boat, you said?"

"It did not belong to her, papa. That is her business—to sell things. She sells many houses, and sometimes a boat."

"She's in real estate, then?"

"That is it," Pierre said. "Her father is sick and she manages his affairs. It is written on her window—real estate."

Brad said, "Tell me, what do you do with yourself all day?"

"I go in my boat. I ride my bicycle. I play on the beach and feed the sea gulls."

"I suppose you and Mr. Bellows go fishing now and then?"

"No. Dad-dee does not like the water."

"How do you get along with Mr. Bellows?"

"I like him very much," Pierre said. "Very, very much."

"Let's talk about the cruise," he said. "We may have a little trouble with your mother, but don't you think we can persuade her?"

"I think *maman* would say no."

Brad looked at the boy and said with a grin, "You're a tough little nut to crack, you know."

"Nut?" Pierre said.

"It's a slang expression. It means I can't tell whether you want to sail with me or not. If your mother did give her permission, how would you feel about it?"

"She will say no," Pierre said.

It was going to be a lonely cruise to Nantucket, Brad (Continued on Page 124)

You be the Judge

By WILLIAM DONALDSON

Shy Sam felt like a king among men when sultry Sandra agreed to wed him. But Sandra's few reluctant kisses, usually followed by questions about his finances, soon made him realize that she was interested in his money alone. Unwilling to wed without love, Sam broke off the engagement. Sandra, furious at being jilted, filed a $25,000 breach-of-promise suit.

"Many women make good wives," she argued, "even though they aren't romantically in love with their husbands. Many, like me, wed primarily for security and a good home. I am ready to marry Sam as I agreed, and he can't get out of it just because I don't love him."

"If we had gone ahead with the ceremony," Sam said, "Sandra could not have sworn truthfully to love and honor, much less obey, me. Actually, she, in effect, broke the engagement because her admitted lack of love prevented her from taking the marriage vow in good faith. So I owe her nothing."

If you were the judge, would you award damages to Sandra?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Sandra lost. The court ruled that a woman who marries without being truly in love with her husband commits a fraud upon him. Love, it said, is a "necessary ingredient" of any marriage.

Based upon a 1929 Missouri decision.

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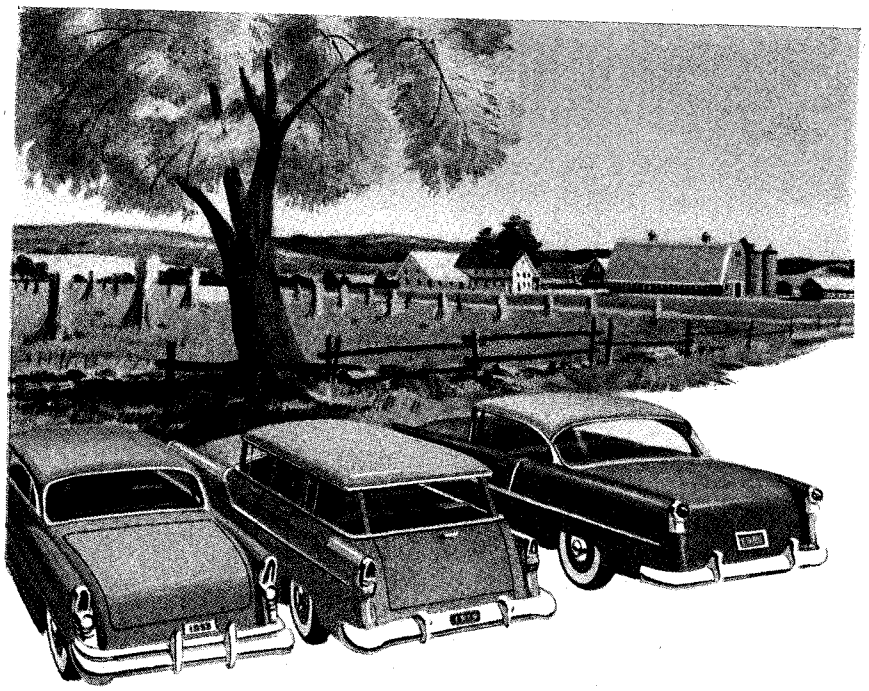

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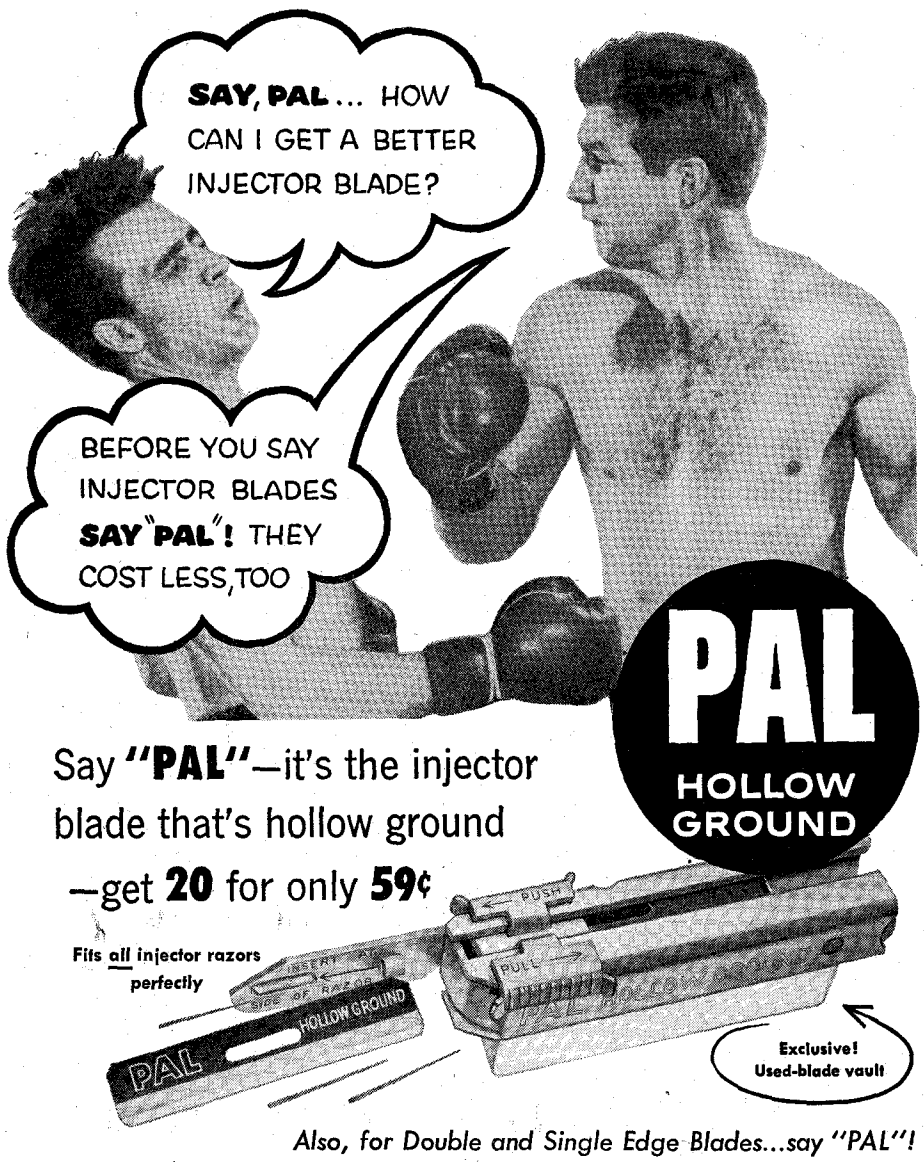
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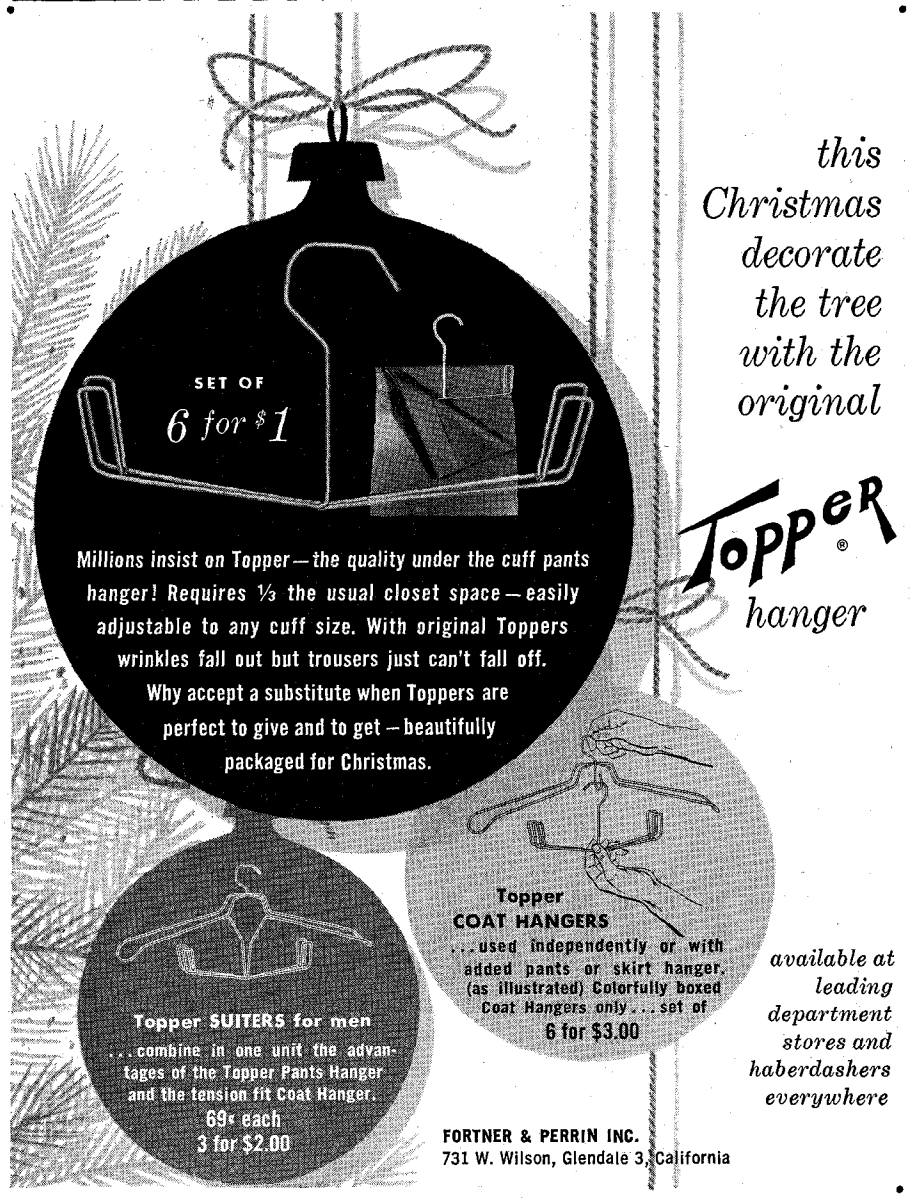
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(Continued from Page 122) thought. He got abruptly to his feet and said, "I think we'd better start back."

As the yawl approached the town dock Brad saw a group of people standing near the gasoline pumps, and heard Pierre's precise voice say, "I think it is the police, papa."

Brad made out the gray campaign hat of a member of the state police and the brilliant blue of the man's necktie. Pierre said, "Yes, and it is *maman* and dad-dee."

Brad turned the yawl into the boat basin and pointed the bow into the current to approach the dock. A clear voice called across the water, "Pierre, are you all right?"

"Yes, *maman*," Pierre answered.

Brad looked across the water at the face of his former wife. It was a face he knew well: the penciled eyebrows were like broken bows; the eyes were half-closed. Ruth was obviously angry, but for no apparent reason. Brad noted that the state-police officer at her side was a lieutenant.

Pierre tossed the bowline, and a short man with horn-rimmed glasses and a grayish, rather sad face, caught it and looped it inexpertly around a bollard. This must be Porter Bellows, Brad thought.

The lieutenant stepped aboard and said firmly, "Where have you been with the boy, Mr. Davis?"

"Come ashore, darling," Ruth said.

Brad looked up at her and asked, "Why the reception committee?"

"You had no right to take Pierre," she said crisply. "You know that very well."

"She thought you'd kidnaped the boy," the lieutenant said. "I was about to send the police launch out to look for you. I'm Lieutenant Gray, of the Connecticut police."

"Kidnaped?" Brad said. "My heaven, we just went for a sail!"

"Mrs. Bellows was afraid you were taking the boy out of the state," Lieutenant Gray said. "As I understand it, he is in her legal custody."

"There's no dispute about that," Brad said. "If I had been trying to take him out of the state, I wouldn't have used a boat that can't make better than six knots."

"You go straight out into the sound just seven miles and you're out of the state," the lieutenant said, with a sweep of one hand. "Out past the middle of the sound you're in New York State."

Brad shrugged. "We came back, didn't we? We're here, aren't we?"

He felt the flush of anger on his cheeks. Ruth knew he hadn't been trying to take Pierre away; Ruth knew he wasn't contesting her rights. But this was a hell of a thing for Pierre, he thought. The boy was standing on the dock, and a fugitive smile showed at the corners of his lips. It came to Brad with a sense of shock that the boy was delighted because Brad was in trouble with the police. Pierre disliked his foster father.

Lieutenant Gray touched Brad's shoulder lightly. "Next time why don't you ask permission to take the boy for a sail?"

"There was no one to ask," Brad said stiffly. "Pierre is my son, lieutenant, and just last week his mother said she had no objection to my seeing him at any time. I chartered this boat so that I could take him on a cruise to Nantucket. That's why I came here today."

"This is news," Ruth's quick voice broke in. "You planned a nice little cruise, without letting anyone know. You sneaked in here and got Paula Trent to bring him down to the dock. I saw Paula downtown. That's how I knew about it. . . . Otherwise, lieutenant, heaven knows where they'd be by now." She turned her head and said firmly, "Porter, please take Pierre on to the car."

Porter Bellows took Pierre's hand without a word. He moved softly and smiled gently, like a man with a secret joke, but also there was an air of willing obedience about him. When Ruth spoke, he acted. Here was a husband, Brad thought, who took orders from his wife, which would be a situation very much to Ruth's liking.

Ruth waited until Pierre and her husband were out of earshot; then she said in a low, biting voice, "I thought we had a pretty plain understanding, Brad. It's all down in black and white. Pierre is in my custody, period! You may see him if and when I say you can, and I think it's better all around that you don't see him at all. I think I would be perfectly justified if I swore out a complaint of kidnaping."

"Now, I think that would be a little drastic, Mrs. Bellows," Lieutenant Gray said mildly.

"At the least, he is guilty of contempt of court," she said. . . . "You were a reluctant father in the first place, Brad. You came here today simply to make trouble, and I warn you, if you come again, I am the one who'll make trouble; and I mean it." She turned away and her heels rang aggressively on the boards of the dock as she walked to the parking area.

"I think she does mean it, Mr. Davis," Lieutenant Gray said. He was a tall, relaxed man who wore his uniform as if it pleased him, and he had a bland, guileless

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"That makes three of us who don't know what it's going to be!"

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face, but his eyes were wise and penetrating. "I think she gave you pretty good advice," he said.

Brad sat down heavily in the cockpit and said in a low, spiritless voice, "The boy was orphaned by the war and we took him in when he was five years old, lieutenant. I feel responsible for him, and I didn't want him to think that I had deserted him simply because my wife and I were divorced. And believe it or not, just last week she said I could see him whenever I wished."

"I believe you," the lieutenant said. "It's a tough situation, but I hope you can work it out in the future without calling the police. Just get a lawyer. Don't call a cop." He stepped to the dock, flipped his hand in farewell and walked away.

Brad was angry, but he knew that he had handled it all wrong. After all these years he should have been a better judge of Ruth's reactions. He should have written letters gracefully and carefully composed, made polite arrangements. But he shook his head at once. Ruth had poisoned Pierre's mind against him, that much was plain. There was certainly no place in Pierre's life for Brad, and apparently no place in the boy's emotions.

"May I come aboard?" a voice asked.

Paula Trent was standing on the dock, and her face looked troubled in the warm glow of the late-afternoon sun. He held his hand for her, but she stepped into the cockpit without taking it and said, "I understand there's been a big scene. I guess it's all my fault. I met Ruth downtown and she asked me where Pierre was."

"There had to be a showdown, I suppose," Brad said. "It looks like we had it."

"She was pretty angry at me," Paula said. "I knew there'd be repercussions, but I wanted Pierre to see you."

"He saw me," Brad said. "He wasn't much impressed."

"You don't think so?" she said. She sat down and looked up at him, frowning a little. "I don't know whether I understand you, Mr. Davis. Just why did you come here? Just why were you planning this cruise to Nantucket?"

"That's obvious, isn't it? Pierre is my adopted son. I have a pretty strong feeling of obligation."

"Oh, yes," she said. "Obligation."

"But whatever feeling I have is unilateral," he said. "Ruth has done a pretty thorough job of poisoning Pierre's mind against me, I'd say."

Her eyes met his directly, and she said in a slightly slurring tone, "I guess that wasn't difficult, was it?"

He smiled. "I see you know Ruth."

"But I don't know you," she said. "All I meant was, how often did you write him?"

"Not so often as I should have," Brad said, and felt himself unexpectedly on the defensive. "There's not much to say to a boy you haven't seen in a couple of years."

"There are a number of things to say," she said. "'Happy Birthday,' for instance. Or do you know when his birthday is?"

"I was at the place where he was born a few months ago," he said. "It was a farmhouse gutted by shellfire and burned to the ground. Yes, I know the day. It was the day we broke through the German lines."

"Very interesting, historically," she said. "That's something for Pierre to treasure, isn't it?" She met his eyes again and asked softly, "Who is Pierre? What is he? Just a stray mongrel begging for a pat? No, he's a little boy and he's starved for love."

"Not my love, though," Brad said. "He doesn't think much of me. He made that plain enough."

"Do you really believe that or do you adopt it as the simplest solution of the whole thing?" she asked. "What reaction would you expect from a little boy who hardly ever gets a letter, who never receives a birthday present? Is it surprising that he feels rejected?"

"Now wait," he said. "What's this about birthday presents? Last June I sent him a package from Paris, and the year before, when I was in Japan, I sent him —— Do you mean he never got them?"

"That's what I mean," she said.

Anger surged in him. "Ruth is a vindictive woman, but I didn't think she'd take it out on Pierre. She intercepted those presents."

"It's possible," Paula said.

"Are you thinking that I never sent them?"

"Mr. Davis, it's really not important what I think," she said. "The important thing is that Pierre is a sad and neglected little boy. Would it surprise you to know that he admires you tremendously? Would it surprise you to know that he's forever telling people that his father is a famous newspaperman?"

Brad frowned. "Yes, that does surprise me."

"He's a solitary little boy there in that house on the point," she said. "His mother has little time for him, and Porter accepts him as something that came with the marriage, like a superfluous gadget on a new car. He has very few friends except Joe Burns, the gardener, and me, but do you know what that boy does, all by himself?"

"Well?" Brad demanded harshly.

"He publishes a newspaper," she said, her angry eyes holding his. "He writes stories about sea gulls and muskrats and dogs and cats, and brings them down to my office and I cut the stencils for him and he runs off a little newspaper on my copying machine. He has a circulation of twenty-five copies. Maybe you'd like to buy a paper? They're only a nickel a copy."

Brad got abruptly to his feet, turning his back on her, but the whipping sarcasm of her tone still rang in his ears.

"I wonder if you see what all that means?" she said.

"I'm not altogether blind."

"That's why I wanted him to see you today," she said. "That's why I brought him here to the dock. I knew how Ruth would take it. I knew she'd be absolutely furious, but I had to take that chance. It wasn't worth it, was it?"

"I'm sorry," he said, and remained with his back turned to her as he gazed across the harbor waters at the house on the point.

"You may think I have no right to say all this," she said. "But I think I have a right. As Pierre's friend, I have more than a right; I have a duty."

He said earnestly, "You're a real friend, Paula," and slowly turned. "May I call you Paula? I'm very grateful to you, for what you've done for Pierre, and for this."

She glanced away and put one hand to her eyes, with a little brushing motion. "There was a heartbreaking story in one of Pierre's newspapers," she said. "About a little hermit crab that never had a home of its own, but always lived in someone's discarded shell. The little crab didn't understand why it had no shell of its own, and it kept looking."

He asked tightly, "Do you have a file of those newspapers?"

"Yes, I have them all."

"I'd like to see them."

"Will you be here tomorrow?"

He nodded. "I think I'll anchor out at Coot Island for the night, but I'll come ashore in the morning. I don't know just what I'm going to do, but I'm not going to let this situation stand as it is."

"Suppose you call me in the morning, then," she said, and put out her hand. "I'm glad you're going to do something about it, Mr. Davis, and I want to say you were right about one thing."

"Yes?"

"Pierre's mind has been poisoned. Ruth is a very single-minded woman, with complete confidence in the right of anything she does, but I suppose you're aware of that. She tells Pierre that you never had any time or patience for little boys. She tells him"—she made a grimace of apology—"that your only interest in him is because there's so much money now."

"Money?" he said.

"Ruth inherited more than a million dollars," Paula said. "Or didn't you know? After inheritance taxes and all that, there was a clear, cool million. Your former wife is a rich woman, and Pierre, of course, is her principal heir."

Her eyes questioned his for a moment; then she waved her hand and started away. Brad sank down on a cushion in the cockpit and lit another cigarette.

His thoughts returned to Pierre, and he asked himself the question that had awaited an answer all that afternoon: how did he feel about this boy? Was it only a sense of obligation, a burden of responsibility? He recalled the slender body and bony knees, the blue eyes that hid so much, and he knew that it was more than an obligation.

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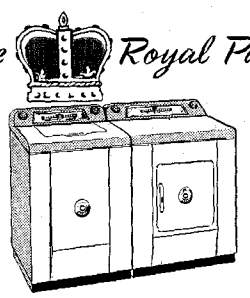

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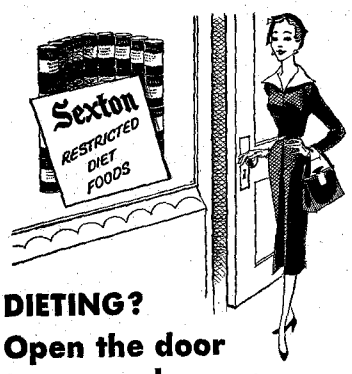

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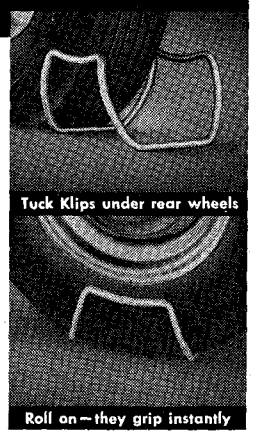

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Then what could he do? That was the next question. He knew Ruth; she could be inflexible, vindictive; she had shown that in trying to cut him out of Pierre's life. In a legal fight for custody he would probably not have much chance, he thought, but his own spirit was not vindictive. He did not want to cut Ruth out of Pierre's life. The only thing to do was to try a new approach, to be conciliatory, to ask for the opportunity to see Pierre regularly.

It was now past six o'clock. Brad went below to wash, slipped on a jacket and walked to the Fisherman's Bar. He took one of the tables overlooking the water, ordered a dinner of local flounder, and later sat a long time over coffee, watching the colors of the setting sun fade in the sky. As twilight came, he paid his check and went back to the yawl. He cast off and followed the channel in the fading light.

Here on the left was the tall house among the white oaks. On the harbor side there was a small floating dock, and Pierre's runabout was moored fifty yards offshore. The channel came quite near, and on impulse Brad pushed the tiller to starboard and stopped the engine. It was high tide and he was sure there would be plenty of water under the keel, but he anchored a hundred yards from the wall, put the boarding ladder over and drew the dinghy up alongside.

Perhaps it was the peace of the evening that led him to expect peace ashore. It seemed a magic time, with all nature tranquil and receptive. He would see Ruth now, at once. His own mood was right for it, and by now she had had time to cool off.

He brought the dinghy up to the dock with a final pull and as he put his hand on the edge of the dock a soft voice asked, "Is that you, papa?"

"Hello," Brad said. "I thought you'd be in bed by now."

"I am allowed to watch the television until eight-thirty," Pierre said. "But it was so nice outside tonight. I was watching a hawk catch a fish."

Brad made the painter fast and stood erect on the dock. "Is your mother home?"

"Yes. Dad-dee has gone to play poker, but *maman* is here."

"Pierre, would you like it if I fixed it so we could see each other more often?"

"I think I would like that very much," Pierre said, his voice coming gently, like that of a child half awakened.

"That's why I came to see your mother," Brad said. "Maybe we can fix that up."

"Pierre, who is that?" Ruth's voice called from above, and Brad saw her on the sea wall, a dark figure against the sky.

"It is papa," Pierre said.

Ruth's heels made a quick, angry sound on the steps. "Just what is the meaning of this, Brad?" she cried. "I thought I made it very plain this afternoon! . . . Pierre, you go on in the house! Go up to bed!"

"But, *maman* ——" Pierre began.

"No arguments, please!" Ruth said sternly. "Up to bed, young man." She took his hand and drew him back up the steps, but as they reached the top of the wall, Brad called, "I'd like to talk to you, Ruth."

She waited by the cedar guard rail as he climbed the steps to the top of the wall, which was a broad concrete buttress mounted on a foundation of huge boulders down below. He spoke softly.

"Ruth, we've made some bad mistakes," he said.

"Speak for yourself," she said.

"I am," he said. "I'm here to admit my own mistakes. I want to do what I can to repair them."

"Just what are you driving at, Brad?" she asked. "This dulcet mood is new to me."

"I'm thinking about Pierre," he said. "The boy needs a father."

"He has a father."

"I'm sure Mr. Bellows will do what he can," Brad said. "But Pierre has an emotional need that precedes Mr. Bellows."

"Do you think so?"

"I'm sure of it."

"You never wanted Pierre in the first place, and you don't want him now," she said, and made a soft, sighing sound of irritation. "Just what is it you do want—to make more trouble?"

"I want Pierre to be happy," he said. "I want to see him regularly, on appointed days, that's all. It's not asking much."

"The answer is no," she said.

"Forget me," he said. "Think of Pierre."

"I am thinking of Pierre," she said firmly. "Pierre is mine and nobody else's, and I want that clearly understood. The answer is no. You are not going to see him regularly, Brad. You are not going to see him at all. I won't have you interfering with his life, and if you write him a letter, I'm going to tear it up."

"As you have done in the past?" he said.

"As I have done."

"I'm wondering what happened to those birthday presents I sent?" he said, holding himself in restraint.

"They're in the attic. Would you like me to mail them back to you?"

"Ruth, I came here in a spirit of compromise," he said. "I thought we might work something out, but I see it's impossible. I think I have a right to see Pierre, and what's more important, Pierre has a right to see me. I'm sorry it's worked out this way, but the only thing for me to do now is get a lawyer and fight it."

"Get a lawyer, then," she said. "For every lawyer you get, I'll get three."

Light shone suddenly on her face, revealing how it was contorted with anger. The oblong of light came down from an upper window of the house—probably Pierre's bedroom—and unexpectedly turned on, it was a pale spotlight for them both.

She turned away, saying in a tone of triumph, "Good-by, Mr. Davis."

"Wait," he said, but she walked on toward the house. He overtook her in two quick strides and caught her arm.

"Let go," she said, but he jerked her around to face him and, off balance, stumbled into the darkness, still holding her arm.

"All right, you've got a million," he said in a low, shaking voice. "You can hire a battery of lawyers. Go ahead. You're going to need them."

Out of the darkness her palm landed stingingly on his cheek and he heard her taunting laugh. He released her arm and stepped back a pace, and she said, "Now get out. If you come here again, I'll call the police. I mean that."

Brad turned back to the steps. He was sorry that he had lost his temper, but it was not important. It was open warfare now, but actually, with Ruth, it always had been.

He rowed back in darkness to the yawl, brought the anchor aboard and steered back into the channel.

As soon as he had anchored in the shelter of the Coot Island breakwater, Brad lighted the riding light and went below. Even undressing seemed a great effort, and he stretched out on the starboard bunk with his hands clasped behind his head.

He closed his eyes and slept, and when he awakened the dawn had come, not catfooted, but with the scurrying, ratlike sound of a flurry of rain on the deck. The wind was easterly and the yawl stirred uneasily as choppy water washed her sides. He sat up and peered out the porthole. Light was coming in the east, but there were clouds as thick as mashed potatoes overhead, black on the undersides and bordered with a pale lemon yellow. He sighed and snapped off the light that he had left burning all night. He closed his eyes again and slept.

A sudden lurch awakened him, and he sensed that hours had passed. He heard a

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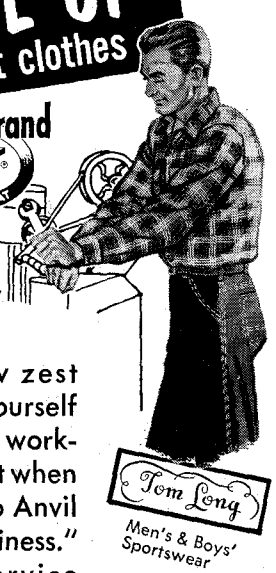

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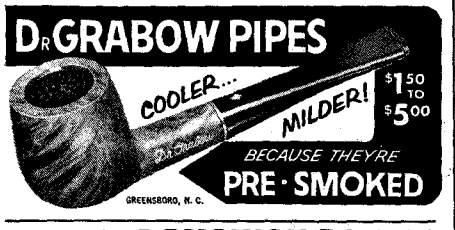

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whistling sound and felt the yawl shudder under him like a skittish horse. At once he was on his feet, and staggered against the opposite bunk. The wind was blowing violently, and the yawl careened.

He put his head up through the hatchway and spray struck his face stingingly. The air was gray with flying water and, for the moment, Coot Island was obscured. Waves raced past the yawl, flattened by the great wind, and overhead the rigging snapped and creaked. This was a mighty storm that had come, sudden and powerful, out of the northeast. The bow lifted and plunged and the stern slapped the water with a loud, explosive sound, and he felt the yawl slide away, roll deeply, and then plunge her bow into another wave. She was dragging anchor for sure. No yachtsman's anchor would hold her in a blow like this, and the island was a lee shore. The great wind was blowing the yawl down on the breakwater.

Brad jumped to the ignition and turned the key. The starter hummed below, but the engine did not turn over. Water washed his ankles in the cockpit and spray stung his face like needles as he crouched against the wind. He primed the motor and tried again, glancing back over his shoulder toward the breakwater. He saw Coot Island suddenly and clearly, saw a wave break high on its sandy face, and then he realized that the breakwater had disappeared. There was only wild water as far as he could see; the breakwater was entirely submerged. He might be close on it.

The starter labored frantically, inadequately, and still the cylinders would not fire. This was no line storm. Brad had never encountered such a wind before. Last night there had been reports of a hurricane far south, approaching Cape Hatteras at four miles an hour. This could not be the hurricane so soon, but he knew it was, and he was caught in the heart of it, dragging anchor on a lee shore.

In a great counterclockwise swing around its eye, the hurricane loosed its fury now from the northeast. It built up huge seas in the middle of Long Island Sound. It whipped at moored boats sawing at their cables and sent tongues of water snatching at the shore. It came down upon the point where the tall house stood and set the branches of the white oaks writhing and the great trunks straining like chained giants at the ground. From the shelter of the porch, Pierre saw a great tree go down, toppling ponderously and lifting whole a mighty clod of spongy earth, and the cracking of brittle oak branches was as crisp as gunfire in the wind.

Pierre moved to the edge of the porch with his arm around a white Doric column. He had helped Joe Burns, the gardener and handy man, stack the porch furniture against the wall, and he had passed nails to Joe as he hammered boards across the large oblong windows facing the harbor. Dad-dee had come down in bathing trunks and was helping Joe now, but *maman* was still in bed.

An unnatural darkness was spread across the harbor, and leaves and small branches hurtled through the air, but Pierre was sheltered by the house and hardly felt the wind. He could not see his boat from the porch and wondered how it was riding out the storm. He slipped away from the house and ran across the grass toward the wall.

The wind snatched his breath away, and he ducked to the shelter of the huge butt of the fallen tree. His boat was swamped; he saw the bow lift a little and plunge heavily into a wave. The floating dock was gone, and he looked out and saw it riding sluggishly out past the channel markers.

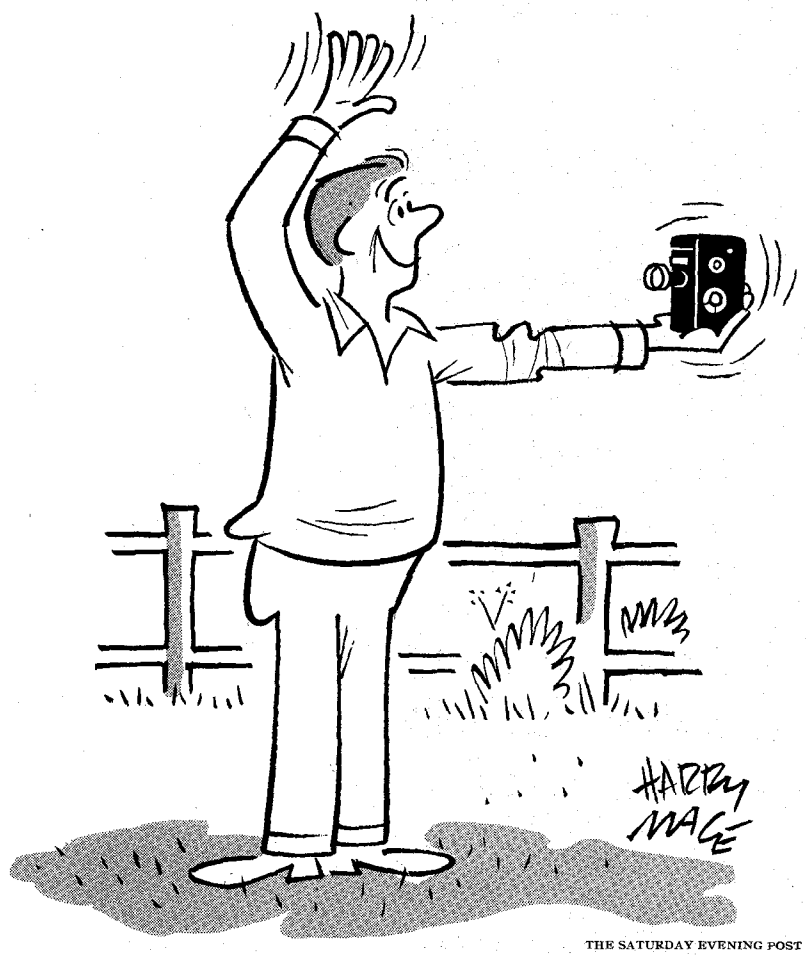
Here against the sea wall the seas were not heavy because the great wind was blowing offshore, but water sloshed restlessly among the boulders down below. Pierre looked down.

He saw bright yellow and cried out, "*Maman!*"

She lay among the rocks, head down, and swelling water lifted the yellow scarf, receded and left it a bright rag on the rocks.

Pierre turned away, screaming, "Joe! Dad-dee!" And from the house Porter Bellows came to meet him, at first slowly, alertly; then at a run, with his horn-rimmed glasses reflecting a dark light like steel disks.

TO BE CONTINUED



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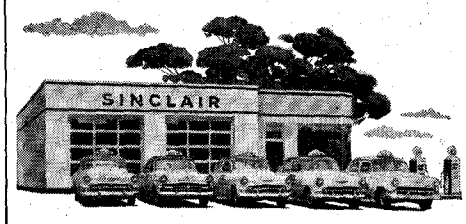

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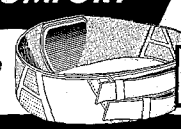

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TV's Colossal Hassle (Continued from Page 29)

since the cash boxes would attract the top stars, the top programs and the sports events now on free television. It would change the American system of free broadcasting to paid narrowcasting. It is a snare and a delusion." The general also urges the major political parties to argue the question before the public in the 1956 campaigns.

In the side rings are myriad displays of spleen and oratory. Here are brothers divided—Barney Balaban, president of Paramount Pictures, which sponsors one system of pay TV, is heartily in favor of television as the movie theater of the future; John Balaban, who heads a chain of theaters, is vehemently opposed to his own bankruptcy, which he is sure pay TV will produce.

In the next ring is Carl Sandburg, of Flat Rock, North Carolina, poet and biographer of Abraham Lincoln, who believes that "freemen in a free country should be free to choose what they see on television—particularly when we choose to pay for what we choose to see." In eloquent disagreement is Dr. Frank S. Stanton, president of the Columbia Broadcasting System, who paraphrases Lincoln to say: "Television cannot exist half-free and half-fee."

And from another ring come the early voices of the United States Congress, which may get the whole baked potato if FCC decides it's too hot to handle. Among those favoring pay TV the most outraged was the late Congressman John D. Dingell, of Michigan, who thought pay TV would protect "the abused American public who have grown sick and tired of the advertising chiseler who enters the sacred portals of your home and gives you four brainwashings in a fifteen-minute program." Mr. Dingell, who died last September, didn't like advertising on his television. "Let us squelch this barnacle upon a magnificent invention which God has given to man!" he declared.

Of opposite mind is Congressman Emanuel Celler, of New York, who dislikes barnacles, but thinks advertisers would still enter the home through pay TV. No man to shilly-shally, Mr. Celler has offered a blunt bill to Congress which would fine anyone charging the public for anything it sees on its living-room set up to $10,000 and/or sentence him to prison for up to five years.

In all this astonishing hassle, perhaps nothing is quite so curious as the origin of pay television. It was spawned by an electronics prophet whose prophecy has since proved inaccurate or, at least, remarkably overgloomy. In the late 1930's, when television was a plaything in the laboratories, Commander McDonald, of Zenith, declared it would never succeed without a "box office." Advertisers who sponsored radio, he proclaimed, would never pay the much greater production costs of television. And without good programs to see, the public would never buy sets.

After World War II, when electronics was released to civil pursuits, the commander stayed out on his limb, insisting on "box office." "There's nothing wrong with television that money won't cure," he often said. "The sooner we convince the televisionaries that the advertisers haven't sufficient money . . . the sooner the industry will start applying its brains . . . to obtain a box office."

Meanwhile, however, the networks and the advertisers were producing television shows, and the public was buying sets by the millions despite the commander's forebodings.

Today, neither McDonald nor his competitors claim that pay TV is the only answer. Instead, they argue that the home box office would supplement, not replace, sponsored television. They say it would support broadcast channels not now in use and buttress the shaky finances of many local television stations. The public, they maintain, would gladly pay fees from twenty-five cents up to two dollars for high-caliber programs which sponsors cannot afford—first-run movies, Broadway plays, opera, ballet, educational courses and certain top sports events which promoters are now withholding from free television. With this public support, they say, television will reach its potential as America's greatest mass theater.

These arguments and others are being advanced principally by three companies—Zenith, whose system is called Phonevision; Paramount Pictures, Inc., with their system called Telemeter; and Skiatron Television, Inc., who call theirs Subscriber-Vision. All three systems would use broadcast channels—the "free public air"—to sell their merchandise. Technically, they all depend on methods of providing their paying audience with programs and denying these programs to viewers who don't choose to pay. It's the old circus problem of "security"—keeping the public from ducking the ticket window and sneaking under the tent.

Although a box office has about as much public appeal as a supermarket cash register, it is obviously vital to pay television. Ordinarily, television is sent from a transmitting studio in electronic bits and pieces. These signals are then reassembled by the conventional receiver into comprehensible sound and pictures. In pay television, however, the transmitter would send out "scrambled" programs and sell the customer a means of "unscrambling" them in his living room. For the nonpaying viewer, the program would appear as a jittered, unintelligible picture and garbled, unintelligible sound. What keeps the pay-TV engineers up at night is producing, in one way or another, a foolproof combination to an electronic combination lock.

Thus far, two of the systems—Zenith's Phonevision and Paramount's Telemeter—have conducted public tryouts of pay TV with the tolerance, rather than the blessings, of the FCC. Both Zenith and Paramount established their own ground rules, chose their own sample cities and tried transmission methods which they have since abandoned.

In Chicago in 1951, Phonevision used the Illinois Bell Telephone Company as its means of unscrambling movies sent over the air waves to its test audience of some 300 families. The transmitting studio sent out scrambled pictures and the Phonevision samplers could, if they wished, call the operator for an additional unscrambling signal brought to their set by telephone wire at a cost of one dollar per program. During the three months' test, Phonevision's customers bought three times as many movies as the normal national average, and one Chicago family reached Zenith's hall of fame by ordering seventy-four films and paying a king-sized bill of seventy-four dollars!

Late in 1953, Paramount tested its Telemeter system in Palm Springs, California, possibly the least typical community in the Western Hemisphere. A highly fashionable winter resort—"three hours from Hollywood by Jaguar," says one commentator—Palm Springs has as many kidney-shaped swimming pools as television sets. To get "free television," Palm Springs millionaires have paid $168 each for a wire to the community antenna perched on the surrounding mountains, which block out all ordinary broadcast signals. Otherwise, their television sets would be as useful as empty cigar boxes. During the pay-TV test, they cheerfully anted up another $21.75 per set for installation of their Telemeter slot machine—an elaborate coin box which accepts nickels,

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dimes, quarters and half dollars to meet the charge for any particular broadcast.

These maiden tests of pay TV stirred many eddies. They suggested to Hollywood producers and sports promoters a possibly fabulous market in television—if only 10,000,000 sets were tuned in on one program for one dollar each, the promoters might gross $10,000,000 in an evening! They also sent Phonevision and Telemeter engineers back to their laboratories for new scrambling techniques. After Zenith's Chicago test, the Bell Telephone System, fearful of swamping its switchboards, declined to go into the television business. And after Palm Springs, Telemeter decided it needed a cheaper approach to the average American viewer.

The three pay systems now urged upon FCC are merely one awesome complexity in the whole staggering debate. Let us consider them briefly.

First, there is Zenith's Phonevision, which is now a misnomer. Without benefit of Mr. Bell's invention, Zenith today plans to beam its scrambled programs entirely by air waves. Its customers would have an intricate six-knobbed decoding device installed on their sets and obtain a monthly punch-out card revealing private combinations for each broadcast—no customer's combination would resemble his next-door neighbor's. The customer would dial his own combination on his own decoder, watch his unscrambled program and then, at the end of

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the month, send in his punch card, receive his bill and get a new card.

"Our system strikes the perfect balance between simplicity and security," declares Ted Leitzell, Zenith's determined publicity director. "We've assigned our own safe-cracking crew to break down our own system. They're getting nowhere."

Second, there is Telemeter, which is now experimenting with a broadcast method called multiplexing. If fully successful, multiplexing one day might permit a television station to transmit two programs at once over the same channel—one for free, one for unscrambling by Telemeter. The heart of Telemeter is still its remarkable coin machine, which would take its toll in advance of each broadcast, perform the unscrambling and get picked up at regular intervals like the coin box in the corner-drugstore telephone booth.

Telemeter, according to Paul Raibourn, a Paramount executive with a brown mustache and a perpetual smile, is vastly superior to all other methods. "Who ever heard of charging for amusement after you've been amused?" he asked me. "A bill at the end of the month would simply sicken the customers."

Third, there is Skiatron's Subscriber-Vision, the latest entry in the box-office sweepstakes. Subscriber-Vision would employ a standard business-machine card on which is superimposed a printed electronic circuit and a patented decoder which is attached to the set. When a button on the decoder is punched in the proper place, the printed circuit unscrambles the program and punctures the card for future billing. Several mornings a week Skiatron tests its system over WOR-TV on the eighty-fourth floor of Manhattan's Empire State Building, where I met Arthur Levey, Skiatron president, who speaks with a British accent.

Of all three systems, Mr. Levey says, Subscriber-Vision is by far the simplest, cheapest and most foolproof. "It was worked out by our brilliant physicists."

For the skilled technicians of FCC, the uneasy alliance of the pay-TV systems would seem enough of a problem—which box office or box offices, if any, to choose; and how to regulate them. For the public, probably, the transcendent question is just how much it would cost to convert the living-room set into a pay-TV receiver. On this matter, the promoters are rather vague, estimating the cost anywhere from nothing to eighty-five dollars.

Into this cacophony of systems, costs and general welfare must be added one more voice—that of Milton J. Shapp, the forty-two-year-old president of the Jerrold Electronics Corporation, of Philadelphia, the City of Brotherly Love. Last spring Mr. Shapp came up like Hurricane Hazel, with a brief for the commissioners and a conference for the press.

Mr. Shapp had his own argument, which disagreed with everyone else. In some six years he had built a modest multimillion-dollar business by supplying master-antenna systems to landlocked communities which otherwise couldn't receive the benefactions of television.

A short, soft-spoken man, Mr. Shapp testified that none of the three proposed decoding systems was really "secure," that he and his young engineers would cheerfully break them all if given the decoders and a week to experiment. With a Jerrold "undo-it-yourself kit," he said, any bright high-school lad could bypass any electronic box-office device and open the door to an era of video "bootlegging" or "bootlooking." There was only one secure method for pay television, said Mr. Shapp sternly, using plenty of capitals. "That system is WIRED TV," he announced. "It is the ONLY way to bring toll TV to the American public."

Mr. Shapp, of course, is a dealer in WIRED TV. He doesn't say what it would cost.

All the above is merely a skirmish in the long-winded battle of pay television. As in a Latin-American revolution, everyone seems to recognize his own self-interest but the public. The public, however, has been so battered by expert arguments, pro and con, that it has grown alternately confused, amused, enthusiastic and downright upset. When the battle started early this year, sparked by the fanfare of the advocates, the public's letters to the FCC heavily favored pay television. By early summer, when the antagonists' publicity drums were pounding, the public's letters turned just as heavily against the system.

A husband wrote in from Ohio: "Television is too good now. My wife sits and watches it all day long, neglecting dinner. With subscription TV, I would starve."

A housewife from Maine lamented: "I spend enough time at home. I'd like to go out to a show once in a while."

A family in Houston, Texas, took a broad swipe at the whole newfangled enterprise. "Imagine pay television in this house!" they exclaimed. "With five little brats not realizing that nickels don't grow on trees, they'd scream until someone deposited the coin. Oh, no, we'll first throw it out the window!"

On this one point the contending forces would probably agree: neither side wishes Mr. and Mrs. Houston to throw their television set out the window. But on no other issue, so far as I could make out, are there any grounds for armistice. The situation, as we GI's used to say in Italy, has reached a stalemate, which always calls for reconnaissance. Let us begin by probing the forces of the opposition.

A motley army, it is led into battle by the three major networks—the Columbia Broadcasting System, the National Broadcasting Company and the American Broadcasting Company—and by the hectically organized Joint Committee on Toll TV, which also calls itself the Committee Against Pay-as-You-See TV and has re-

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cruited most of the owners of the nation's 19,000 movie theaters.

Both the networks and the theater owners have excellent reasons for joining ranks. During the past eight years, the networks have built and governed American television broadcasting, getting their revenue from advertisers who last year anted up some $950,000,000 to present their commercials. The theater owners, whose ancestry goes back to the nickelodeon, are accustomed to moviegoers' paying their fare to the nice lady who guards their ticket booth. Neither are eager to have their castles knocked down by an electronic slot machine.

Behind these stalwarts are other ranks, each with its own ax to grind. There are the Amusement Clerks and Concessionaires' Employees Union, which believes its candy and popcorn venders would be "thrown out of work"; the Organization of Restaurant Owners, which likes Americans to eat out on their way to the movies; some twenty-five unions of musicians, actors and stage hands, who fear for their livelihoods if a Broadway production is exhausted in one telecast evening; and Spyros P. Skouras, president of 20th Century-Fox, who disagrees with other movie producers on the attractions of pay TV. "Free TV has brought enough chaos to the movie industry," he says. "Why should we embrace the new enemy?"

In all this tumult, the most telling appeals to the public are laid down by the networks and theater owners, by their lawyers, publicity men and chosen spokesmen. Let us consider their claims.

First, they say, pay TV would not supplement free TV, but would degrade it, outbid it and ultimately destroy it.

In his paneled office on Madison Avenue, Dr. Frank Stanton, president of the Columbia Broadcasting System, addressed himself to this argument. "Now first of all," he told me, "I don't believe pay TV would succeed. But I don't think it's worth the risk, because its success would wreck free television. It would begin by taking over the prime evening hours and discourage the advertisers who supply our major revenue and thereby support our sustaining news broadcasts, our public forums and even the President's weekly press conference.

"And then, starting with sports, it would outbid us for major attractions. Today our advertisers pay about fifty thousand dollars a game to deliver the World Series. If pay TV got only fifty cents a game from only five million sets, they'd gross two and a half million dollars—and there goes your baseball! They say they aren't interested in our talent, but want to present movies, opera and ballet. Well, today we have seventeen million families watching I Love Lucy. If they can get only five per cent of that audience to pay a quarter apiece to see Lucy, they'd take in three times as much as the advertisers can pay—and where do you think Lucy would end up—or Jackie Gleason, or George Gobel, or Ed Sullivan?

"If pay TV is authorized, CBS will have no choice," Doctor Stanton said solemnly. "We'll go into pay television ourselves."

Second, they argue, pay TV would levy fantastic charges on the public, which has already invested ten billion dollars in television sets with the understanding that no charges would be made for programs.

Publicity chief for the theater owners and their Committee Against Pay-As-You-See-TV is Robert S. Taplinger, of 608 Fifth Avenue, Manhattan. Taplinger agrees that the theater owners have a vested interest against movies by television. But the public, he insists, have no less reason to oppose pay TV.

"Doctor Stanton," he said, "is absolutely right. You can't have free and fee TV at the same time. You'll just have pay television, and you'll be paying plenty."

Following this gloomy premise, Mr. Taplinger reasoned that the average American televiewing family, which now—he says—watches sponsored programs almost five hours a day, would soon be paying sixty-six cents an hour for pay television if the system is approved. After some breezy multiplication, he announced that Mr. and Mrs. Average Televiewer would be paying $1156 a year if they wanted to spend the same time before their living-room Cyclops for pay TV as they do for free TV. He also declared that the decoders and installation of pay TV would cost an additional eighty dollars and that television service calls would undoubtedly increase. "The television repairmen," he advised me, "have come out for pay television—and strongly."

Third, the opponents declare, pay television violates the spirit, if not the law of American broadcasting.

"Found her."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

On this argument, the lawyers come to the front and the public goes out by the rear. Among the pounds of literature received by me and the FCC are such statements as:

11. The Zenith pleading urges that in the absence of any explicit provisions of either the Act or the Commission's Rules and Regulations bearing on the legal status of subscription television, the answer must be derived from such aids to statutory construction as the broad legislative purposes of the Act. . . .

And:

B. Whether subscription television constitutes "broadcasting" within the meaning of Section 3 (o) of the Communications Act of 1934, as amended; and if it is not "broadcasting", whether subscription television constitutes a common carrier or other type of service, and whether . . .

What the lawyers are trying to say is that broadcasting, ever since the first days of radio, has been supported in the United States by advertising sponsors; that the price of a radio or television set has always entitled the average red-blooded American to tune in on any programs broadcast through the air above his property.

These arguments, of course, are violently opposed by the forces of pay television, which include the companies we have already discussed and the remarkable platoons who support them. Among the hearty platoon leaders are promoters of prize fights, baseball and football; dramatists and comedians; medical educators and the Metropolitan Opera; and a rather reluctant sergeant in Lucia Chase, director of the Ballet Theater, who feels it would be fine if pay TV increases revenues, but not so fine if it "discourages the public from paying the higher admission charges for live theater."

The prime advocates of pay television, like those against it, are concerned with money as well as culture. Says Walter O'Malley, president of the Brooklyn Dodgers: "I think it's an economic necessity. It's something that we have to come to if we're going to survive in baseball. . . . I think a fair fee would be the price of a bleacher seat. I like to think of a bleacher seat as fifty cents—a good, square fee that I'm sure no fan would object to paying."

John Reed Kilpatrick, head of Madison Square Garden, declares that sponsored television has drained off so much attendance that all sports are suffering. "It's a question of economics," he advised me. "For our fights, we can always sell the first three rows, but we've been losing the cheaper seats to television, where you can see it better. Pay TV could give the promoter his honest share."

Robert Sherwood, the playwright, believes the networks and theaters are overalarmed about the threat of pay TV. "I don't believe more than five per cent of the people would want to pay for special shows," he said. "The rest would continue to get their television free."

But Leland Hayward, the veteran agent-producer, sees box-office television as the wave of the future. "Pay TV will revolutionize movies," he observed recently. "The biggest studios will lavish their finest techniques and creative talent on the most expensive movies and make more in one night than they now get in a year of first runs. Everybody will benefit. Now let's say there's a successful play on pay TV and it grosses ten million dollars. The author's royalty would be ——" Mr. Hayward let his voice drop. "Pay television," he concluded, "is for younger people."

To the specific arguments of the opposition, the principal advocates of pay TV deliver three fast barrages.

First, they demand, why should the public be concerned in protecting the control of the networks on television and the theater owners on movies?

"If the air waves are free," said Matthew Fox, the programming president for Skiatron, "why can't they afford some free enterprise? And what right do the theater owners have in forcing the public to come downtown to see movies when they can see them much better at home? We have no intention of selling ordinary free television fare like I Love Lucy on pay TV. If such low-cost productions could have made a buck from the public, the public wouldn't be getting them for free. The public will expect a lot more—and get it—when it's permitted to pay for television. The only thing we want that's now on free television are the top sports events—and the sports promoters agree with us on this."

Second, they insist, television is not nearly so healthy as the networks claim and could thrive enormously on a new source of revenue. The advertisers' $950,000,000 simply is not enough to support available television channels across the country. Public support would do the trick.

"Now consider these figures," said Ted Leitzell, of Zenith. "In 1954 the networks and their sixteen owned and operating stations collected fifty-two per cent of all broadcasting revenue. The remaining stations collected only forty-eight per cent. And also consider this: the FCC has allocated 1875 channels across the country for television, and only 435 are in use. Despite all the shouting from the networks, lots of stations have gone out of business, plenty of others are suffering and the advertisers just don't have enough money to make TV as big as it ought to be. There's only one way to help."

"By pay television?" I asked him.

"That's right," said Mr. Leitzell.

Third, and finally, the advocates proclaim, pay TV will give the public much more for much less and usher in a great era of American entertainment.

"We believe motion pictures via Pay-As-You-See TV can be distributed for less than half of the present cost," declared Paul MacNamara, a vice-president of Telemeter, last spring. "The public would, therefore, benefit immediately by being able to see this high-quality entertainment at a lower price.

"Pay-As-You-See TV," Mr. MacNamara concluded, reaching for capital letters, "is Progress. It's an Electronic Device That Will Make it Possible for Top-Quality Entertainment to be Sold on a Mass Basis with Greater Convenience and at a Lower Price Than is Now Possible via Theaters and Stadia."

The loud and bumptious issue of pay television is now in the hands of the FCC. Probably it will go on from there to Congress, perhaps from there to the White House, possibly from there to the Supreme Court. At the moment, there is no reason to expect that pay television will be born or expire for many months to come or that the arguments have all been registered. Only last week, for example, I had another call from my local postmistress in our suburban post office in Garrett Park, Maryland.

"There's another package from those television people," she told me. "Airmail, special delivery. It weighs about two pounds."

"No, thank you," I told her, "I don't believe I'll need it. . . . Really, no, thanks. Good-by."

THE END

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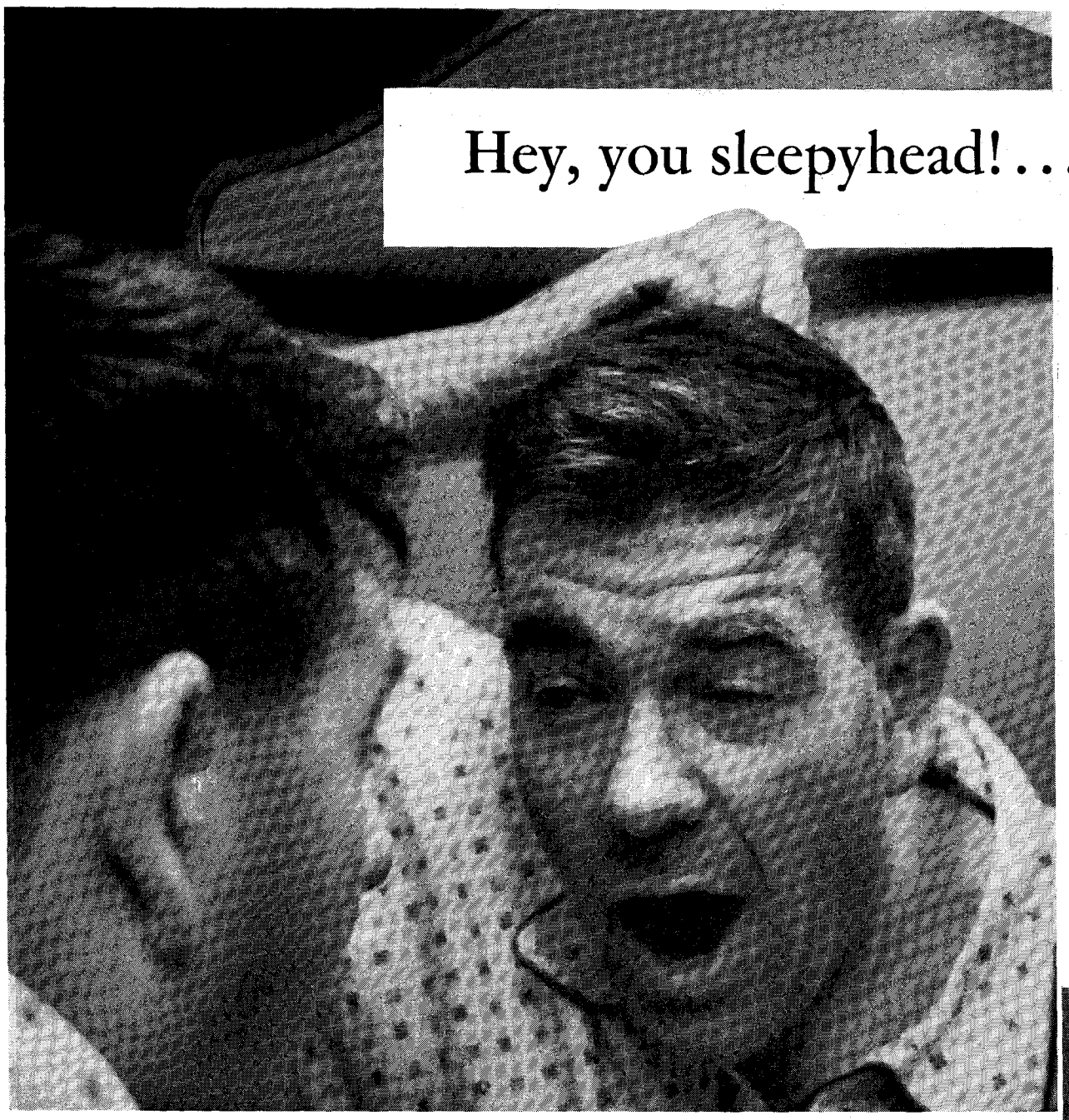

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1. Built to shave according to your beard's natural growth—makes clumps and whorls disappear first time over.

2. No whisker pull. Norelco's 12 revolving blades shave off whiskers with the same stroke as a barber's blade.

3. No skin irritation, no painful nicks, no matter how heavy your shaving touch. Norelco's silver-steel blades g-i-v-e as you bear down.

4. Face needs no break-in period. Exclusive skin-stretcher upends each whisker, gives you great shaves from the very first.

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6. Easiest shaver to live with. Quietest of all 4 leading shavers. Designed to fit the hand. Cleans in a jiffy.

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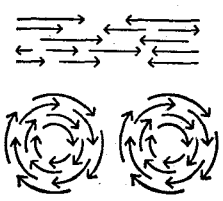

All other electric shavers shave you like this: as if your whiskers grew in rows, like corn.

Only NORELCO shaves you like this: the way your whiskers *really grow*.

15 day FREE home trial. No obligation. Offered by most dealers. Norelco's a great *gift*, too!

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For feminine grooming—the Lady Norelco electric razor (Model SC 7767).

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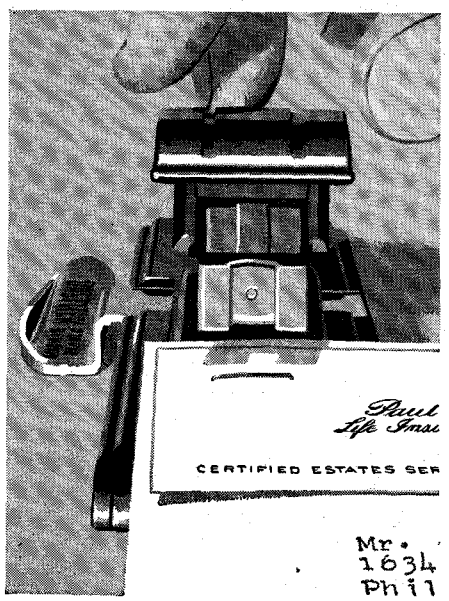

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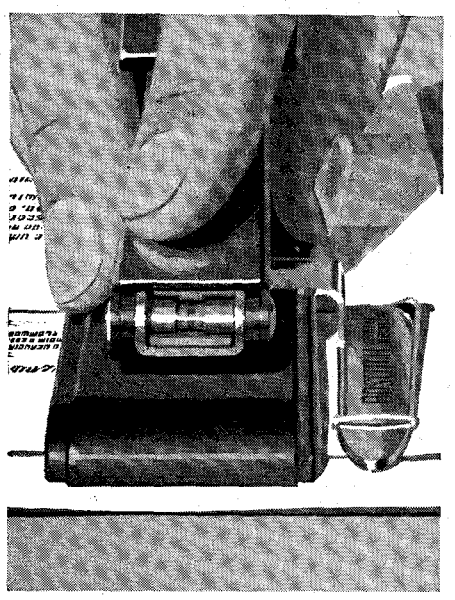

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Slightly higher in the West and Canada

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STAPLERS AND STAPLES

Keeping Posted

Strange Interlude in the Life of Mr. Baum

This seemed awful a t first, but it can be explained away. When Associate Editor Arthur W. Baum, who discusses an unusual golf club on page 38, was asked if he himself ever won unusual honors in golf, he produced a photostatic copy of a Chicago Tribune sports page dated August 6, 1919, which screeched in an eight-column banner: HIGH SCHOOL BOY WINS QUALIFYING ROUND IN CITY GOLF TITLE TOURNEY. The lead-off headline ecstasized: Baum Tops All With 151 on 36 Holes. The story about Arthur Wesley Baum and lesser contestants began, "Adelbert W. Baum, a student at Hyde Park High School, won ——" *Adelbert*, for heaven's sake! Where did he get that handle?

Baum, being brainwashed about this, first emphasized rather whimperingly that the name is not to be pronounced Adelbert in a normal way, but with the accent up front: ADLbert. His explanation will now follow. When ADLbert was a lad in grammar school, it was the vogue for Chicago kids to sign their first names in a three-letter, stylized way—Arthur became ArT; Nathan became NaT; William probably became WiL; and what became of the other names you can use some rainy night for a parlor game. However, no boy was to have the same signature as any other, and in Baum's clique, tragically, there was a fellow named Art Windett who was older and more firmly established than Art Baum. So for a while poor little Baum just mooched along as It, then he became Arty, and burst into the charmed circle of signatures as AtY. But, Baum thinks, evidently the lads in his group had not had their tonsils and adenoids removed, as his established nickname became Addy.

So young Baum, waxing skillful at many things, one day achieved that golf triumph, and a Tribune reporter asked the official scorer, "Who's this A. W. Baum, anyway?" And somebody said, "Oh, that's young Addy Baum. Imagine his name is Adelbert, wouldn't you think?" Thus Adelbert became flash news. Then, as Baum was a newspaper boy at the time, he had to deliver 200 Tribunes calling him Adelbert. The other paper, the Herald Examiner, called him Arthur. This so addled the boy that next day, as the tourney qualifiers started championship play, he got blasted out in the first round. However, reacting like a champ, he then larruped the other first-round losers for the consolation cup. Which should be a warning to anybody who tries to get funny with him in his occasional appearances on the Doylestown, Pennsylvania, links. He thwacks 'em in the 80's, but you get his dander up and he may haul off with approximately a 74.

NEXT WEEK'S POST:

"This is My Story"

With complete candor, the most discussed, admired, maligned and controversial of all entertainers reports on his colorful career. Arthur Godfrey begins his eight-part autobiography, as told to the Post's Pete Martin.

Spoken Like the Real Champion!

The Zahariases and friend Betty Dodd.

You can't keep a Babe Didrikson Zaharias down. Just before her fascinating life story, as related to Harry Paxton, began in the Post this spring, the sport world's greatest lady underwent surgery for a bad back injury. Then the millions of people who knew how this valiant person earlier had defeated cancer and fought her way back to golf supremacy, were shocked to read that she had another cancer. Well, recently the Babe left the University of Texas Hospital, climbed weakly, but with that old victory grin, into an airplane, and took off for the new home she and her husband have built in Tampa, Florida. Before leaving, she announced establishment of a cancer fund in her name to help needy people detect cancer in its early stages. And how about her future? "First I'll just work with flowers," she told reporters. "Later I'll get out the golf clubs, and I hope to defend my title in the Tampa Open in January." Here's another hope: that she feels fit enough fully to enjoy having the book-length expansion of her memoirs published by A. S. Barnes next week.

Picture Gallery of Introductions

It's always fun to welcome new by-lines to this magazine, although there is nothing the matter with the old ones, that's for sure. Wherefore, greetings and salutations this week to three short-story writers who are making the bow, and to all their handsome kin. May these authors rapidly turn into old by-lines, and all bring up their children to be writers.

Journalist Christopher Buckley was born in Ireland; his wife, Patricia, in Australia; their son, Brendan, in America. The parents, who met when the

journalist went down under in '49 en route to cover the Indonesia fighting, were married in Ceylon. Their home is just outside New York, and people to whom they said permanent good-bys in Singapore, Sydney, London, Hong Kong, Karachi, and so on, are always dropping in and spending a night or two on their living-room couch. Consult page 26.

Shake hands imaginatively with Hannah Smith and her Timothy and John. With the dad of this household they live in the foothills behind Monrovia, California, "amid one of the West's finest

stands of poison oak." The author, referring to her young fry, says her time is pretty well filled with bicycles, bandages, model planes, bandages, turtles, poison-oak shots, model planes and model planes. Odd minutes she fills with book and magazine writing and sleeping. Page 22.

John Prescott, "and our crowd." The whole crowd, plus a hunting dog which hunts lizards, puts up in a remote—and lovely—stone house in Oak Creek Canyon south of Flagstaff, Arizona; there,

from their living-room window, they regard rainbow trout jumping in the creek and deer trails on the wall across the canyon. The youngsters adore this semipioneer life, although, darn it, a school bus insists on stopping out front every day. And 36 is the page.

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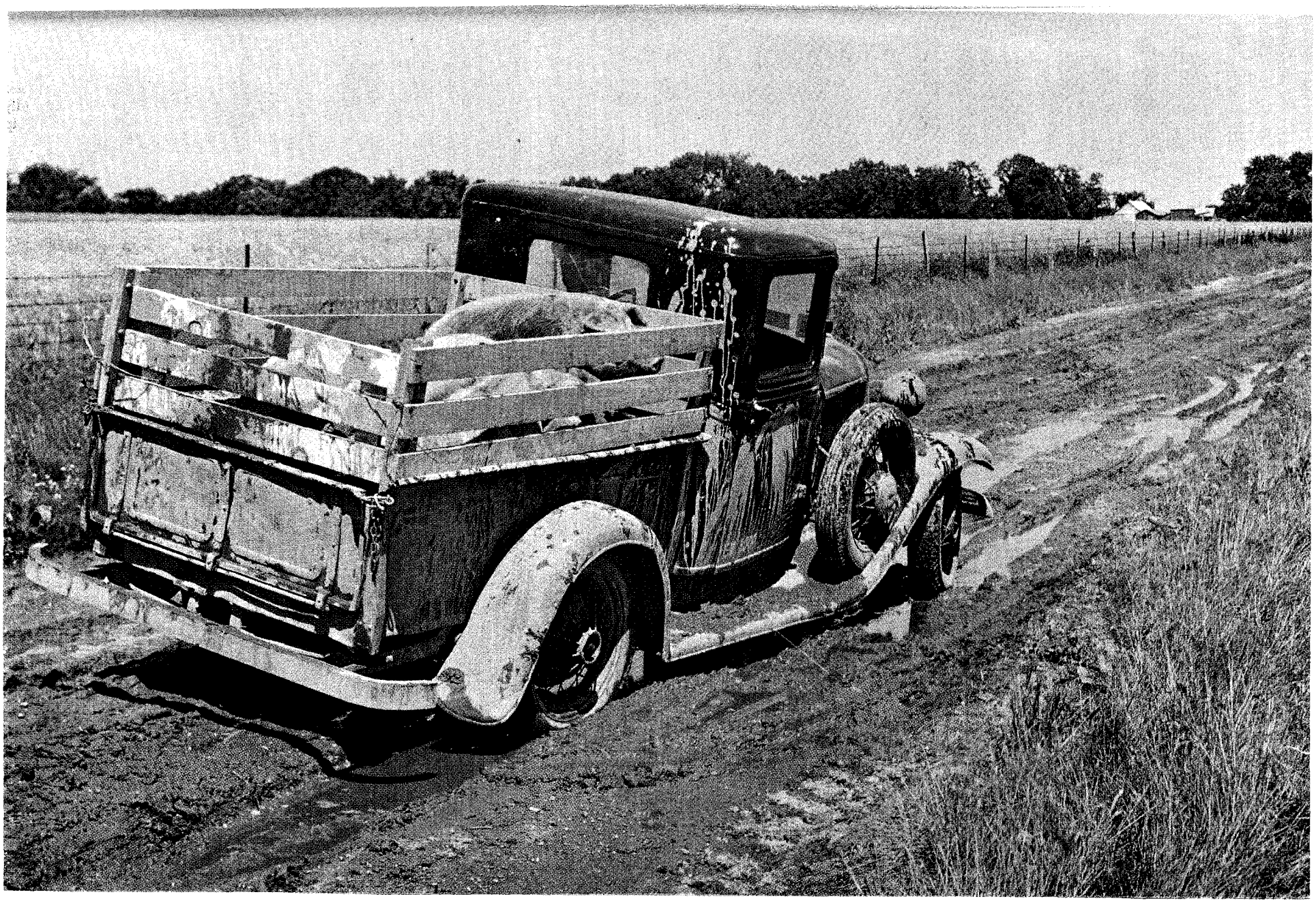

THIS ROAD WASN'T FIT FOR PIGS

Nor for the farmers who hauled them to market. That's why Kansas maintains 9700 miles of good state roads. Are your state highways helping to cut down your food bill?

Wherever food is grown, good rural roads have brought real benefits, not only to farmers but to city people who consume farm products.

When Al Evans' father drove the fifty miles of rough dirt road from his farm to Hutchinson, Kansas, it took him all day. Now Al makes it in a little over an hour, thanks to a well-built state highway. His family thinks nothing of driving to town for a basketball game or a dance. At the same time, the food Al raises gets to city tables fresher, cheaper and in better condition.

How much does it cost the people of Kansas to have 9700 miles of such state roads at their disposal? Less than half a cent per mile for average drivers—one of the smallest of the costs of operating an automobile today!

In the past five years, Kansas has constructed, straightened, or widened 5000 miles of highways, including some fine new heavy-traffic roads near Wichita, Topeka, Kansas City and other population centers. The state has rebuilt or resurfaced another 6000 miles of farm-to-market roads. And the total spent has been nearly $150,000,000. That doesn't mean the job is done. With traffic increasing every year, the Highway Commission must constantly plan ahead. Surveys indicate that an even larger amount will be needed for road improvement and construction in the next five-year period.

Good roads cost money, but they *save* far more than they cost in time, accidents and human life. Like Kansas, your state has a sound road program that needs your support. Drop a post card to your State Highway Commissioner or Governor at the capital. Find out what your state wants to do for you. Then, as an informed citizen, let your feelings be known. It's for *your* economy, convenience and safety!

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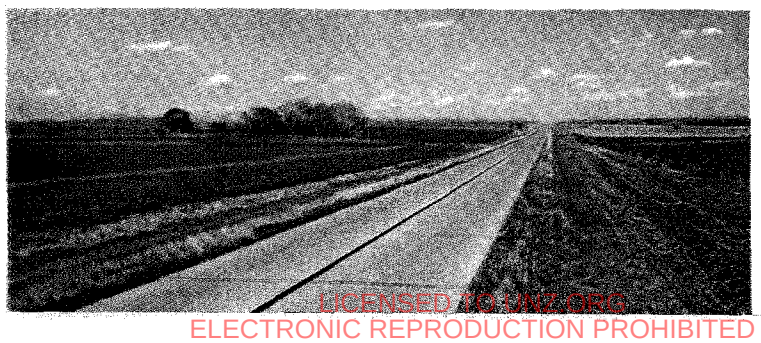
(Left) A section of state road west of Hutchinson, Kan. Straight and smooth, it is typical of the state's highways.

(Right) When you see Caterpillar machines working on your roads, you know your state is getting its money's worth.



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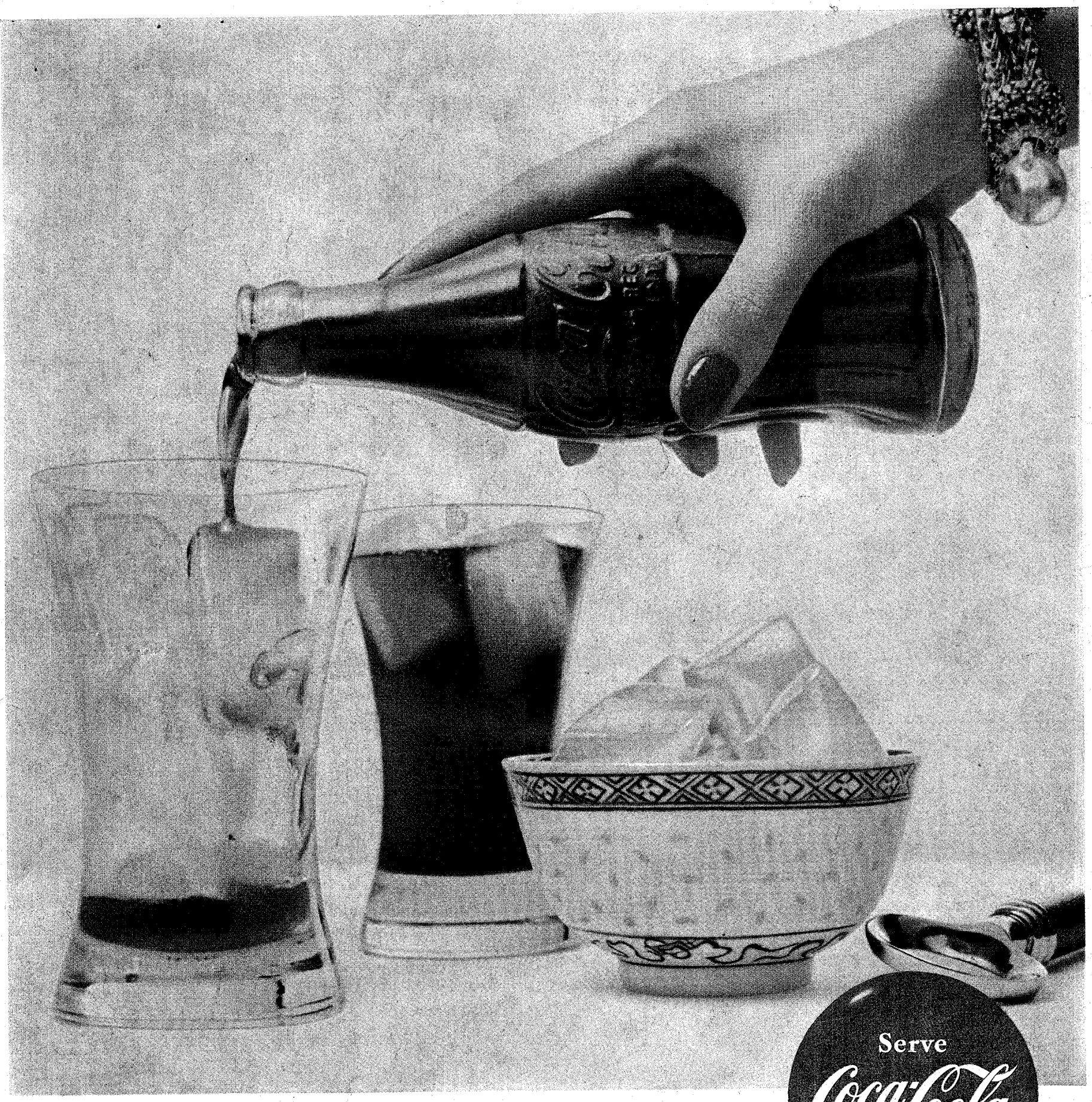

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FEEL its extra-bright energy, a fresh little lift that comes through in seconds.

ENJOY its extra-bright *quality*—the unmatched goodness that tells you "there's nothing like a Coke."

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